INDIAN ATROCITIES

Along the

CLINCH, POWELL AND HOLSTON RIVERS

Of

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA

1773-1794

By Emory L. Hamilton

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The Following is the unpublished manuscript, Indian Atrocities Along the Clinch, Powell and Holston Rivers of Southwest Virginia, 1773-1794, written by the late Emory L. Hamilton. The original manuscript consists of 255 pages and has 99 stories throughout, #59 missing from the original manuscript.

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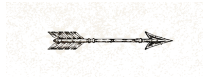


1. Scouts Patrolled the Sandy Passes to Guard Virginia's Frontier Cabins

By Henry P. Scalf

"The Indians are coming up Sandy," was the first cry of many a Virginia border spy in the last quarter of the eighteenth century when he rushed into one of the frontier forts. The report would being hurried preparation for defense, and fleet runners would rush off to warn the scattered pioneers to seek the security of the forts.

Low gaps through the Cumberlands were ingresses into Virginia for the dreaded Shawnee from the Scioto and other Ohio points. When the heavy snows of their midcontinent climate melted and the first signs of spring appeared the redskins stirred from the lethargy of long inaction and turned toward the Sandy Passes. Beyond the gaps of the mountain wall were pioneer settlements and scattered cabin homes. There were plunder and many scalps. Virginians called the gaps the Sandy Passes, kept scouts patrolling beyond them into a wilderness known as the Scouting Ground. Some came through the gap at the head of Dry Fork of Tug River, others through the passes at the head of the Tug.

Many guarded the upper area of the Louisa or, as it is now corrupted, the Levisa Fork, as that entrance to Virginia was one of the favorite ways for the savages. Many, especially during the Revolution, went out from Rye Cove, crossed Sandy Ridge, came through Pound Gap, patrolled down the Kentucky or Big Sandy rivers.

Scouts or spies as many called them, were selected from volunteers. They were rugged, self-reliant, courageous, dreaded little the loneliness of days on the march deep down Big Sandy, Tug Fork or the Kentucky. They went in two's or four's, carried food for the duration of their journeys. They were forbidden to use their guns except in the direst emergencies, were forbidden even to build a fire. Skulking Indians might hear or see and ambush them. Many a frontier settlement went up in flames and its inhabitants carried off or massacreed because its protecting scouts were killed.

Between 1772 and 1774 the county of Fincastle covered all of Southwest Virginia and the present state of Kentucky, its seat being at the Lead Mines. Colonel William Preston was county Lieutenant of the military forces; Major Arthur Campbell, his subordinate, was in direct command west of the New River.

Preston lived at Smithfield, near the present Blacksburg, Campbell was located at Royal Oak, near the present Marion. Upon them developed the duty of establishing a line of defense against the savages who were using the Sandy Passes to enter Virginia and plunder. The thinly guarded line they set up extended from New River down through the Clinch and Holston valleys to Cumberland Gap and from there on to the North Carolina border. Three forts stood sentinel over the headwaters of the Clinch, each jutted against the Western Woods, their portholes towards the Sandy Passes. They were Thomas Witten's fort at Crab Orchard, the Rees Bowen Fort at Maiden Springs and the stockade built at Locust Hill by William Wynne. Farther down the Clinch and Holston were others, many of them rude log houses the pioneers had built.

The year 1774, pioneers were seeking to enter Kentucky. Harrod founded the town named for him but, warned by Daniel Boone and Michael Stoner, he and his 30 men retreated for awhile to Virginia. Others, too, like John Floyd and his surveyors left Kentucky for a season, the Indian danger was so great. Now that the advance guard of white civilization that had entered Kentucky had been retrieved from certain extinction by Boone's warning, the pioneers awaited, this year before the Revolution, the breaking of the storm.

June 25, 1774, the Fincastle military leaders met at the Lead Mines, ordered Colonel William Christian to lead several militia companies to the Clinch and send out ranging parties to search out and attack any Indians coming through the Sandy Passes. Christian organized three companies of fifty men each besides the officers and assembled them at Town House (Chilhowie) and moved from there toward the Clinch. His orders were to march with all his men "to the Clinch and from there over the Cumberland Mountains...to the head branches of the Kentucky." We learn from a letter written by Christian from near the present Abingdon to Col. William Preston that he had elected not to specifically follow orders:

On Thursday last Mr. Doack's letter to Crockett (Capt. Walter Crockett, commanding one of the companies) was shown to me at Cedar Creek about 9 miles ont his side of Stalnakers. I thought it best to send Crockett off with 40 men to the head of Sandy Creek, that the

Reed Creek and head of Holston people might know where to send to him in case any attack should be made, that he might waylay or follow the enemy. Yesterday I heard a rumor that 50 Indians were seen at Sandy Creek but as it came through several hands it may not be true."

The day before Christian wrote Preston, Captain Dan Smith, who was stationed at Elk Garden with a force and charged with the defense of the upper Clinch, wrote a letter also to his superior, Russell. Smith was a little scared, and was inclined to blame the inhabitants for "running away". He wrote that the men had said they would return as soon as they had carried their wives and children to safety. "They alleged as their excuse that there was no Scout down Sandy Creek."

There was no scout down Sandy at the time but Smith had tried to put one there. He had entrusted the scouting to James Maxwell but he, fearing for his wife and children, had delegated the matter to his brother, Thomas Maxwell, and went down to Botetourt to see his family. Thomas Maxwell wrote Smith of the arrangement and Smith seemed to be satisfied with it.

Smith detailed many things in his report to Col. William Preston, dated as said, the day before Col. William Christian reported from near Abingdon. As he (James Maxwell) lived most convenient to the head of Sandy Creek I consulted him in regard to scouts that should go down that water course. His brother Thomas was the one pitched upon. On their return from the first trip although they brought no accounts of Indians, as your letter of the 20th ult. Came to hand about that time I sent two scouts down a river called Louisa, and at the recommendation of Mr. Th. Maxwell appointed one Israel Harmon to act with him down Sandy Creek...(and) instead of going down Sandy Creek as I strictly charged him to do he went to the head of the river, reported the danger they were in, and assisted Jacob Harmon to move into the New River settlement.

Smith all but called Maxwell a coward, wanted to court martial him. What Smith didn't know was that Maxwell found the settlements in such dire danger from Indian attacks that he felt obliged to aid in moving them out instead of going scouting down Sandy. He proved his courage at the Battle of King's Mountain six years later and in 1781 (1782), while pursuing the Indians who had captured the wife and children of Thomas Ingles, fought a battle with the savages on the Tug. He was the only white man killed in the fight. Today the place is known as Maxwell's Gap. Four days after Smith reported and three days after Christian wrote, Captain Robert Doack wrote a letter to his superior. It is from these letters, now in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical

Society, that we gather some idea of the confusion existing upon the Virginia border and the great fear of Indians who were using the Sandy Passes.

Sir - Agreeable to your order I drafted men and was in readiness to march to the heads of Sandy Creek and Clinch, when some tracks were seen in this neighborhood supposed to be Indians which Col. Christian hearing sent Capt. Crockett to where I was. Ordered and Directed me to range near the inhabitants. We were informed that sixteen Indians were seen on Walkers Creek which I went down with 25 men but not finding any Signs & hearing the news contradicted discharged them. The people were all in garrison from Fort Chiswell to the head of Holston & in great confusion. They are fled from the Rich and Walkers Creek. Some are building forts. They have begun to build at my father's, James Davis' and Gasper Kinders. I think they are not strong enough for three forts but might do for two."

(NOTE: This was Capt. Thomas Maxwell, the brother of James who was killed. See Washington Co., VA for his will. Capt. James Maxwell moved away from the upper Clinch in 1784.)

Col. Christian, in compliance with orders, marched with 90 men to Russell's Fort, on the Clinch. In explanation of his diversion from his original orders he wrote Preston that he thought it was his duty to send Capt. Walter Crockett and his men to "cover the inhabitants that lie exposed to Sandy Creek Pass." In the same letter he advanced the suggestion that about 200 men should be sent to the mouth of the Scioto on the Ohio and up this stream, destroying the Shawnee towns.

On the very day that Christian wrote Col. Preston, Lord Dunmore directed Col. Andrew Lewis to assemble forces from the area to go on an expedition on the Ohio against the Indians. While Lewis was marching toward the Ohio with his frontier troops, leaving the Clinch and Holston valleys almost unguarded, bands of Mingos and Shawnees emerged through the Sandy Passes, brought massacre and captivity to the isolated cabins. September 8, 1774, these Indians killed John Henry, wife and three children. Traveling to the North Fork of the Holston the savages captured Samuel Lammey. Turning toward the mountains through which they had come, they passed through Roark's Gap, went down the Dry Fork of the Tug and out onto the Ohio.

There were other Indian atrocities while Col. Andrew Lewis was away with the guardians of the cabin thresholds but the Battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, brought an uneasy peace for a short while. The Revolution erupted in Massachusetts, spread to the Western

Woods where it was fought with the redskins ont he side of the British.

The Battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, in which Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne finally broke the power of the Ohio Indians, made safe for all time the Virginia frontier. It had been 20 yeas since the military leaders met at the Lead Mines and discussed the protection of the western settlements. In that 20 years scores of Southwest Virginians had either died under savage guns or tomahawks or were carried into captivity through the Sandy Passes.

After Fallen Timbers the head stream passes became high roads to the Big Sandy valley. Coming now, not as spies or scouts, but as settlers were the families of men who had guarded the frontier forts through two decades of Indian attrition. Many families had been broken by redskin atrocities, many carried the scars of tomahawks. One of the families, almost destroyed by savage attack, kneaded together now by new members and the stamina of the frontier, was that of Thomas Wiley. His wife, Jenny, rode horseback through Pound Gap, carrying her baby son, Adam, upon the pommel of the saddle. Twelve years before she had been dragged westward into captivity and slavery.

For 65 years after Fallen Timbers the Sandy Passes held no terror for the inhabitants on either side of the Cumberlands. West bound immigrants used them, east bound drovers from the Big Sandy herded livestock over them toward Lynchburg and other Virginia cities. The passes were highroads of peace.

In 1861 war came again to the Sandy Passes. Through them were dragged long wagon trains of war paraphernalia - guns, provisions and military equipment. There was Marshall, the Confederate who used them repeatedly in his forays into Eastern Kentucky; there was Morgan, the rebel raider who rode through them, struck deep into the state. Col. James A. Garfield marched up to Pound Gap, struck a blow at Marshall's troops at early dawn one day. Gen. Stephen Burbridge, Unionist general, marched up Levisa fork entered Virginia through its head stream pass, marched back again after his defeat at the Salt Works, dragging his weary troops this time homeward up the Pound and through its gap.

During most of the Civil War the North occupied most of the Big Sandy, the Confederates held east of the Cumberlands. At the June term of the Scott Co., VA court in 1861, that body appointed two men to "act as picket guard in the direction of the Big Sandy River with a view of ascertaining whether any forces were making preparations or are coming in this direction with a view to invading this county or state."

This Scott Co. Court order sounds like one on the Tazewell or early Southwest Virginia county orders, put on the books three quarters of a century before. But it was Indians the Fincastle and Tazewell pioneers feared. It was Federal troops who dashed through the Pound Gap, July 7, 1863, and captured Gladeville, now Wise. They carried many prisoners back down the Big Sandy, three of them being Rev. Morgan Lipps, Captain Anderson Hays, and Col. Jessee Caudill. Down this same road decades before the Indians had carried Mary and Ann Bush, and at another time Jane Whittaker and Polly alley. The Indians intended to torture their victims or make them slaves of the camp; the Federals calculated to incarcerate Hays and Caudill until the end of the war and keep the Wise Co. Minister to preach.

Rescuers saved the Bush girls after a desperate battle at Jenny's Creek. Jane Whittaker and Polly Alley escaped. The Sandy Passes were high roads to terror then. But in 1863 there was less of terror, often a bit of humor leavened the struggle. Captain Anderson Hays got friendly with his enemies at Asland, Ohio, and when they were relaxed, dug his way out of prison and the Rev. Morgan Lipps refused to preach for his captors at Louisa, although Col. Johnathan Cranor all but threatened to shoot him. But war, either fierce and deadly, or interspersed with humor and gallantry as it was sometimes, is still war in which men bleed and die.

The Sandy Passes facilitated the movements of struggles, may never, of course, be important in another. They will stand forever, though, silent and sphinx-like, and only time and tide will tell.

2. The First Massacre On Powell's River

The killing of Captain William Russell's and Daniel Boone's sons, the Drake boy, the Mendenhall brothers, and a colored slave of Russell's on October 10, 1773, is the first recorded Indian massacre on the waters of Powell's River. This massacre occurred near the head of Wallen's Creek, in present day Lee County, and not near Cumberland Gap as some writers claim and where the State Highway Historical marker is erroneously placed.

The route this party probably followed from Russell's place in Castlewood was most likely that followed by the early Long Hunters and known as the "Hunters Trail", crossing Clinch River at Hunter's Ford, now the village of Dungannon, through Hunter's Valley, Rye Cove, and crossing Powell Mountain at Kane's Gap onto the head of Wallen's Creek.

Dr. Lyman C. Draper, who spent years doing research on the frontier events, including interviews with some of the Boone family and others who had knowledge of the occurrence, gives the most accurate account of this massacre in his unpublished "Life of Daniel Boone". [(1)] Boone on his return from Kentucky in the spring of 1773, met William Russell, then residing at Castlewood on Clinch River, who entered so heartily into Boone's views with reference to settling Kentucky that he agreed to join him in the enterprise. Somewhere in this region the McAfee company on their way home from Kentucky met Boone about the 12th of August then making preparation to migrate to that country.

The Bryan party lived 60 miles eastward of Boone's home on Yadkin agreed to join Boone's company in Powell Valley on a specified day and pass the most dangerous part of the journey together. Boone went home, sold his farm and such other household goods, produce and farming utensils which he could not convey so great a distance. The Bryan party numbering 40 overtook the van as agreed. This reinforcement was not entirely from the South Yadkin for several had joined them in the Fort Chiswell and Holston Valley regions, among whom was Michael Stoner, William Bush, and Edmund Jennings. They had passed Clinch Mountain, Powell's Mountain, and Wallen's Ridge, and had barely entered Powell's Valley.

Here, at, or near the western base of Wallen's Ridge where Powell River flows along a vale, Boone and his party went into camp and awaited the arrival of the rear party. James Boone and two brothers, John and Richard Mendenhall, from Guilford County, North Carolina, had been dispatched from the main company, probably at Wolf Hills, now Abingdon, across country to Captain Russell's at Castlewood for the double purpose of notifying him of the advance of Boone's Kentucky adventurers and procuring a quantity of flour. Pack loads of flour were provided and Captain Russell sent forward his oldest son Henry, a youth of 17, two Negroes named Charles and Adam, together with Isaac Crabtree and a youth named Drake, [2] with several horses laden with farming tools, provisions and other useful articles and a few books. A small drove of cattle was also sent under their charge. Captain Russell himself remained behind to arrange his business, and then with Captain David Gass [3] to hasten forward and overtake the others. His intention was to erect a comfortable domicile and open a plantation during the autumn and winter, put in a crop in the spring, and return for his family. Had these plans succeeded, William Russell would probably have become one of the most distinguished of the primitive settlers of Kentucky.

It was now the 9th of October, and little dreaming of danger the party of young Boone and Russell pushed on cheerfully and as rapidly as possible, endeavoring to reach the advanced party that evening. Night overtaking them and probably not aware that the company in front was only three miles distant, they camped on the northern bank of Wallen's Creek, at the old ford near the head of that stream, a southern tributary of Powell's River.

Unknown to the little band, a party of stealthy Indians had that day tagged them a considerable distance, an during the evening while young Boone and companions were seated around their blazing campfire, they heard the howl of wolves, or a successful imitation on the part of the Indians. When the Mendenhalls, unused to such frontier serenades, dropped some expression of fear, Crabtree, a regular backwoodsman, laughed heartily at their apprehensions and jeeringly told them that they would hear as well the bellowing of buffaloes as the howling of wolves in the tree tops in Kentucky.

Locked in the sweet embrace of balmy sleep, all unconscious of danger, the little band of emigrants were attacked about daybreak the next morning by the Indians, who creeping close to camp, fired upon their unsuspecting victims, killing some and wounding others. A heart rending scene ensued. Young Russell was shot through both hips and

was unable to attempt escape. As the Indians would run up with their knives to stab him he would seize the naked blades with his hands and thus had them badly mangled and was finally tortured in a most barbaric manner. Young Boone was also shot through his hips, breaking them both and rendering him helpless. He recognized among the Indians Big Jim, a Shawnee warrior, who had often shared the hospitality of his father's house. His unusually high cheek bones and broad face, with a singularly peculiar chin, rendered it almost impossible for anyone who had ever known him to fail instantly to recognize his remarkable features. James Boone implored him by name to spare his life, but former friendship, past favors, nor present misfortunes made any sensible impressions on the adamantine heart of the blood thirsty warrior. The Indians tortured young Boone by pulling out his toe and finger nails when he besought Jim at once to put him out of his misery. At the same time young Russell was suffering similar tortures, when Boone remarked to him that he presumed his parents, brothers and sisters were all killed by the Indians. At length both young sufferers were severely stabbed and probably tomahawked when death like an angel of mercy came to their relief. Both the Mendenhalls and young Drake were among the slain, one of whom, at the time ran off and was neither found nor heard of at that period, but many years after some of the family of Mr. John Thorpe, residing nearby, found the bones of a man between two high ledges of rocks about an eighth of a mile above the defeated camp, which was supposed to have been those of the missing man, who had probably been mortally wounded in the attack, fled as far as he could, and crawled between the ledges and died. The Negro Adam fortunately escaped unhurt, hid himself in some driftwood on the bank of the creek close at hand and was an unwilling spectator of the painful scene enacted at the camp. Crabtree although wounded, also effected his escape and first reached the settlement, while Adam, getting lost, was eleven days making his way to the frontier inhabitants. The other Negro Charles, older and less active than Adam was taken prisoner by the Indians who carried him off with the horses and every other article they esteemed of value. When they had gone about 40 miles, getting into a dispute about the ownership of the Negro, the leader of the party put an end to the quarrel by tomahawking the poor captive.

In the advance camp was a young fellow who had been detected in pilfering from his commander and had become the butt of contempt and ridicule of the camp to such an extent that he resolved secretly to abandon the party and return to the settlements. He took his silent departure a while before day on the 10th of October an don the way

stole some deer skins with Daniel Boone had left hung up beside the trail for the rear to bring along. Reaching the ford at Wallen's Creek when the Indians could have but a few moments before decamped, he came upon the mangled remains of the unfortunate slain; dropping the skins he hurried back to the main camp where he arrived about sunrise with the unhappy intelligence. Fear, sorrow, and confusion, more or less, agitated every heart beat and could be seen depicted on almost every countenance. While a small party under Squire Boone was sent back to bury the dead, recovering whatsoever property the Indians may not have carried off and ascertain their strength by their sign. Daniel Boone remained with most of the men ready to repel any attack that might be made on the main camp; and as they at first had no means of knowing the strength of the Indians who had made the fatal onslaught on the rear, they set themselves about making a rude fortification.

When Squire Boone's burial party reached the defeated camp, they found Captain Russell and Captain Gass already arrived there. In young Russell's body, which was mangled in an inhuman manner, was left sticking a dart of arrows, and beside the bodies were left several painted hatchets and war clubs, a sort of Indian declaration of war. Mrs. Daniel Boone had sent sheets for shrouds and young Boone and Russell were wrapped in the same winding sheet and buried together...the other slain were also decently interred. The bodies of all were ripped open, but none of them were scalped, as the Indians would not venture to take white scalps to their towns in a time of professed peace. The Indians had taken all the plunder and the cattle were much scattered. Squire Boone and party with Captains Russell and Gass returned to the main camp where a general council was held, though it was Daniel's wish to continue the journey, most of the emigrants were too disheartened by the check they had received and thought that only repetition of Indian cruelty could be expected should they persevere in their attempt. That it was best to abandon the attempt and return. By this time the cattle had become much dispersed and when collected and the emigrants satisfied that the Indians who had done the mischief were only a small party and had departed, they commenced retracing their footsteps. While others winnowed their way back to their farming settlements in Virginia and Carolina, Boone accepted the invitation of Captain Gass to take up his temporary abode in a cabin on his farm, about seven or eight miles below Captain Russell's at Castlewood and a little south of Clinch River. [4]

(1) Draper Mss 3 B, Chapter 9, pages 92-117. [2] Perhaps the son of Joseph Drake who moved from Clinch to Boonesboro and was killed there by Indians in 1778. [3] Capt. Gass moved from Albemarle Co., VA to Castlewood in 1769. Was born in

Pennsylvania about 1729, and died in Madison Co., KY, in 1805, or 1807. Made eleven trips from Castlewood to Boonesboro before settling there permanently in December, 1777. [4] Boone lived on the Clinch from this time until 1775 when he led his second and successful party to Kentucky to found Boonesborough. While living at Castlewood, a son named William, was born to Daniel and Rebecca Boone who died in infancy and was buried in the Moore's Fort graveyard. An old log house still standing in Castlewood on the lands he owned may very well be the house in which Gass lived when he gave shelter to the Boone family in a nearby cabin.

3. The Henry Family of Tazewell County Massacred

On the morning of September 8, 1774, John Henry's family which consisted of a wife and three children were slain by the Shawnee Indians.

The Henry family lived in Thompson's Valley on the south side of Rich Mountain, a short distance east of Plum Tree Gap, where they had settled in 1771. The details of the massacre are best told in a letter written by Lieutenant Arthur Campbell to Col. William Preston, dated 9 September 1774. [1]

Sir, - Yesterday morning early, one John Henry was dangerously wounded upon Clinch, about four miles from Captain (Daniel) Smith's Station, and it is supposed his wife and three small children are taken prisoners. Henry was standing in his door when the Indians fired at him, his wife and children were in bed. He immediately ran to the woods and shortly after, accidentally met with old John Hamilton who concealed him in a thicket until he could go and alarm the fort and bring him assistance. Hamilton had the courage to go by Henry's house, but saw nothing either of the Indians, or the woman and children. Afterward he took (met?) one Bradshaws on his way, who just before he came, was alarmed by some Indian signs in his cornfield. Bradshaws immediately set out for the settlement through the woods. After he came about three miles past the place where the mischief had been done in the morning, he came upon a place where about twelve or fifteen Indians had breakfasted; they leaving behind them some of their provisions. Afterwards he followed the track a small distance and found they escaped to steer their course toward this river. (Holston). He then made the best of his way toward the settlement in Rich Valley, which he alarmed last night and this morning, the principal part of which is just now arrived here in a distressed situation. I have sent out orders to this, add the two next companies on Holston, for all the men that have arms and ammunition to assemble tomorrow in order to patrol a few days in the Rich Valley, and some of the best hands (men) to go over and see what has become of Captain Smith, as he is very weak at his own Station, having only eight men, the last account, notwithstanding repeated orders and requests there has not gone out a man of Doack's

or Herbert's [2] companies to join him.

William Doack writing from Black Lick, on September 22, 1774, to Col. William Preston, at Smithfield, states: [3]

Sir, - Thursday night 8th of this ultimo information that hostilities had been committed that morning by some Indians on the head of Clinch, without delay gathered 17 men and went to the place where the damage was done. Using our utmost endeavors to make discoveries which way they had gone from that place, but in vain. John Henry is dangerously wounded, his wife and three small children captivated.

Both William Doak and "old" John Hamilton were mistaken in saying that the wife and children of Henry had been captured and in some way, overlooked them, for they had been killed, scalped and piled up a short distance from the house, where they were later discovered. John Henry did not long survive his wounds.

On the 30th of September, 1777, John Hamilton was granted administration on Henry's estate, with William and Rees Bowen, the latter killed at King's Mountain, and David Ward, Rees Bowen's son-in-law, as securities. [4]

(1) Draper Mss 3 QQ 94 [2] William Herbert, of Herbert's Ferry, Wythe Co. who died in 1776. [3] Draper Mss 3 QQ 101 [4] Court Order, Washington Co., VA

4. Samuel Lammey Captured on Holston River

After killing the Henry family the Indians apparently crossed Clinch Mountain to Cove Creek on the North Fork of the Holston River where they took Samuel Lammey prisoner on the same day the Henry family were killed.

In a letter written eight days after the killing of the Henrys, Arthur Campbell writes to Col. Preston, on September 17, 1774, wherein he states:

Sir, - The same day John Henry was wounded on the Clinch, there was one Samuel Lammey taken prisoner on the North Fork of the Holston about a mile from the upper end of Campbell's Choice (This is near Broad Ford in Smythe County), now called the Clay Lick, and Archibald and John Buchanan's families narrowly escaped."

Pendleton, in his History of Tazewell County, says:

They must have come upon Lammey alone, as his family had been sent to Campbell's Fort (at Royal Oak). Pendleton is wrong here as Samuel Lammey was not married. In a suit filed over Lammey's land in the High Court of Chancery in Augusta County, VA, in 1805, (Lamie vs Tate), Arthur Campbell, the man to whose fort Pendleton says Lammey's family had gone, has this to say: Lammey made no lawful settlement, because he had no family. In 1770, Andrew and Samuel Lammey settled three or four miles higher up Cove Creek. In 1774, Samuel was captured by the Indians and carried to Canada.

Samuel Lammey apparently never returned from this captivity, and Andrew Lammey, who was perhaps a brother, became heir at law to Samuel [(1)]. John Lammey, who may have been another brother, or a nephew to Samuel, in this same land suit stated he was born at 9 a.m. on October 1, 1753, and he also says that Samuel Lammey was never married.

(1) Augusta Court Causes Ended (Lamie vs Tate)

5. Two of Captain John Blackmore's Slaves Captured

On Friday, September 23, 1774, Logan, the Mingo Chieftan, and his Indians made an attack on Ft. Blackmore in Scott County. They captured two Negro slaves [(1)], the property of Captain John Blackmore, and Logan, himself was in pursuit of a third when the timely aid of Capt. Blackmore prevented the Negro's capture. The Indians then forced one of their Negro captives to march back and forth, in full view of the fort, near a quarter of an hour. The Indians with a superior number, no doubt, were hoping to provoke the defenders of the fort to sally forth to rescue the slaves. Captain (James) Looney was in command of the fort at this time and had only eleven men under his command. The Indians, before taking their departure from the neighborhood, shot down a number of cattle and horses, thus inflicting a heavy property loss on Blackmore and his neighbors.(2)

(1) Letters of Captains William Christian and William Russell, shown later in this mss., it seems probable that Blackmore's slaves were later restored to him, Thwaites & Kellog, Dunmore's War, page 305. [(2)] R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 53.

6. The Killing and Capture of John Robert's Family

After leaving Ft. Blackmore, Logan, and his followers traveled through Big Moccasin Gap to the neighborhood of King's Mill on Reedy Creek, in Sullivan Co., TN, near the present Kingsport. Here they attacked the home of John Roberts, on Saturday, September 24, 1774, the day after their attack on Blackmore's Fort, John Roberts, his wife, and children were killed and scalped, except the eldest child, James, a boy of ten years of age, who was carried into captivity and later exchanged.

The massacre of the Roberts family is best told in a manuscript (1) left by John Anderson, relative of Roberts, and a near neighbor. He states: The author of the underwritten remarks, John Anderson, (2) was born in Cecil County, state of Maryland, 19th of February, 1765. While he was young his parents emigrated to this part of the country where he now lives to this day in Sullivan County, Tennessee. Him and his parents arrived in this country in the fall of 1773, when there was but few settlers here, at that day, of what might be termed a wilderness. Valleys that now appear dry and unpleasant was then closed with verdue and beasts, both wild and tame, might be seen browsing on the berries and leaves in those wild; extensive valleys. We lived in peace and happiness for some better than one year when the Shawnee Indians, that then, lived on the north side of the Ohio paid us a very unpleasant visit.

It was on the 16th of October, 1774, (3) that my father and his family was awakened by a neighbor man in the night who informed us that John Roberts and his family, that did not live far distant, was murdered by the Indians, and it was thought there was a vast quantity of these near about us. The neighbors thought it best for all the families near to go to the top of a high ridge, not far distant from us, where they knew was a deep sink hole on said ridge. (4). Accordingly, there was about six families did repair to the aforesaid sink hole on ridge, and the author of these remarks was one among the rest, and as soon as day made its appearance, a number of men went well armed to the house of the aforesaid John Roberts, (5) and to their extreme sorrow they found him, his wife, and four children killed and scalped; one of which was tomahawked and scalped and not yet dead, but died in a few days.

The oldest son of the said Roberts, the Indians took prisoner. He was about ten years old. That same year there was a treaty [6] held with the Indians and the prisoners they had taken. They gave him up and he got home to his friends. The author of these remarks often heard the said boy say, after he got back, that he would like to take an Indian scalp, as they had taken his father's and mother's, sister's and brother's, but am apt to think he never put his desires into execution.

The day after said Roberts and family were buried, all the neighbors near where the murder was committed, went to building forts. My father and all of us went to Looney's Fort, [7] and there continued for a considerable time. My father and his family and a Mr. William Neal that lived near us, agreed to move back home. The same night after we came home, we heard there was an Indian seen not far from where we lived. The next morning us and neighbor William started and went to a fort called King's Fort, very near where the said Roberts was killed. There we continued for some weeks. The fort was very strong and well stockaded and strong gates, but the Indians did us no other harm at that time, only kept us from our home. As we came here we heard of them committing depredations on the settlement of Clinch, that lay thirty or forty miles north of us. After being confined in forts for a number of weeks we returned home and there lived in peace for upwards of one year.

Major Arthur Campbell, in a letter to Col. William Preston, written on Thursday, October 3, 1774, [8] makes this statement:

The boy that was scalped is dead. He was an extraordinary example of patience and resolution to his last, frequently lamenting to his last, (that) he was not able to fight enough to save his mammy.

Major Campbell is here referring to the Roberts boy that John Anderson says was found the morning after the massacre, tomahawked and scalped, but still alive, and who soon died. A letter written by Colonel William Christian to Colonel William Preston, dated November 8, 1774, definitely ties the Mingo Chief John Logan, as the leader of the Roberts massacre. He says:

Last Friday was two weeks ago (October 21), Logan, a famous chief went home with a little boy, a son of Roberts on Holston, and two of Blackmore's Negroes. He said he had taken them on the frontier next (to) the Cherokee country, and had killed, I think, either five or seven people. The boy and the Negroes will soon be in. [9]

Captain William Russell writing on November 12, 1774, from Fort Blair, at Point Pleasant, (where his company had been left after the close

of the Point Pleasant campaign), to Colonel William Preston, states:

When I took water at Hochocking to come down, two white men and a captive Negro of Blackmore's, with a horse for each man, set out to come by land. They might have been here two days past, but at present there is not the least account of them. I much fear the Indians have killed them, or as the Governor (Dunmore) has a parcel of prisoners taken at Hill Town from the Mingoes, I fear they will try to get as many of our people, to redeem theirs, rather than give hostages, especially if they intend to be troublesome hereafter. (10)

At a court held for Fincastle County, March 7, 1775, is entered this order:

On the motion of William Roberts who having made oath according to Certificate for obtaining Letters of Administration of the estate of John Roberts, deceased, he having with securitys entered into and acknowledged their bond according to law. (11)

(1) Mss in possession of Miss Grace Denny of Bristol, who is a descendant of John Anderson. (2) John was the son of William Anderson, (born 1736, died Sullivan Co., TN, October 23, 1789(and Jane (nee Bion), (born March 12, 1744, died Sullivan Co., TN, August 22, 1819). His parents were married in April, 1762, in Cecil Co., MD, where their second son, John, was born as Mss states, February 19, 1765. He died in Sullivan Co., TN, November 17, 1850. John Anderson married Rachael Roberts (1175-1831). She was the daughter of William (1732-1816) and Isabella (Graham) Roberts, (1744-1833). William was a brother of John, Henry, and David Roberts. (3) Anderson is mistaken here. The Roberts massacre occurred on September 24, 1774. See Draper Mss, letter of Lt. William Cocke, 25 September 1774, Mss 3 QQ 103. (4) This sinkhole is on what is designed Mill Ridge, TVA Map 197 - SW Indian Springs, TN-VA, will show the sinkhole very clearly. Mill Ridge is located immediately north of Holly Spring Church at the intersection of the Bloomingdale Road with U. S. 11-W near Kingsport, at Silvacola. (Courtesy of Gordon Aronhime, Bristol, VA). (5) George Christian, Livingston, TN, 25 September 1853, says: "John Roberts who was murdered had two brothers Henry and William. (Draper Mss 15 DD 39). (6) The treaty signed at the end of Dunmore's War. (7) This was the residence of Moses Looney on the Island Road, about one and one half miles due south of the mouth of Boozy Creek (North Fork of Reedy Creek) and approximately where the source of Fall Creek touches the Island Road. See Fincastle Co. Court Order Book for 6th January 1773. Courtesy Gordon Aronhime, Bristol, VA. (8) Draper Mss 3 QQ 111 (9) Thwaites and Kelloggs, Dunmore's War, page 305, and Calendar of Virginia State Papers. (10) Thwaites and Kellogg, Dunmore's War, page 309 (11) Fincastle Co., VA Court Orders

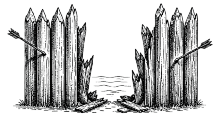
7. John Duncan Killed at Moore's Fort by Chief Logan

On September 29, 1774, five days after the murder of the Roberts family, Logan was still on the war path. Secretly lying in wait for anyone who might venture out of Moore's Fort, at Castlewood, in Russell County, which was under the command of Daniel Boone. Between sunset and dark, three men, who went out to visit a pigeon trap about three hundred yards distant from the fort, were fired upon by Logan's warriors. John Duncan was shot dead, but the other two, whose names are not given, reached the fort unhurt.

It was too dark for Boone and the defenders of Moore's Fort to follow that night, and the next day they were unable to find them. (1)

John Duncan, with his brother Raleigh Duncan, had settled in 1773 near the ford of Clinch River, then called Hunter's Ford, but now the village of Dungannon, in Scott County, where he was living at the time he was slain. (2) He, of course, along with his neighbors were refugeeing at Moore's Fort as all the frontier settlers had to spend the time between early spring and late fall in the forts from 1774 until after the last raid on the Virginia frontier when the half breed Chief Benge was slain in 1794. Besides his widow, John Duncan left three known children, one named Martin Duncan who chose William Cowan as his Guardian at a court held for Washington Co., VA, on June 20, 1780, and William and John Duncan, who on August 15, 1780, chose as their guardian, Melcher Oyler. Some might wonder why six years had elapsed before guardians were chosen for infant children, but in early days on the frontier, the distance and dangers from remote settlements to the Court house delayed many legal actions.

(1) Col. Campbell's letter to Col. Preston, dated October 1, 1774, Draper Mss 3 QQ 108; Dunmore's War, pages 214-222. (2) Augusta County Court Causes Ended, Simon Cockrell vs Duncan.



8. Capture of General Evan Shelby's Negro Girl

After killing John Duncan at Moore's Fort the next strike of Logan, the Mingo Chief, was at the fort of General Evan Shelby, near the present Bristol. At this time General Shelby was away on the Lewis Expedition to Ohio. On October 6, 1774, the Indians captured a slave girl belonging to Shelby.

In a letter dated October 9, 1774, Major Arthur Campbell reports the raid on Shelby's settlement in this manner:

On last Thursday evening, ye 6th instant, the Indians took a Negro wench prisoner, belonging to Captain Evan Shelby, within 300 yards of his home. After they took her some distance, they examined her, asking how many guns were in the fort and other questions relative to the strength of the place. They asked her if the store was kept there now. After they had carried her off about a mile, they saw or heard a boy coming from the mill; they immediately tied the wench and went off to catch the boy. While they were gone the wench luckily got loose and made her escape. She says they knocked her down twice when she refused to tell in what situation the fort was; and she says one was a large man much whiter than the rest, and talked good English. It was the same kind of person Mr. Blackmore saw in pursuit of the Negro he relieved. [1]

(1) Calender Virginia State Papers, Draper Mss 3 QQ.

9. Dale Carter Killed At Blackmore's Fort

On the same day that Colonel Shelby's Negro girl was captured, Logan, who must have split his raiding party, sending one part against Ft. Blackmore which secretly approached the fort and got within 75 yards before being discovered. Most of the men were sitting upon some logs which lay a short distance from the gate. Evidently seeing this the Indians decided to make a bold push and enter the fort before the men could recover from their surprise. Creeping along the river bank, hidden by the bank and a fringe of brush and trees, they were just ready to push into the fort when they were discovered by Dale Carter, who was about fifty-five steps from the fort and who cried, "Murder! Murder!"

Upon hearing Carter's alarm, the men ran towards the fort and succeeded in reaching the gate before the Indians. Frustrated in their designs of entering the fort they turned upon Dale Carter. One Indian shot at him, but missed him; another shot him through the thigh, inflicting a wound which rendered him too lame to escape into the fort. Another Indian ran up to Carter, tomahawked and scalped him.

In a letter [1] dated October 12, 1774, from Major Arthur Campbell to Col. William Preston, he says:

It is remarkable that Captain Shelby's wench was taken the same day, and about the same time of day, that this affair happened on Clinch. So many attacks in so short a time, give the inhabitants very alarming apprehensions. Want of ammunition and scarcity of provisions are again become the general cry. Since I began this, I am mortified with the sight of a family flying by. If ammunition does not soon come, I will have no argument that will have any force to detain them; and if our army is not able to keep a garrison at the Falls (Louisville) the ensuing winter, I expect we shall be troubled with similar visits the greater part of the coming season.

At a court held for Washington County, on March 18, 1778, Thomas Carter, brother of Dale, was appointed Administrator of his estate, with Richard Stanton and William Houston as his securities. The estate was appraised by Archibald Scott, Joseph Butcher, John Carter (another brother) and Richard Stanton.

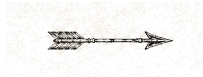
The Carter brothers, John, Thomas, and Dale, had settled on the north side of Clinch river, near Blackmore's Fort about 1772. Their land grants were surveyed for them and entered in the Fincastle Survey Book on March 26, 1774.

Dale Carter was born August 9, 1744, and was married to Mary Ann Bickley, daughter of John Bickley of Red Hill, Amherst County, VA and a sister of Charles Bickley who settled in Castlewood. There is a tradition that young Charles Bickley (1759-1839) came to the frontier to escort his widowed sister back to Amherst County, but liked the country and decided to stay. There is no evidence o f his being on the frontier prior to this date and 15 years would have been a tender age for a boy to settle at a frontier outpost without family ties. Dale Carter was a son of Charles and Lucy Morgan Carter and a direct descendant of Captain Thomas Carter (1672-1733) perhaps the first of the line in Virginia.

Capt. Daniel Smith with 26 men went in pursuit of Indians who killed Carter (Arthur Campbell to Preston, October 12, 1774, Draper Mss 3 QQ 18). The next day October 13, 1774, Daniel Smith wrote Preston of their unsuccessful pursuit of Indians and mentions petition of lower settlers that Boone be appointed Captain (Draper Mss 3 QQ 119).

(1) Draper Mss 3 QQ 118.

Note: See the latest information posted with the story of John Carter's Family Killed on Clinch which apparently proves that this Dale Carter was in fact not a son of Charles Sr. & Lucy Carter as is mistakenly stated above.



10. The Dreadful Year of 1776 on the Western Waters

The year 1775 had been a peaceful one along the western waters of Virginia, with not a single recorded incidence of Indian violence. This year of peace had been brought about by Lord Dunmore's War against the northern Indians with the end of the Point Pleasant Campaign. 1776 dawned with a fury of Indian depredations hitherto unknown from the Cherokees whose proximity to the western settlements made them a more formidable foe than the Shawnee, although the Shawnee attacks did not cease. The Revolutionary war was raging and the western settlers were faced with an enemy to the east, one to the south and another to the north, with British agents abetting and arming the hostile Indians, and in the midst were Tory traitors waiting and ready to strike.

Indian foraging parties, both large and small, were constantly prowling along the rivers and valleys of the Clinch, Holston and Powell Rivers. Not only were their sudden and unexpected appearances dangerous, but not knowing when and where they would strike next the settlers were forced to live in the forts the entire spring, summer and fall, thus preventing their growing any crops and suffering was perhaps more acute in this year than any along the western waters. Official records and contemporary writings of that time give an inkling of the situation on the frontiers in the many appeals for flour and ammunition which had to be sent in from the east by pack train and heavily guarded by troops through the dangerous gaps and valleys of Southwest Virginia.

In the spring all of Powell Valley had been evacuated [(1)] and the forts closed with the settlers moving into the forts further into the interior. The Battle of Long Island Flats (near Kingsport, TN) fought on July 20, 1776, and the Cherokee Campaign under Col. William Christian in the fall, somewhat relieved the dangerous situation, but not a single year passed from 1776, until the half-breed Chief Benge was killed in Wise County in 1794 without settlers along the frontier being killed and captured.

John Anderson of near Long Island, (Kingsport) Sullivan Co., TN, who settled there in the year 1773, sums up very well the frontier situation of 1776 in his unpublished memoir. [(2)]

The Cherokee Indians in the year 1776 came with a force of three or four hundred to within ten miles of my father's house before they were

repulsed. [3] The spys came in great speed and the news was given. (We could) hear their voices and our men and boys [4] went out to meet them and they had sixteen or eighteen killed, and the number wounded not known. Our people had three wounded, none killed, notwithstanding we had 150 and the Indians more than double that number.

The author of these remarks recollects well to have seen, on the next day or two, after the battle, the scalps taken by some of our boys. He remembers to have seen one of the said scalps in the hands of a certain Mr. Moore, [5] who took it off himself. My father and his family was then in Shelby's Fort (near Bristol) where there was at that time, upwards of 100 families in Shelby's Fort. [6]

Immediately after the battle aforesaid the Indians traveled all over the country in small parties aiming to do us all the harm in their power. They killed a considerable quantity of people in different parts of the country that would venture out of the forts to get something to subsist no. After my father and his family had been at Shelby's Fort a number of days, we went back to Looney's Fort, [7] that being more convenient to our home than Shelby's Fort. We continued at Looney's until an army commanded by Col. Christian went against the Cherokee Nation. Shortly after the army passed our fort we moved home, and nearly all the families that was in said fort, which was a large quantity. Several men was killed there during the time we was forted and some wounded.

(1) Letter from Preston to Edmund Pendleton, June 20, 1776, Draper Mss 4 QQ 57. [2] Mss written perhaps around 1840 by John Anderson and found about 1952 in the drawer of an old desk belonging to Anderson, and now in the possession of Miss Grace Denny of Bristol, a descendant. [3] Reference to Battle of Long Island Flats, July 20, 1776. [4] In many instances I find where 12 and 14 years old boys fought the Indians on the frontier and at King's Mountain also. [5] A certain Mr. Moore, is Big Alex Moore. Draper Mss 14 DD 13, 15 DD 62, and 15 DD 26. Courtesy Gordon Aronhime, Bristol, VA. [6] Draper Mss 4 QQ 61, Letter Col. William Preston to VA Council, says: "By a letter from Maj. Bledsoe, I find near 400 souls confined in a fort at Capt. Shelby's and no ammunition of consequence. Letter dated Fincastle, July 30, 1776." Courtesy Gordon Aronhime, Bristol, VA. [7] Looney's Fort was the home of Moses Looney, on the Island Road, about one and one half miles from the mouth of Boozy Creek, on the North Fork of Reedy Creek, near Virginia line in Sullivan Co., TN.

11. One Mitchell Killed on the Wilderness Road

While this incident did not take place in Virginia, it does point up the fact of the abrupt evacuation of Powell Valley in June of 1776, just prior to the outbreak of the Cherokee War.

In an interview with the Rev. John D. Shane (Draper Mss 13 CC 140) Jessee Graddy, who moved from the Virginia frontier to Kentucky, tells the following story:

One Mitchell was the first that I know killed by the Indians on the Wilderness road. That was in 1776. When they got back to the first Station (Martin's Station) in Powell's Valley, in June 1776, they found the place all deserted and everything standing, even the milk pails on the stumps, as if they had been abruptly forsaken. Mitchell was killed just on this side (Kentucky) of the Cumberland Mountain. (1)

It is not known who this "one Mitchell" was. One James Mitchell served at Big Crab Orchard Fort (also called Maxwell's Mills) under Captain Daniel Smith in 1774. (2)

(1) Draper MSS 13 CC 140 (2) Draper Mss 9 DD 2

12. Killing of Jonathan Jenning's Son and Negro Slave

In a letter written by Captain William Russell to Colonel Preston, on September 21, 1776 [1] he states:

The Indians have killed a son, and a Negro of Jonathan Jennings, at Blackmore's (Fort) since I last wrote you.

This killing took place sometime between July 7th and September 21, 1776, and the writer has been unable to recover the name of the Jennings boy or the Slave who were killed.

Johnathan Jennings left Ft. Blackmore in 1779, with Captain John Blackmore's party when they rafted to the Cumberland settlement at Nashboro (now Nashville). While enroute his boat was attacked by Indians after it became fouled on a rock and another son and Negro slave were killed at this time. [2] After settlement at Nashboro, Johnathan Jennings was himself, killed by the Indians on the Cumberland River above the settlement at Nashboro.

(1) Draper Mss 4 QQ 73. [2] Journal of Capt. John Donaldson, whose rafting party went out from the Holston and later joined up with the Blackmore party from the Clinch.

13. Killing of Samuel Cowan at Houston's Fort

On April 3, 1774, a survey in Fincastle County, Virginia, was made for Samuel Cowan, of 284 acres of land, lying on both sides of McKinney's Run in Castlewood. This same tract was surveyed in Washington County, (VA) on the 15th of March, 1783, for John Cowan, who was the oldest son of the slain Samuel Cowan. The son, John, apparently moved to Tennessee for Russell County Deed Book 1, page 43, refers to John Cowan of Greene Co., NC (later TN), and same reference page 44, refers to him as being in Greene County on the 10th of November, 1788, and also page 298, reads as follows: "Between John Cowan of Knox County, Southwest Territory, of the one part and James McKinney of Russell...dated September 24, 1799." In his pension statement filed in Russell County, VA, on the 8th of September, 1836, Charles Bickley, who was then stationed at Blackmore's Fort on the Clinch, says: Information reached the fort through Captain Daniel Smith that the Indians were upon the waters of Moccasin Creek, whereupon Captain (John) Montgomery with his company, joined Captain Smith, and his company, and marched in pursuit of the Indians, and pursued their trail within a short distance of Houston's Fort upon Moccasin Creek, where from their apparently having separated, were unable to prosecute the pursuit further in that way, and marched on the last named fort. Upon arrival at the fort, they found that no assault had, as yet, been made upon it by the Indians and found there a man from Cassell's Woods of the name of Samuel Cowan, riding as this declarant now remembers a Stud Horse belonging to one Deskin Tibbs.

Cowan proposed to leave the fort and return to his family, but was admonished of the danger of an attempt to do so, as the Indians were in the immediate neighborhood, but he persisted in his determination and set out, but proceeded a short distance when the firing of guns was heard in the fort and the forces sallied out to attack. When soon they came upon the body of Cowan, shot from his horse and scalped, and although still alive, was taken to the fort and died the same evening.

Mrs. Samuel Scott of Jessamine County, Kentucky, tells of the killing of Samuel Cowan when interviewed by the Rev. John D. Shane, [(1)] who, along with her father, John McCorkle, was at Houston's Fort during this raid. In this interview she mistakenly calls him "Matthew" Cowan, with a

question mark in the original manuscript after the name "Matthew" as though she were uncertain of its correctness after the elapse of many years. She states:

Matthew (?) Cowan brought the express (news) from Moore's Fort to Houston's Fort that 300 Indians were coming to attack Houston's Station. (2) The next morning he would start to go back and thought he could get through, but was shot. His horse got in safe (to Castlewood). His wife (3) fainted when she saw the horse - a stud horse, all in a power of sweat. He, (Samuel Cowan) was brought in wounded and died. There my father, John McCorkle, was at the time. There were 300 Indians to 21 families (in the fort). I think the men didn't exceed thirty. The Indians stayed there about 8 days killing the cattle. They were Cherokees. None of the people in the fort were killed. Relief came in from the Holston and then they left. (4)

Samuel Cowan was slain in either June or July, of 1776. William Cowan, who was perhaps his brother, was appointed Administrator of the estate of Samuel Cowan on August 19, 1778, with John Walker, (perhaps Samuel's brother-in-law) and Andrew Colvill as securities. The estate was appraised by William Trimble, James Wharton, (later killed by Indians), Joseph Moore, Frederick Fraley and Edmund Smith, all residents of Castlewood and neighbors to the slain Samuel.

(1) Draper Mss 11 CC 224 (2) Houston's Fort was the home of William Houston (3) Samuel Cowan's widow was later taken prisoner by the Indians. See Capture of Ann Cowan. (4) "Relief from Holston" was Captain John Montgomery's Company who joined Capt. Daniel Smith's Company to the rescue. Those troops were gathering at Blackmore's Fort to go on the Cherokee Campaign.

14. Isaac Crissman Killed in Rye Cove

Isaac Crissman entered 225 acres of land on both sides of Cove Creek in Fincastle Co., VA, February 28, 1774. He had possibly been living on this land sometime before his entry was made.

Sometime prior to 1775 he had built a fort of some sort upon his land. John Redd of Martin's Fort in Powell Valley says it was about eight miles from the North fork of Clinch, situated about a mile off from the stream (Cove Creek) on it's west side. There were several fine springs at the fort. It enclosed about a half acre of land, which was large for that day. The Indians attacked Crissman's fort sometime in 1776 while the militia was away at Point Pleasant and killed Crissman and two members of his family. Captain Joseph Martin was then ordered into the Rye Cove to protect the people and remained there until the following spring of 1777. (1)

Isaac Crissman served as a militia soldier at Glade Hollow Fort in 1774. (2) It was probably in this year that Crissman built his fort in Rye Cove for Charles Bickley tells in his pension statement of serving at a fort in Rye Cove in 1775. Crissman's fort is hard to understand for he had another fort in Powell Valley known as the "Rocky Station" His preemption warrant for this reads:

We, the Commissioners, etc...do certify that Isaac Crissman, (Jr.) heir-at-law of Isaac Crissman, deceased, is entitled to preeemption of 1000 acres of land on account of settlement made in 1775, lying in Washington County in Powells Valley known by the name of Rock Spring. (3) Crissman's Fort was later known as the Rye Cove Fort.

Perhaps Crissman had sold or abandoned his fort in Rye Cove, was living in Powell Valley and when it was evacuated in June 1776 had returned to Rye Cove fort for protection.

The Rocky Station in Lee County, was, however, the only fort in that valley that remained open from this time and on through the Revolutionary War, and was commanded from 1776 to 1780 by Colonel Charles Cox and his Rangers.

The estate of Isaac Crissman was administered at the first court held for Washington County on January 28, 1777, by Archibald Cox, with John Kinkaid, Abraham McClellan, John Anderson and John Snoddy as

securities, and the appraisers of the estate were: John Kinkaid, Sr., James Wharton, John Dunkin and Samuel Porter. It is interesting to note of these men appraising and administering Crissman's estate that Archibald Cox and Wharton were killed later by Indians, and John Dinkin and Samuel Porter were captured and carried to imprisonment in Canada.

(1) John Redd's Narrative, Virginia Magazine of History and Biography. (2) Draper MSS 2 QQ 408 (3) Land Office Preemption Warrants 1 0 2132 and 1926.

15. The Slaying of John Douglas at Little Moccasin Gap

This incident has perhaps suffered more abuse as to correct date than any event on the frontier. L. P. Summers, in his History of Washington County, has John Douglas and William Benham chasing the Indians who had captured the wife and children of Capt. Isaac Newland, near Abingdon in 1789, thirteen years after young Douglas had been killed. Just what age John Douglas was when slain is unknown, but he must have been a fairly young, unmarried man, yet, old enough to have served in the militia as a Sergeant under Capt. William Cocke, August 5, 1774. (1)

Captain William Russell Wrote to Colonel Preston, on July 7, 1776, (2) saying:

Dear Colo. - I wrote you yesterday in great haste intendent to send of the express immediately, but he, being disappointed, shall enclose that one in this. I omitted giving the account of two men (no names Given), being killed at Blackmore's Fort last week, and since I left Fort Chiswell, poor John Douglas got killed in Little Moccasin Gap, on his way to Clinch. Captain Daniel Smith saw his bones yesterday (July 6th) arriving over here.

As evidenced by Captain Russell's letter, John Douglas was probably killed either on July 5th or 6th. Tradition has it that Douglas was accompanied by his friend William Benham, and that they, as was customary of most people traveling from Abingdon to the Clinch settlements, had stopped in Little Moccasin Gap, and were seated on a large flat rock, eating their lunch when a rifle cracked and Douglas was killed. A bronze plaque has been placed on the rock, probably by the D. A. R., and just east of the spot a wayside has been built, known as the "John Douglas Wayside", perpetuating the memory of this incident.

It has been written that John Douglas was living in the vicinity of Abingdon at the time, but of this I can find no confirmation. He, at the time, was a young unmarried man, and his parents, Edward and Sarah George Douglas were living on a 400 acre tract of land on both sides of Clinch River at the Flour Ford in Scott County, VA, where they had

settled in 1776. The Douglas family and that of Captain John Blackmore had intermarried. Sarah Douglas, a sister of the slain John, having married Thomas, a son of Captain John Blackmore, and Almore Douglas was married to a daughter of Captain John Blackmore to the Nashboro settlement when he rafted down the Clinch to that place in 1779.

There was a connection between the Douglas, Benham and Hobbs families which may account for John Douglas' friend William Benham being with him at the time of the slaying. For the foregoing data I am indebted to Gordon Aronhime, of Bristol, VA.

A man named John Benham settled on the north side of the North Fork of Holston River in 1769. William Benham was likely his son. He, the elder Benham owned about a thousand acres of land along the Holston River, about four miles or less below the village of Holston. John Benham was evidently a brother-in-law of the elder Vincent Hobbs. Benham had a son named Vincent, and the Benhams and Hobbs lived next farms to each other, coming to the area about the same time. John Benham (died 1800) had a fort between those near Saltville (that of Jeremiah Harrison) and the Anderson Blockhouse near Big Moccasin Gap. Benham had built his fort before the Revolutionary War. William Benham married Mary Kendrick.

John Douglas had probably been visiting with his friends and kindred, Benhams and Hobbs over at Holston, and was returning to the Clinch, along with William Benham when he was slain.

At a court held for Washington County, VA, on September 30, 1777, Edward Douglas (his father) was granted administration of the estate of John Douglas, deceased, with his securities being William Wilson and Richard Stanton, the latter living on Stanton's Creek, below Dungannon, in Scott County, VA. The appraisers of the estate were John Blackmore, Blackmore's Fort, Andrew Davis who lived at the mouth of Stoney Creek, near Blackmore's Fort, and Alexander Ritchie, Sr., who lived on Clinch River, below Dungannon in Scott County.

Who were the two men that Captain Russell says were killed at Blackmore's Fort?

(1) Shelby Family Papers, Vol. I, Item 412, Library of Congress [(2)] Draper Mss 4 QQ 53.

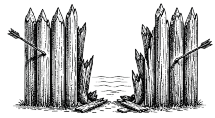
16. Robert Elsom Killed on Clinch River at Gray's Island

In 1770, William Herbert who lived on a plantation called "Poplar Camp", at Herbert's Ferry on New River in now Wythe County, VA, acquired a tract of land on Cubb Creek, about two miles below Dungannon, near a place known today as Gray's Island.

Herbert, himself, never lived on this land, but brought out a herd of cattle to graze upon it. Robert Elsom and his father-in-law, William Hays came along to herd the cattle and improve the land. Robert Elsom was listed as "Overseer" for Herbert. Hays and Elsom built a cabin on the land at "a spring that ran out of a cave", and lived upon the land until Elsom was killed by the Indians sometime in 1776. The writer has been unable to find any details concerning the killing. In 1798, Cubb Creek was known as Hays' Creek.

Raleigh Duncan and his brother, John, (the latter slain at Moore's Fort in 1774), settled on part of the land claimed by Herbert in 1773 and obtained a patent for the same by settlement right. William Herbert, Sr., died in 1776, and his son William Herbert, Jr. sold the land to Simon Cockrell, a Baptist preacher. A lawsuit [(1)] for possession ensued between Cockrell and John Duncan, son and heir-at-law of Raleigh Duncan, from which suit the foregoing facts have been gleaned.

(1) Augusta Co., VA Court Causes Ended, Cockrell vs Duncan.



17. Jacob Lewis and Family Killed On Stock Creek

John Redd who came to Martin's Station in Powell Valley in 1775, from Henry County with Captain Joseph Martin, tells the following story in his narrative: (1)

In the spring of 1775, a man by the name of Jacob Lewis came out to Martin's Station in Powell Valley, with a wife and seven children. Some of the men knew him to be a man of bad character and he was ordered not to settle near the Station. Lewis took his family and came in the direction of the settlement, about thirty-five miles, and built him a small cabin near the head of Stock Creek, and there lived entirely on the game he killed. In June, 1776, when on my way to the settlement, (on Clinch) I passed by his house and advised him to move to the settlement that the Indians had declared war. He said he was in no danger; that the Indians would never find him. In July, following, as I returned to the Holston, I learned that Lewis and wife, and seven children were killed and scalped by the Indians.

Other than Redd's story I have been unable to find any confirming evidence of the massacre of the Lewis family. The records of Washington County, VA, show that Jacob Lewis did have a grant for 400 acres of land in Powell Valley on Wallens Creek, surveyed for him on August 14, 1781, (posthumously if he was killed in 1776), and shows a settlement date of 1776.

(1) John Redd's Narrative, Vol. 6 & 7, Virginia Magazine of History and Biography.

18. Killing of Frederick Mongle

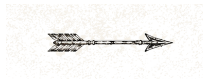
"On one occasion in the year 1776, two men and three women were pulling flax near Black's Fort, (Abingdon, VA) with Frederick Mongle, (Mangle) stationed as a sentinel to give the alarm should Indians make their appearance. The enemy, who had concealed themselves in a chinquapin thicket stealthily approached, wounded and scalped Mr. Mongle, but the persons in the flax patch, by dodging from tree to tree, finally reached the fort in safety. The men in the fort sallying out, reinforced by a number in the vicinity who had heard the firing, attacked the savages and drove them off with considerable loss.

Mr. Mongle survived his injuries but a short time and his relatives claim that his, and not Henry Creswell's, was the first grave in the old Sinking Springs Cemetery." (1)

The Mungle family were early settlers on the North Fork of Holston River near Abingdon. The Washington Co., VA, land entry records show that both Jacob and Daniel Mungle owned land there with a settlement date of 1773. Jacob Mungle was the father of Col. Abram Mungle who related the above details of the killing of Frederick Mungle to Charles B. Coale of Abingdon, VA.

Frederick Mungle who was slain by the Indians served in Capt. Evan Shelby's militia company at the Point Pleasant Campaign, October 7, 1774. (2)

(1) Charles B. Coale, "Wilburn Waters," reprinted in Summer's, "Annals of Southwest Virginia and Washington County," page 1578. (2) Draper Mss 2 ZZ 37-38



19. Killing of William Henry Creswell

Charles B. Coale, in his book, "Wilburn Waters," [1] gives the following story of this tragedy: In the early settlement of the county there was a blockhouse near Abingdon, where Frank Findley's mill now stands, called Black's Fort, into which the families of the scattered settlers gathered when alarmed by Indians. The very year of organization of the county, and upon the very day of the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, the Indians made a stealthy march into the settlement, caught a small party of settlers on their way from the fort to the clearing of Parson Cummings, two miles off, killed one of them, and the grave in which his dust reposes, marked by a rude stone with the inscription, "Henry Creswell, killed July 4, 1776:, formed the nucleus of the village cemetery, now people by the dead of three generations.

Creswell was slain when a party of Creswell, a Negro slave, and James Piper, (who had his finger shot off) and the Rev. Charles Cummings were enroute to church. The Rev. Charles Cummings had come to Black's Fort as Pastor of the old Sinking Springs Church in 1772 upon petition of the settlers in that area, then known as "Wolf Hills", now Abingdon, VA.

There has been controversy about the actual day in July that Creswell was slain. Militia records show that he was paid for participation in the Battle of Long Island Flats which was fought on July 20, 1776.

On July 11, 1845, Gov. David Campbell of Abingdon, wrote to Dr. Lyman C. Draper, as follows: [2]

I have been endeavoring to procure Mr. Howe's historical collections of Virginia, but have not yet succeeded. I do not know who could have furnished the account he has given of the skirmish with the Indians near the Presbyterian burying ground, but it is all wrong. The inscription given by him is incorrect - the christian name of Creswell is wrong - and no such occurrence took place as Parson Cummings losing his wig. Today I rode to the graveyard and examined the tombstone. I could not make out the inscription. I then rode into the county to see Mrs. Balfour (Sarah, wife of John Balfour), a lady now about 75, and the eldest daughter of Parson Cummings. She was with the family in Black's Fort

when the party started for Parson Cummings' plantation and saw them return with Mr. Creswell dead and Mr. James Piper with his forefinger shot off, and from what she then saw and heard and from subsequent conversations, she says she recollects all the circumstances clearly.

I asked what was Creswell's christian name. She said Henry and said further that she felt satisfied no such occurrence took place as her father losing his wig - that she would not have forgotten if it had taken place. She also recollected the name of Logan (James) [3] as being of the party.

On my return home I took my niece with me and went again to the graveyard. Her eyes being better than mine, she made out the inscription - and then I could read it - and it is as follows - "Henry Creswell entered this place July 1776". If the particular day in July was ever engraved it cannot now be perceived. The writing on the enclosed scrap of paper is an exact copy. No one was wounded but Piper - and Negro Tob was the hero of the day.

As Mrs. Balfour's account of this skirmish is somewhat different from the one I have had heretofore, I will her give it to you. She says the party started to her father's farm for grain. Her father, Tob, Mr. Piper, Mr. Logan and she thinks some others were of the party, and all armed, fearing Indians. She does not recollect which of the them drove the wagon. They had passed through the gap of the ridge north of the meeting house spring [4] and were entering a deep valley thickly covered with undergrowth, when the Indians fired upon them and killed Creswell. James Piper raised his rifle to shoot and his finger was shot off. Some of the party ran. Mr. Cummings, Tob, and Piper stood. Tob observed to his master that he saw an Indian. His master told him to fire. He did so and instantly the Indians raised the war whoop and disappeared. This is her account. You can compare it with Colo. Sharps [5]. Mrs. Balfour thinks that Creswell was the first person buried in the graveyard and the stone at the head of his grave is such as Mr. Howe describes. The copy of the inscription Governor Campbell sent to Dr. (Lyman) Draper of the epitaph was as follows:

HENRY CRES

WELL ENTRED

THIS PLACE

JULY, 1776

Rebecca Creswell, widow of Henry Creswell was granted administration of his estate by the court of Washington Co., VA, on February 26, 1777, with her securities being Samuel Newell and Joseph Black of Black's Fort.

(1) Summers, Annals of Southwest Virginia, page 1561. (2) Draper Mss 10 DD 52 (3) Probably Nathaniel, a brother of Col. Benjamin Logan. The Logans lived at Abingdon, prior to emigration to Kentucky. (4) This is the gap where the by-pass from the Sinking Springs Cemetery meets the regular highway that turns off from U. S. Route 11, at the Pet Milk plant in Abingdon. Parsons Cummings lived about a mile north of Abingdon on the road leading to Lebanon, VA. (5) Benjamin Sharpe, born 1762, who was also in Black's Fort at the time of the attack.

20. Killing of William Parks in Powell Valley

In speaking of the conditions at Martin's Station (in now Lee Co., VA) in 1776, John Redd, who had come to that Station with Col. Joseph Martin in January of 1775, from Henry Co., VA, states: (1)

In May, 1776, General Martin returned home, (to Henry Co.) promising to return in four weeks. The four weeks expired and we heard nothing from General Martin. The settlers from Priest's and Mump's Forts had all left, and some of our men. Days rolled on and we could hear nothing from Martin or the settlement. We became alarmed at our situation. We knew that something of great moment had taken place or Martin would have returned or sent a messenger out to let us know why he did not come at the appointed time. As our number had decreased to about ten (men) and we could not hear from Martin, we held a council, determined to remain three days longer, and, if we could hear nothing from the settlement in that time, to start home. The day we held our council, William Parks, one of our number, insisted on going some eight miles below the fort, and put up a few poles in the shape of a house, kill some trees, dig some holes in the ground, and plant some corn, so as to secure a "corn-right", and return the third morning time enough to start with us if we should leave for the settlement. We very reluctantly gave our consent. On the same evening, Parks, his nephew Thomas, and his Negro man set out to secure the corn-right. The third morning after Parks left, the day he promised to return, to our great surprise young Parks came and informed us that his uncle had left the evening before to kill some meat. Shortly after his leaving he heard him about, and had heard nothing from him since. I, and two others set out with young Parks, and, on arriving at his cabin, he showed us the way his uncle went. We found his track and followed it with great care. After going about one mile we came to where some Indians had been lying among some limestone rocks on the Kentucky Trace. About fifty yards from where the Indians had been, we saw old Parks lying dead on his face. On examining him we found he was shot through the heart. From his tracks he must have run some thirty yards from where he was shot. He was scalped, and a war club left sunk in his brain. We skinned some tough bark and with it lashed old Parks to a pole, and two of us, with an end of the pole on our shoulders, carried him to his cabin and buried him. (2)

The same evening we returned to the fort. On arriving there, we found an express sent out by General Martin, informing us that the Indians (Cherokee) had declared war, and were doing a great deal of mischief. The morning after the arrival of the express we broke up and came to Blackmore's Fort on Clinch River. At this fort, we found the greater part of the men who had left Mump's and Priest's forts.

We know the death of Parks occurred prior to May 30, 1776, by a letter written by Matthew Brooks to Major Anthony Bledsoe, under that date, in which he tells of the killing of William Parks, in Powell Valley. [4]

William Parks owned 400 acres of land on Indian Creek in Powell Valley by settlement right of 1773, and had an additional 1000 acres of preemption warrant, of which he had taken up 335 acres. The certificate says: "We the Commissioners, etc...certify that John Parks, heir-at-law to William Parks, deceased is entitled to 400 acres of land in Powell Valley known by the name of Big Spring, being the same where the said Parks lived, and on the Kentucky Road. [3]

(1) See John Redd's Narrative, Vol. 6 & 7, Virginia Magazine of History & Biography
[2] On Indian Creek in Lee Co., VA [3] Washington Co., VA Survey Book 1, page 349
[4] Draper Mss 4 QQ 46

21. Killing of Matthew Rowbottom

Matthew Rowbottom was killed by the Indians between July 20th and 27th, 1776, near the present South Holston Dam, near Bristol.

In relation to this killing Captain William Russell wrote to Colonel William Preston saying: The Indians have got up as far as Captain Montgomery's and burned all waste houses before them. They killed Matt Rowbottom and another man got wounded since the battle. The battle Captain Russell is here referring to was the Battle of Long Island Flats fought by the settlers and the Cherokee Indians on July 20, 1776, near the present site of Kingsport, Tennessee. (1)

At a court held for Washington Co., VA, on April 30, 1777, Isaac Lindsay was appointed administrator of the estate of Matthew Rowbottom, deceased, with William Poage and Isaac Bledsoe as securities. At a court held on the 17th of March, 1778, Thomas Ramsey, Amos Eaton (builder of Eaton's Fort), David Rounceval and William Mithcell were appointed appraisers of the estate.

Matthew Rowbottom must have moved toward the southwest at a very early date as he was listed to be "no inhabitant" of Augusta Co., VA, on March 23, 1767.

(1) Draper Mss 4 QQ 60

22. One Cook Killed in Powell Valley

From Draper Mss 2 DD 193, is a copy of the pension statement of William Barron, State of Tennessee, Washington County:...on this 23 January 18__, William Barron, aged 78 years...That while living in Montgomery Co., VA he was drafted as he believes in the fall of 17__ and entered the service under Sergeant John Brooley and served about one month. That he again enlisted or volunteered in the company commanded by Sergeant Alexander Neeley (Draper appends a handwritten note "perhaps Alexander Neely) under whom he served between two and three months in guarding the Lead Mines of Montgomery County. That he again enlisted under Lt. Frederick Edwards and served three months under Captain (John) Stevens (at Long Island). That after remaining at Long Island, a few days, an express came to Col. Preston (who was also at Long Island) from Rye Cove Fort on Clinch requesting assistance as the Indians had made some incursions in that quarter and killed a few of the inhabitants. That Captain Stevens Company marched to their assistance affiant being one of them. That after remaining a few days at the Rye Cove Fort intelligence was received that Mr. Cooke, who had been sent out as a spy, had been killed by the Indians that affiant with the balance of Stevens company spent a few days in scouring Powells Valley with the view of discovering the Indians, but failing in this, they buried Cooke and returned to the fort. (Data courtesy of Gordon Aronhim, Bristol, VA)

23. John and Titus Benton Killed in Rye Cove

The brothers, John and Titus Benton were killed in the Rye Cove section of Scott Co., VA, in April, 1777. They were either relatives, or closely associated with the Wallen family who were also pioneer settlers of the area. Just who the Bentons were, whence they came and went is unknown today. None of the name seem to have remained in the area.

The killing of the Benton brothers came to light in studying an old land lawsuit in the Superior Court of Augusta Co., VA, [(1)] and all statements are taken from this case. No place elsewhere have I been able to find any confirming data.

On May 29, 1811, Charles Carter desposes in Lee Co., VA, "that John and Titus Benton were killed by the Indians in Rye Cove in the spring of 1777."

February 26, 1812, Doswell Rogers deposes in Lee Co., VA, that "he settled on the North Fork of Clinch the same year the Hoosiers (Hoovers, Van Housier) settled (1774-75). The settlement was broken up by the Indians for several years. The Wallens, Bentons, William Roberts and others named these streams as they went through hunting lands. The Bentons were killed 35 or 36 years ago, April next."

March 11, 1811, William Wallen (born 1761) deposes: "Knew the land in 1778, John and Titus Benton were killed about 32 years ago. Their mother gave him John's shot-bag."

March 11, 1811, Stephen Wallen (born 1757) deposed: "Knew the land in 1775. Then Flat Lick Branch was called Lick Branch. About 1775 the North Fork of Clinch was called Stims Creek. The Bentons were killed 31-33 years ago. John was on the Cherokee Expedition (1776) and helped to bring up the great guns from the nation to the Long Island after the expedition, said to be commanded by Colonel (William) Christian. Deponent hunted with his (John Benton) on the Clinch after his return, and it was two or three years after the expedition when he was killed." In the Washington Co., VA, Survey Book, page 147, a statement reads: "A survey for William Nash of 343 acres, lying in the Rye Cove on the waters of Clinch River, and beginning on a barren ridge above Tye Benton's Spring... dated 20 November, 1782. This entry proves that the Benton's had lived in the neighborhood long enough to have left their

name attached to a landmark, although I find no land entry for them.

(1) Augusta Court Causes Ended, McKinney vs Preston, O. S. 308: N. S. 110.

24. Bowman and Johnson Killed, James Bunch Wounded in Powell's Valley

James Kincaid, son of John Kincaid, who lived across Clinch River from St. Paul, VA, and who, in the year 1779, moved with his father to Kentucky and later settled in Missouri, tells of this incident in his Revolutionary War pension statement filed in Lafayette Co., MO, in 1833.

I entered the service of the United States under the command of Captain John Dunkin [(1)]. At this time his father lived in a settlement called Castle's Woods on Clinch River, about 25 miles north of Abingdon, Virginia, a frontier fort. Powell Valley had been settled, but the settlers had been run off by the Indians. A good many of them could not bring their plunder with them, but hid it. John Dunkin was ordered out with a company of militia in order to guard the people who had left their property behind them, to collect it together and bring it into the settlements. He (Kincaid) was one of Dunkin's company. At this time Captain Joseph Martin was stationed at the Rye Cove Fort on Clinch River in order to guard the frontiers of Virginia. He (Martin) kept two spys, who were brothers, to-wit: John and James Bunch.

When we got into the valley we met with these spys. They then returned with us down to what was called Martin's Station in said valley, but we found no one there - they had all fled. One of the settlers that was with us, who had fled from the valley by the name of Davis (called Captain Davis). Before the people fled he lived at Owen's Station, [(2)] ten miles below Martin's. We took up at Martin's Station. Sometime after, Davis petitioned Dunkin for a few men to go down to Owen's Station with him to collect his plunder. Five men was granted him, one of whom was James Bunch. They went to the Station and collected the plunder accordingly, as I understood, and returning back to the camp the Indians waylaid the path and fired upon them, and wounded Bunch, and killed a man by the name of (Robert) Bowman at the place, and wounded another by the name of Johnson, as Bunch related, for he returned with him (Johnson) a piece, but he (Johnson) never got in. Three of the party got in that night, two of whom was Bunch and Davis.

The next day Dunkin went down with all his force, save a few left to guard the wounded. This affiant was one that went down. We went to the place and there found Bowman dead. Davis took us to a tree where he said an Indian stood whom he shot at. We went to the place and found a great deal of blood. We then took his trail and followed them, but not a great ways, as it appeared they had scattered. We returned back and buried the dead, thence to camp (at Martin's Station). This circumstance broke up the expedition.

Bunch grew very sick and we had to take him to this company at the Rye Cove. We were then all dismissed and returned home. As well as he can recollect, he states this took place in 1776. He does not recollect the particular month, except that it was in warm weather.

Andrew Lynam in his Revolutionary War pension statement filed in Bath Co., KY, on June 23, 1833, also tells of the above killing in this manner:

In the month of June, he thinks the 1st, but cannot say as to the particular day, he entered the service of the United States under Captain John Dunkin, as a volunteer for three months in 1776. At the end of this three month tour he again volunteered in Captain Dunkin's Company of militia for three months. Was in the month of September the same year as before. We were commanded by John Dunkin as Captain, and as our tour was to prevent the Indians from committing outrages upon the defenseless inhabitants we were marched immediately to Powells Valley. At this place we had a battle with the Indians in which two of our men were killed and one wounded. We then commenced our march home to a station called Rye Cove, and as winter was now about to set in and the Indians to recede for the season our services were no longer needed.

Both James Kincaid and Andrew Lynam say the above occurred in 1776. Kincaid say in "warm weather" and Lynam says in September. Powell Valley was evacuated in June 1776 prior to the Cherokee Campaign under Col. William Christian, and remained so until the conclusion of that campaign. Surely if Captain John Dunkin took his company to guard the settlers in bringing in their personal belongings it must have been soon after the evacuation of the valley. Yet, first of all, Joseph Martin was in Powells Valley and not at Rye Cove in 1776. He went from Powell Valley to Fort Patrick Henry in the latter part of August, 1776, as can be proven by the muster roll of his troops on the Cherokee Campaign, 25th of August to 7th of November, 1776, [3] and stationed at Fort Patrick Henry from the 13th of November, 1776 to the 31st of January, 1777. [4] Then the same company is stationed at Fort Lee

on the Clinch, at Rye Cove and the Bunches are on the roster, or at least John Bunch is. James Bunch does not appear on the roster till the roster of 1st of May to June 30th, 1777, at Fort Lee, [5] although he appears in the Shelby Family Papers [6] as a Scout from the 19th of March to 21st of July, along with his brother John. Neither of these appear as Scouts prior to that date and James not at all.

In a letter from Anthony Bledsoe, dated Fort Patrick Henry, 8th of April, 1777, [7] he says:

I much lament poor Bunch and could have sent the doctor, but the waters prevented till there was a particular call for him down the river. This is also born out by the letter of Col. Evan Shelby, of the 27th of April, 1777, who "laments the fate of his unhappy men", meaning Martin's men and regrets he has no shock troops to send to Martin at the time.

The Bowman who Kincaid says was killed was Robert Bowman who was a member of Martin's Company at the time. Since these troops, for the most part, were from Pittsylvania Co. (as was Martin) they would not show in the local records. Who Johnson was is hard to say, but he, too, was perhaps a Pittsylvania man.

The Bunch brothers, John and James, who were Indian Scouts under Martin while he was stationed at the Rye Cove, both moved to Tennessee. James was made a Captain of Militia in Hawkins Co., TN in 1790, and John was made an Ensign in 1793, and a Captain in 1794 in Knox Co., KY. This was while Tennessee was still a territorial government.

(1) The same John Dunkin who was captured by Indians at Riddle's Station in KY 1779. [2] Owen's Station was located near the present Rose Hill in Lee Co., VA [3] Draper Mss 1 XX 31 [4] Ibid, 1 XX 19 [5] Ibid, 1 XX 24 [6] Shelby Family Papers, Library of Congress, Vol. 1, Item 464 [7] Draper Mss 1 XX 21

25. The Capture of Jane Whittaker and Polly Alley

This story has become the most widely known of any Indian story in Southwest Virginia. It was told around so many firesides that it has almost taken on the aspect of a folk tale. No doubt it is true for the names used in the tale are those of pioneer settlers of the area, while I have not been able to find any supporting documentary evidence to confirm it. There were, however, many Indian killings and captures on the frontier that never found their way into official documents.

Charles B. Coale, an early newspaper writer for an Abingdon paper was perhaps the first to bring this story into print in his book "Wilburn Waters", and he gives no authority for his source. It is from the above book that this version is taken, with footnotes added.

During the spring of 1777 - several years before the capture and murder of the Livingston family on the North Fork of Holston, the same half-breed Benge and a savage white man by the name of Hargus, crossed the range of hills north of Clinch at High Knob, and made their way to Bluegrass Fort [(1)] on Stoney Creek, which is not far from what is known as Osborne's Ford [(2)], in Scott County. The white man Hargus had been living in the neighborhood, but had absconded to the Indians to evade punishment for crime, and became an inhuman persecutor of his race.

The Indians having cautiously and stealthily approached the river down Stoney Creek, and fearing they might be discovered, crossed some distance below and came up in the rear of a high cliff south of and opposite the fort, concealing their main body in some bushes at the base, in order to command a view of the fort, they sent one of their number to the summit of the cliff to spy out the condition of the fort and to act as a decoy. He ascended in the night, and climbed a tall cedar [(3)] with thick foliage at the top, on the very verge of the precipe, and just at break of day began to gobble like a wild turkey. This imitation was so well executed it would have been successful but for the warnings of an old Indian fighter present by the name of Matthew Gray [(4)]. Hearing what they supposed to be a turkey, and desiring him for breakfast, some of the younger members of the company proposed to go up the cliff and shoot him, but Gray told them if they wanted to keep their scalps on their heads they had better let that turkey alone, and if they would

follow his directions he would give them an Indian for breakfast.

Having promised to obey his instructions, he took several of them with them to a branch which he knew to be in full view of the Indians, and told them to wash and dabble in the stream to divert the attention of the enemy for half an hour, while he went to look for the turkey; which still continued to gobble at short intervals. Gray having borrowed an extra rifle from David Cox, (5) crouched below the bank of the stream, an in this manner followed its course to where it emptied into the river half a mile below, at a place known as Shallow Shoals. Here he took the timber, eluding the vigilance of the Indians by getting into their rear. He then crept cautiously up the ridge, guided by the gobbling of the Indian in the top of a cedar on the cliff. Getting within about seventy-five yards of the tree, and waiting until his turkeyship had finished an extra big gobble, he drew a bead upon him and put a ball in his head. With a yell and spring the Indian went crashing through the tree tops and over the precipe, a mangled mass of flesh and bones.

Then commenced a race for life. Gray had played a desperate game, and nothing but his fleetness and his knowledge of savage craft could save him. He knew that the Indians in ambush would go to their companion on hearing the report of the rifle, and that they were not more than two hundred yards away. He did his best running and dodging, but they were so close upon him that he would have been captured or killed, had not the men of the fort rushed out to his rescue.

The Indians finding that they had been discovered, and that they were not strong enough to attack or besiege the fort, started in the direction of Castle's Woods. The persons at Bluegrass knowing that the settlement at Castle's Woods was not aware that the Indians were in the vicinity, determined to warn them, but the difficulty was how this was to be done, and who would be bold enough to undertake it, as the Indians were between the two forts. When a volunteer for the perilous expedition was called for, Matthew Gray, who but an hour before had made such a narrow escape, boldly offered his services, and, getting the fastest horse and two rifles, started out through the almost unbroken forest. Moving cautiously along the trail, he came near Ivy Spring, about two miles from the fort, when he saw signs that satisfied him that the Indians had halted at the spring. There was no way to flank them, and he must make a perilous dash or fail in his mission of mercy. Being an old Indian fighter, he knew that they seldom put out pickets. The trail making a short curve near the spring, he at once formed the plan of riding quietly up to the curve, and then, with a shot and a yell, to dash through them. This he did, and before they had sufficiently recovered

from their surprise to give him a parting volley, he was out of reach. He arrived at the settlement in safety, and thus in all probability saved the lives of all the settlers. The Indians, however, captured two women on the way - Polly Alley (6) at Osborne's Ford, as they went up the river and Jane Whittaker near Castle's Woods.

Finding the fort at Castle's Woods fully prepared for their reception, the band had to abandon their murderous purpose and pass on with their captives, without permitting themselves to be seen. Reaching Guess' Station (7) they remained part of the night, but finding it well prepared for defense, they continued their journey to the Breaks (8) where the Russell and Pound Forks of Big Sandy pass through the Cumberlands. Here, tradition says, they tarried half a day, and loaded themselves with silver ore. This tradition has led some to suppose that this was the place where Sol Mullins (9), the noted maker of spurious coin, obtained his metal, as he long inhabited that region.

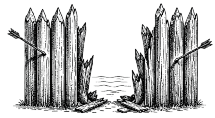
After this they traveled every day, resting at night, until they reached the Ohio at the mouth of Sandy. Crossing the river on a raft of logs with their prisoners, who suffered more than can be described or conceived on the long march, they reached their destination at Sandusky. The two young women were closely confined for some time after their arrival, though they were eventually stripped and painted and allowed the liberty of the village, closely watched for a month or more, but seeing they made no attempt to escape, the Indians abated their vigilance. Observing this the girls determined to make an attempt to escape. Having been permitted to wander about at pleasure from time to time and punctually returning at night, the Indians were thrown off their guard. Having wandered one day from the village farther than usual, and being in a dense forest, they started out on the long journey home. After traveling all night, they found themselves only about eight miles from the village, and finding a hollow log, they crept into it, with the determination of remaining concealed during the day. They had been in it but a few minutes when Hargus and two or three Indians came along in pursuit and sat down upon it, and the girls heard them form their plans for the next day's search. Returning late in the afternoon, having lost the trail, the Indians sat down upon the same log to rest, and again the occupants beneath them heard their plans for pursuit. These were, that a party should pass down each of two rivers which had their sources near their village and emptying into the Ohio. They became very much enraged at having been baffled by two inexperienced girls, and threatened their victims with all kinds of torture should they be recaptured. Hargus, more furious than the Indians themselves, striking

his tomahawk into the log to emphasize his threats, and finding it return a hollow sound, declared the girls might be in it, as they had been traced thus far, where the trail was lost, and sent one of the savages to the end of the log to see. The savage went and looked, but seeing that a spider had stretched its web across the aperture, he made no further examination. This web, which had probably not been there an hour, saved them from recapture, and it may be from a cruel death.

After the Indians left, the girls, having heard their plans, left the log and resumed their weary journey, taking a leading ridge which ran at right angle with the Ohio and led them to it not far from opposite the mouth of Sandy. They could hear the yells of the Indians in pursuit each day and night until they reached the river, when, from a high promontory they had the satisfaction of seeing their pursuers give up the chase and turn back toward their village. They had nothing to eat for three long days and nights but a partially devoured squirrel from which they had frightened a hawk, and on the night of the third day after the Indians had relinquished the pursuit, they ventured to the river, where they were fortunate enough the next day to see a flat-boat with white men in it descending the stream, who, on being hailed, took them aboard, set them across the mouth of Sandy, and furnished them with a sufficiency of bread and dried venison to last them two weeks, and a blanket each, in which time they expected to make their way back to one of the settlements on the Clinch. They took their course up Sandy on the same trail they had gone down some months before, but in one of the rapid and dangerous crossings of that stream, they lost all their provisions as well as blankets. This, though a great calamity, did not discourage them, but pushing on, with the blessings of kindred, friends and home in view, they found their way through Pound Gap [10] and reached Guess' Station about the middle of September, having been on the journey about a month, after encountering hardships and dangers under which many of the sterner sex of the present day would give way.

(1) A seldom used name for Blackmore's Fort [2] The present Dungannon in Scott Co., VA [3] Cedar trees still grow on the precipe today [4] The Grays were early settlers on the Clinch River [5] David Cox settled at the mouth of Stoney Creek where he died February 28, 1828, aged about 80 years. [6] Thought to be the daughter of James Alley, Sr., who along with his brother, James, lived in that area. [7] An early name for Coeburn, VA. The writer has been unable to find any data on this Station and the above remark is the only known source that gives in inkling that it was manned for defense. The log remains and chimney stones were still on the spot in 1838, but the purpose of this station is unknown, as is the name of the builder, and for whom it was named. The fort was in operation in 1780. [8] The Breaks, now the Breaks Interstate Park, was one of the familiar warpaths used by the Shawnee Indians in attacking the Clinch settlements. [9] Sol Mullins was an

early settlers in now Dickenson Co., VA convicted for counterfeiting coins. [10] The pass through Cumberland Mountain from Wise Co., VA, into Letcher Co., KY and in frontier days a well known Indian war path. The earliest name for it was "Sounding Gap."



26. Killing of Fanny Napper and Her Children

In a letter written from Metamora, Indiana, by Samuel Alley, to Dr. Lyman C. Draper, dated April 28, 1884, (1) he says:

My father's sister, Fanny Napper and her five (5) children were killed and scalped by Indians near Fort Blackmore. I was born in a few yards of the fort in 1801, and have just returned from a visit to my old birthplace. The ground where the fort stood was being cultivated. A large apple tree stands near the fort that my father set out. It is to this day called the "John Alley Apple Tree".

My aunt and family were killed, I think, in 1777. My father was born at Petersburg, VA, in 1760, and settled on Clinch when a young boy. Died on Piper Creek, Franklin Co., Indiana, in 1842, where I now live, aged 82 years.

Fanny Napper was a daughter of James Alley, Sr., who along with his brother Thomas Alley, Sr., were very early settlers on the Clinch River in the present Scott Co., VA. The writer has been unable to discover in the area any details of just how she and her five children were slain, but in the Shane Historical Collection (2) of the Draper Manuscripts is an interview with Jessee Graddy who tells of his trip from Virginia to Kentucky with his arrival at the Crab Orchard in Lincoln Co., KY, September 3, 1777. If Graddy is telling of the killing of Fanny Napper, which he undoubtedly is, although he mentions no names, then she and her children must have been slain in July or August of 1777, Graddy says:

The morning before we came to the ford of Clinch (Blackmore's Station was 10 miles beyond that) these murders were committed. A mother and four (4) children killed within eight of the fort. The husband was in the field, but escaped. A girl about half grown, and three little boys tomahawked and scalped, who were talking while their brains were boiling out. The grandmother asked them if they saw their little brother (this is perhaps the 5th child). What had become of him? Said they didn't know. These were Dutch people. (3)

We stayed a good part of the day. Their aunt sat on a stump in sight of the fort and cried all day. Went by Blackmore's Station next day and didn't see the smoke of a chimney after that until we got to Boonesboro.

The pretty springs of water and the woods rendered Powell Valley exceedingly beautiful. I could have stopped very freely in it. A rock road all the way down and mountains to one side of us. Just before we got to the foot of Cumberland Mountain the company, three fourths of a mile ahead of us, had all their horses stolen. They could do nothing better than just turn their featherbeds loose. They could do nothing with them about their cattle. We never saw any Indians and were not interrupted. I was most afraid coming down Cumberland Mountain. The place was narrow and rocky. Stood up on either side not broader than a house. Woods more beautiful in Cumberland Valley than any other place.

(1) Draper Mss 5 C 70 (2) Draper Mss 13 CC 130 (3) In early days in this area it was very common to refer to people of German extraction as being Dutch. The word Napper, variantly spelled Napier or Nappier, is perhaps from the German. The name is still to be found in this area and the spelling usually takes the form of the latter two.

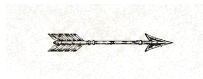
27. John Evans, Captive

Pendleton, in "History of Tazewell County," page 437, says:

In 1777, a small band of Shawnees came to the head of the Clinch and made John Evans a captive and took him to their towns in Ohio. From thence he was sent to Canada, and either made his escape, or was ransomed, and went to Philadelphia. Jessee Evans, his son, heard of his arrival in Philadelphia and went there in the spring of 1778, and brought him home.

David E. Johnston, History of Middle New River Settlements, page 144, says Evans was captured in 1776.

I have not been able to find any documentary evidence of this capture, and apparently it was another incident that was not mentioned in the military correspondence of the militia officers, or was one of those cases where they only gave the number of people captured, and to our extreme loss, numbers instead of names means little.



28. The Killing of Humphrey Dickenson

Humphrey Dickenson, son of Henry Dickenson, Sr., of Prince Edward Co., VA, and a brother to Henry Dickenson, Jr., first Clerk of Russell Co., VA, settled on 310 acres of land on the north side of Clinch River, just up river from Castlewood in the year 1769. The old two-story log house where he settled in still standing (1950s) in a fair state of repair and is now the property of Mr. Donald Gray, of Castlewood.

This acreage was surveyed for Humphrey Dickenson on May 26, 1774, being the first surveys made in what is now Russell County, and was entered in the records of the now extinct Fincastle Co., VA, and was reentered in Washington Co., VA, on August 23, 1781, in the name of John, spelled "Dickerson", heir-at-law to Humphrey Dickenson, deceased.

The tradition in the Dickenson family is that Humphrey Dickenson was killed by the Indians. They say he was found in Gist's Ford of Clinch River on a rock and had been shot by the Indians. This is another of the Indian killings, as there were many, which has not been documented and no factual evidence of the killing has been uncovered to date. The actual date of his death can be proven to have occurred sometime between 26th of August, 1777 and 17th of November, 1778, for on the latter date the Court of Washington Co., VA, entered this order: "On motion of Elizabeth Dickenson, and Thomas Brown, administration is granted them on the estate of Humphrey Dickenson, deceased, who made oath thereto and entered into and acknowledged their bonds in the sum of two thousand pounds lawful money with Archealous Dickenson, (brother of Humphrey) William Cowan, and John Anderson, their securities for the faithful administration of the said decedents estate."

"Ordered that John Dunkin [1], John Kincaid, Sr., and Samuel Porter [1], Zachariah Abel, and Archibald Scott [1], or any three of them, being first sworn to appraise the estate of Humphrey Dickenson, deceased, and make return to the court."

Humphrey Dickenson had four children at the time of his death, as proven by the Washington Co. Deed books [2], wherein Henry Dickenson, father of the slain Humphrey, leaves a Negro slave to John Dickenson, son of Humphrey Dickenson, deceased, "for the love and

affection I bear my grandchild." The order goes on to say that John must pay a fourth of the value of the Negro to each of his brothers and sisters; Humphrey Dickenson, Jr., Eliza Dickenson Crump, and Nancy Dickenson. Elizabeth, the widow of Humphrey Dickenson, later married a Mr. George Crump.

In Washington Co. Survey Book, page 192, is this entry:

Surveyed for John Dickerson two hundred and eighty six acres of land in Washington county, lying on the north side of Clinch River and beginning on the bank of the same below Gist's Ford; running thence up the meanders of the river, etc...Surveyed 15 March, 1783.

We the Commissioners, etc...do certify that John Dickerson, heir-at-law to Humphrey Dickerson, who was assignee of Joseph Blackmore, who was assignee of Nathaniel Gist is entitled to 310 acres of land lying in Washington county on the north side of Clynch River in Cassell's Woods, to include his improvement. Surveyed the 28th day of May, 1774.

(1) Later captured by the Indians. [2] Archibald Scott who had married Humphrey Dickenson's sister, Frances (Fanny) was murdered on Wallens Creek in 1785, along with all his children, and his wife was taken captive, later escaping. [3] Deed Book 1, page 30, dated 17 July, 1790, Washington Co., VA.

Note, 16 Aug 2002: It is stated above that "This is another of the Indian killings, as there were many, which has not been documented and no factual evidence of the killing has been uncovered to date." There is new evidence which now does support and document this killing. It comes in the form of the Revolutionary Pension Application statement of Edward Dorton in Floyd Co., KY in 1833. Edward Dorton's statement further links the killing of Humphrey with that of Solomon Kendrick. Below is the statement of Edward Dorton:

Revolutionary War pension record from National Archives

Edward Dorton

State of Kentucky

Floyd County

On the 12th day of December 1833, personally appears before the distingushed Justice of the Peace for the county aforesaid now sitting, Edward Dorton a resident of Kentucky in the county of Floyd, aged eighty two years: who being first duly sworn according to the law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832; that he entered in the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as

herein atated; that in the spring of 1776 the Indians became troublesome in the western part of Virginia so much so that it prevented a band of immigrants from proceeding to Kentucky. Said applicant was then residing in Washington County, Virginia and on the waters of Powell's River in Powell's Valley. Col. William Campbell the Col. of the county ordered that a volunteer company should be raised to supress the Indians: which company this applicant states he enlisted in as a volunteer for "six months" in the month of March 1776, the day of the month not recollected.

Under Capt. Bickley and Lieutenant Cowan, Ensign Robinson the company immediatley commenced their march down Powell's Valley to "Cumberland Gap" and there we were fired upon by the Indians. The firing was continued warnly by both sides for some time and the Indians gave way and fled. From their painted appearance we apprehended a more formidable band against us and accordingly retreated in all possibe speed to the stellements and ascertained that the Indians we fought was the Cherokees. We remained but a short time and being joined by more volunteers we again marched to the frontier. We got back on the last of July 1776. Having been back but a short time we was attacked near Cumberland Mountain by about forty Indians. We outnumbered them a few. The fighting commenced first by the Indians who lay concealed behind old logs and rocks. The skirmish lasted for three hours in which a few Indians were killed. Our company lost several--Dickenson, Humphery and Solomon Kendrick. We remained here till August (the last part) and went back to the settlement all broke up and forted as they had done for six years before. We guarded the fort till late in November. We all recieved discharges certifying our service.

On the first day of April next year 1777 the Indians again returned to Clinch and Powell's Valley and commenced murdering and plundering the settlements in that region. A volunteer company was raised by Capt. John Snoddy and Lieutenant Robinson (my ensign the year before) this pursant to Col. Campbell's orders, who was our Col., I volunteered for six months again. The fort was useless unless a force was kept in the field against the Indians, the settlements had no security. Col. Campbell did not accompany us but gave us his orders.

About this time the Tories in North Carolina continued their operations and they were aided by a few from the South Fork of the Holston who frequently stole horses belonging to the Whigs and carried them to the Tories in Carolina. Our company marched down to the mouth of the North Fork of the Holston and took a western direction for Powell Valley on the frontiers. Here we remained scouting till

August 1777, when we was attacked by a band of hostile Indians at day break. After an hour skirmish and running fight we was forced to retreat. The brother of this applicant was killed and skelpt by the Indians, also a man by the name Michael Auxier and another by the name of Litton and one William Priest was killed and several wounded. The Cherokee Indians was assembling in large numbers down Holston to commence war. They had painted themselves and had the war dance and for fear of being cut off we retreated to the settlements.

Cocke of Carolina and Christy of Virginia marched to beat down the Cherokees. The Indians formed a plan to fall on the settlements on the Clinch and Gen. Christy sent one Martin to inform the fort of it. We all broke up and went to Abingdon. Not long after this Christy made peace with the Indians at the Long Islands which according to the applicants recollection in June 1777.

He wishes to be understood that he cannot be positive as to dates but knows it was sometime before Col. Campbell went to Carolina when the applicant and his brother went with him. He then received his discharge from duty for his "six months". In the spring of 1778 the Shawnee Indians from over the Ohio broke out in the Clinch settlements in March 1778. The applicant enlisted for one year to scout and spy under Capt. Lewis and Lieutenant Hawkins. This was the manner in which the company was engaged. Col. Campbell states he was authorized to run the company for the purpose and that each man should recieve pay. The company divided in two's and four's and we ranged and spied all that summer and winter and until April 1779.

We crossed frequently behind Cumberland Mountain down on the Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers. They would generally leave the country for Kentucky or thier nation in November to hunt and return early in the spring.

This applicant served out his time and applied for his pay and Governor Patrick Henry stated that the state was not bound to pay; this applicant never got his pay. In July 1780 the day of the month not recollected this applicant and one of his brothers was prevailed on by Col. Campbell to accompany him against the Tories and British in the Carolinas and they did so and enlisted as new volunteers for no certain time. Something prevented us from starting immediately.

Col. Campbell got word from Col. Cleveland that the Tories had fled from the Haw River and many from PeeDee and they had joined Ferguson (Major or Col.). We started from Abingdon all on horses and our Capt. was by the name of Looney. He thinks Col. Campbell's

brother was a Capt. also. We crossed the Catawba high up in Burk's County, N.C. and came up with the British at a place called King's Mountain. Campbell was joined by Col. Cleveland and Major Shelby and Col. Sevier. There was a Frenchman there also by the name of Malmaday (this applicant thinks he was a Major) and Gen. McDowell were all on horses. When we got within one mile of the mountain we all hitched our horses and left them in care of some militia companies.

The whole of us was divided; part of Campbell's men fell under Cleveland and one Sevier and Wilson. This applicant was one of them and marched up. They were on the side of the mountain. The firing commenced on the right wing (commanded by Campbell) and Shebly on the left, Cleveland in the center. The British with bayonets charged upon Cleveland's men and forced us to give back, but we all took turns. The battle lasted for some time and we made them all prisoners. The troops, or part, went over to Charlotte and we took some of the prisoners along. Gates' army was at Charlotte. From there we went to Hillsboro, N.C. and remained there but a few days and again went back to Charlotte where we all ------. Gen. Greene took command, this was in December 1780 or 1781.

In January I hired my horse to the Government of N.C. and belonged then to the light infantry. Our whole army went to Cheraw Hills, after the battle of the Cowpens we all retreated to Virginia. In February or March we gave the enemy battle at Guilford where we was defeated. A few days after this I left the service and returned home. I knew many officers during the service, to wit: Col. Washington, Capt. Charles Y. Wilson, Gen. Gates, Gen. Huger, Gen. Davis and Col. Davidson, Maj. Malmady, Col. Sevier, Maj. Shelby, Col. Wilson, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, and Lieutenant Hinner, Col. Hogan, Gen. Rutherford and many others. I have no documentary evidence in my favor. I received three discharges, the last time I did not receive a discharge but a recommendation. I do not know what has become of them. The fact was I cared nothing about them for it has been more than fifty years since. He hereby relinquishes his every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present one. He declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state: Sworn and subscribed the day and date aforesaid:

Edward Darten

29. Attack on Henry Roberts' Home and Killing of David Roberts

John Anderson of Sullivan Co., TN, in his unpublished manuscript tells of this attack in this manner:

In the year 1778, the Indians from the north side of the Ohio paid us another visit. Some of our very near neighbors in the summer of that year 1778, on a certain morning about daybreak, a Mr. Henry Roberts [1] and his family was attacked by a small number of Indians. They attempted to break in the house by force. He, being a brave, resolute man, and an old soldier of great experience, fought like a hero, and prevented them from getting into the house. During the contest, which was perhaps upwards of an hour. He had a small axe in his house and aimed to strike one of the Indians out of a window, the handle of the axe being short, he could not reach him. During the shuffle another Indian, from the corner of the house shot the said Roberts in the neck and he fell backwards in the floor, and he, having two daughters, young women, when they saw him fall broke out of the house and ran through the cornfield that was near the said house, and when they had run through the said field several times, one of the girls the Indians caught. The other ran back to the house and came in and by that time the old man had got up, but bled considerable. The shot he got did not appear to injure him much.

The said Roberts had a mill not far distant from his house. He concluded to take his wife and the balance of his family that he had left, and go get into the mill. He accordingly did. During the time he was in the mill with his family several people came to the mill. Among others there was an old man, Mr. McNeal came, and two girls with him. The said Roberts informed them to push off with all speed for there was Indians there. They went off as fast as they could. The Indians saw them and pursued them upwards of two miles and overtook them, and killed the old man McNeal, [2] but the girls got safe home. Among many others that went to the mill that morning (was) a certain old Mr. McMilian, [3] that lived within half a mile of the author of these remarks. The Indians took him prisoner, and the young woman above mentioned (Henry Roberts' daughter) and conveyed them home to the Shawnee Towns. The said Mr. McMilian continued to live with the Indians for a space of

five years, during which time he experienced many hardships. The young woman taken never returned. She died in that savage country. She was to have been married a few days after she was taken prisoner, but was most grievously disappointed in all her expectations.

Said Roberts had a brother that was coming to his house that morning and the Indians killed him near the house.

In the above paragraph John Anderson does not so state, but the brother was David Roberts, and an uncle of John Anderson, the author of the manuscript relating the attack on the Roberts family.

The will of David Roberts is recorded in Washington Co., VA, Will Book 1, page 17, and was probated February 16, 1779. In this will he leaves his estate to his daughter Sarah Roberts. His executors were his brothers, William and Henry Roberts. On March 16, 1779, Susanna Roberts, widow of David Roberts, deceased, renounces the will and claims her right of dower.

(1) Henry Roberts was a brother of the John Roberts, who, along with all his family was killed nearby in 1774, as were William and David Roberts, and Rachael, a sister, who was the mother of John Anderson, the writer of the manuscript. Draper Mss 15 DD 39, and Washington Co., VA Will Book 1, page 17. (2) The "old man McNeal" who was killed was Archibald McNeal. The Court of Washington Co., VA, on 19 November, 1778, ordered Joseph Kingead (Kincaid), James Brigham, and Benjamin and John Looney to appraise the estate of Archibald McNeal, deceased. Inventory and appraisal of the estate recorded June 16, 1779. (3) Probably William McMillian who owned 400 acres of land on Beaver Creek, where he settled in 1773, and who had a wife named Mary. NOTE: John Anderson does not give the name of Henry Roberts' daughter who was carried away and never returned, nor the names of the two girls who accompanied McNeal to the mill who were chased, but escaped from the Indians.

30. Killing of Burton Litton and William Priest at Glade Hollow Fort

Burton Litton, brother of Solomon Litton, was a son of John Litton, and this family were early settlers of the Elk Garden section of present Russell Co., VA. At the time of his death, Burton Litton had a brother, James Litton, and wife, Elizabeth. (1) Burton Litton was a member of Captain Daniel Smith's militia company in 1774, while that part of Russell County was then Fincastle Co.

Of William Priest little is known, except that he lived on Priest Mountain, at Elk Garden. He served in the militia company of Captain Daniel Smith, at the Elk Garden Fort from the 13th of August to 18th of November, 1774 (2), along with a Thomas and David Priest, who were probably brothers, or maybe sons. During this term of service, sometime between August and October of 1774, he was paid for 7 days as an Indian Scout. (3) The only court record I find relating to him was in the court of Fincastle Co. On November 2, 1773, where he, along with others was appointed to view a road from the Maiden Springs settlement into the Great Road, the latter perhaps, being the Fincastle main road leading from the east to the western country.

The details of this killing are best told in the words of Isaac Crabtree in his pension statement filed in Overton Co., TN, September 27, 1832. Isaac was born in Baltimore Co., MD in 1757. (4) Crabtree says:

"...In the next year, 1778, he again turned out a volunteer ranger, he thinks about the last of May, and went to the Elk Garden Fort and joined Captain John Kinkead (Kincaid) and ranged about that fort. He states that Colonel (then Captain, later Colonel) Daniel Smith came to the fort and took him and several other men, making ten, and went down Clinch, and as they came to Glade Hollow Fort, they met about the same number of Indians. He, and Burton Litton and William Priest were some distance in front of the others when they met the Indians. The Indians were laying in ambush in two sink holes (5), and on each side of the Trace (6) and when they arose and placed themselves in a fighting attitude and fired on him. When the firing commenced Colonel Smith, and the balance of the men with him, wheeled and ran. He, and his

company kept their ground waiting for them to come up, until the Indians, or some of them, were within 30 or 40 yards of affiant and the balls flying around him like hailstones from a thunder storm. He began to think it was time to take care of himself, seeing by this time the whole of his company had taken flight and left him. He retreated a short distance and was closely pursued by the enemy, an dhe wheeled to see how close they were to him and saw one within thirty yards. He immediately raised his gun and taking aim at his breast, he fired, and the Indian fell back and uttered some coarse, loud noise. He then overtook some of his company and tried to rally them, but without effect. They continued their retreat and two of them were killed while they were running before him. He then began to mend his gait and soon overtook the foremost men and went by Col. Smith, but was unable to rally. Thence the two men killed were the two who went in advance of himself, Burton Litton and William Priest.

Burton Litton, was a brother of Solomon Litton, who along with Captain John Dunkin, was captured by the Indians in 1780 at Riddles' Station and carried to Canada, where they were held until the end of the Revolutionary War.

At a court held for Washington Co., VA, on August 17, 1779, is entered this order:

"On motion of Elizabeth Litton and James Laughlin [7], administration is granted them on the estate of Burton Litton, deceased, who made oaths thereto with John Kinkead and Samuel VanHook as securities." Appraisers of the estate were, Thomas and Richard Price, James Scott and John Lewis.

(1) Washington Co., VA Order Book 1, page 69 & Survey Entry Book 1, page 75. [2] Draper Mss 6 XX 106 [3] Draper Mss 5 XX 2 [4] Crabtree statement also in Draper Mss 3 DD 40 [5] There are huge sink holes around the upper end of Glade Hollow. [6] This suggests that Glade Hollow Fort lay on the Kentucky Trace. [7] James Laughlin was a brother-in-law of Burton Litton, having married his sister, Elizabeth Laughlin.

Note, 16 Aug 2002: New Information has been located about these deaths in the form of the Revolutionary Pension statement of Edward Dorton. Edward Dorton links these deaths to that of his brother, not named, as well as a forth man, Michael Auxier. Below is the statement of Edward Dorton:

Revolutionary War pension record from National Archives

Edward Dorton

State of Kentucky

Floyd County

On the 12th day of December 1833, personally appears before the distingushed Justice of the Peace for the county aforesaid now sitting, Edward Dorton a resident of Kentucky in the county of Floyd, aged eighty two years: who being first duly sworn according to the law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832; that he entered in the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as herein atated; that in the spring of 1776 the Indians became troublesome in the western part of Virginia so much so that it prevented a band of immigrants from proceeding to Kentucky. Said applicant was then residing in Washington County, Virginia and on the waters of Powell's River in Powell's Valley. Col. William Campbell the Col. of the county ordered that a volunteer company should be raised to supress the Indians: which company this applicant states he enlisted in as a volunteer for "six months" in the month of March 1776, the day of the month not recollected.

Under Capt. Bickley and Lieutenant Cowan, Ensign Robinson the company immediatley commenced their march down Powell's Valley to "Cumberland Gap" and there we were fired upon by the Indians. The firing was continued warnly by both sides for some time and the Indians gave way and fled. From their painted appearance we apprehended a more formidable band against us and accordingly retreated in all possibe speed to the stellements and ascertained that the Indians we fought was the Cherokees. We remained but a short time and being joined by more volunteers we again marched to the frontier. We got back on the last of July 1776. Having been back but a short time we was attacked near Cumberland Mountain by about forty Indians. We outnumbered them a few. The fighting commenced first by the Indians who lay concealed behind old logs and rocks. The skirmish lasted for three hours in which a few Indians were killed. Our company lost several--Dickenson, Humphery and Solomon Kendrick. We remained here till August (the last part) and went back to the settlement all broke up and forted as they had done for six years before. We guarded the fort till late in November. We all recieved discharges certifying our service.

On the first day of April next year 1777 the Indians again returned to Clinch and Powell's Valley and commenced murdering and plundering the settlements in that region. A volunteer company was raised by Capt. John Snoddy and Lieutenant Robinson (my ensign the year before) this pursant to Col. Campbell's orders, who was our Col., I volunteered for six months again. The fort was useless unless a force was kept in the

field against the Indians, the settlements had no security. Col. Campbell did not accompany us but gave us his orders.

About this time the Tories in North Carolina continued their operations and they were aided by a few from the South Fork of the Holston who frequently stole horses belonging to the Whigs and carried them to the Tories in Carolina. Our company marched down to the mouth of the North Fork of the Holston and took a western direction for Powell Valley on the frontiers. Here we remained scouting till August 1777, when we was attacked by a band of hostile Indians at day break. After an hour skirmish and running fight we was forced to retreat. The brother of this applicant was killed and skelpt by the Indians, also a man by the name Michael Auxier and another by the name of Litton and one William Priest was killed and several wounded. The Cherokee Indians was assembling in large numbers down Holston to commence war. They had painted themselves and had the war dance and for fear of being cut off we retreated to the settlements.

Cocke of Carolina and Christy of Virginia marched to beat down the Cherokees. The Indians formed a plan to fall on the settlements on the Clinch and Gen. Christy sent one Martin to inform the fort of it. We all broke up and went to Abingdon. Not long after this Christy made peace with the Indians at the Long Islands which according to the applicants recollection in June 1777.

He wishes to be understood that he cannot be positive as to dates but knows it was sometime before Col. Campbell went to Carolina when the applicant and his brother went with him. He then received his discharge from duty for his "six months". In the spring of 1778 the Shawnee Indians from over the Ohio broke out in the Clinch settlements in March 1778. The applicant enlisted for one year to scout and spy under Capt. Lewis and Lieutenant Hawkins. This was the manner in which the company was engaged. Col. Campbell states he was authorized to run the company for the purpose and that each man should recieve pay. The company divided in two's and four's and we ranged and spied all that summer and winter and until April 1779.

We crossed frequently behind Cumberland Mountain down on the Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers. They would generally leave the country for Kentucky or thier nation in November to hunt and return early in the spring.

This applicant served out his time and applied for his pay and Governor Patrick Henry stated that the state was not bound to pay; this applicant never got his pay. In July 1780 the day of the month not

recollected this applicant and one of his brothers was prevailed on by Col. Campbell to accompany him against the Tories and British in the Carolinas and they did so and enlisted as new volunteers for no certain time. Something prevented us from starting immediately.

Col. Campbell got word from Col. Cleveland that the Tories had fled from the Haw River and many from PeeDee and they had joined Ferguson (Major or Col.). We started from Abingdon all on horses and our Capt. was by the name of Looney. He thinks Col. Campbell's brother was a Capt. also. We crossed the Catawba high up in Burk's County, N.C. and came up with the British at a place called King's Mountain. Campbell was joined by Col. Cleveland and Major Shelby and Col. Sevier. There was a Frenchman there also by the name of Malmaday (this applicant thinks he was a Major) and Gen. McDowell were all on horses. When we got within one mile of the mountain we all hitched our horses and left them in care of some militia companies.

The whole of us was divided; part of Campbell's men fell under Cleveland and one Sevier and Wilson. This applicant was one of them and marched up. They were on the side of the mountain. The firing commenced on the right wing (commanded by Campbell) and Shebly on the left, Cleveland in the center. The British with bayonets charged upon Cleveland's men and forced us to give back, but we all took turns. The battle lasted for some time and we made them all prisoners. The troops, or part, went over to Charlotte and we took some of the prisoners along. Gates' army was at Charlotte. From there we went to Hillsboro, N.C. and remained there but a few days and again went back to Charlotte where we all ------. Gen. Greene took command, this was in December 1780 or 1781.

In January I hired my horse to the Government of N.C. and belonged then to the light infantry. Our whole army went to Cheraw Hills, after the battle of the Cowpens we all retreated to Virginia. In February or March we gave the enemy battle at Guilford where we was defeated. A few days after this I left the service and returned home. I knew many officers during the service, to wit: Col. Washington, Capt. Charles Y. Wilson, Gen. Gates, Gen. Huger, Gen. Davis and Col. Davidson, Maj. Malmady, Col. Sevier, Maj. Shelby, Col. Wilson, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, and Lieutenant Hinner, Col. Hogan, Gen. Rutherford and many others. I have no documentary evidence in my favor. I received three discharges, the last time I did not receive a discharge but a recommendation. I do not know what has become of them. The fact was I cared nothing about them for it has been more than fifty years since. He hereby relinquishes his every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present

one. He declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state: Sworn and subscribed the day and date aforesaid:

Edward Darten

31. Captain John Dunkin, Solomon Litton and His Wife Taken Out of Elk Garden by the Indians

Solomon Litton, who was a brother of Burton Litton killed at Glade Hollow Fort, his wife Martha Sharpe Litton and Captain John Dunkin were taken from Elk Garden by the Indians, transported to Canada (Detroit), where they were held until the end of the Revolutionary War. The details of how they were captured and whether there were other people taken at the same time the records do not show. The date that Solomon Litton settled in Elk Garden is unknown, but it must have been quite early. He served under Captain Daniel Smith as a militia soldier from August 29 to November 6, 1774, guarding the Glade Hollow Fort. (1) The Washington Co., VA, Court recommended him for an Ensign of the militia for that county February 25, 1777, and for a Lieutenant on August 19, 1778. The earliest court record found pertaining to him is in Botetourt Co., VA, where he sells personal property to William Carvin on March 5, 1770. (2) It may have been about this date that he left the Tinkers Creek section of Botetourt, where he supposedly lived, before he came to the Elk Garden section.

At a court held for Washington Co., VA, March 20, 1781, this interesting order was recorded: "On motion of James Litton (3) and John Laughlin (4) and by consent of the court they are appointed Guardians of the estates of Captain John Dunkin and Solomon Litton, prisoners of the enemy in Canada, and to use all legal methods for saving and securing the said estates, whereupon they together with William Davison and John Vance entered into and acknowledged their bonds for eight thousand pounds for the faithful performance of the same."

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, Virginia, page 391, says:

In 1778 while the Revolutionary War was raging and the American patriots were being assailed by the British soldiers on the one hand and the Indians on the other. Litton, his wife, and two daughters were captured by the Indians and carried to Quebec, at which place they were held until the close of the war, when they were exchanged. Elizabeth Litton, one of the captured girls, became the wife of Joseph Shoemaker, both of whom died in Lafayette County, Missouri.

In the above paragraph, Mr. Addington had been misinformed on the daughters of Solomon Litton being captured, as will be shown by the birth dates listed below, taken from the family Bible of Solomon Litton, which in 1947 was in the possession of Miss Pauline Pyle, of Lebanon, Russell Co., VA.

Solomon Litton was born December 22, 1751. Died 1844. On May 24, 1774 he married Martha Dunkin, sister of Captain John Dunkin, who was born September 27, 1756. Their children were: John, born November 11, 1775; Thomas, born September 27, 1777; Burton, born April 2, 1780; Solomon, Jr., born August 28, 1783; Elizabeth, born March 1, 1785; Hiram, born March 29, 1787; James, born August 18, 1789; Mary, born April 21, 1792; Alexander, born November 8, 1795; Caleb, born March 2, 1797; and Jenny, born February 20, 1801.

In the 1850 census of Russell Co., VA, Solomon Litton, Jr. is shown as having been born in Detroit, in 1783, while his parents were being held by the British, but some members of the family deny this saying the church records at Elk Garden show him as having been born at "Litton Hill" in Elk Garden, upon which the church stands. (5) If Solomon Litton was captured in 1778, as Mr. Addington states, then, if any children were taken it could only have been the sons, John and Thomas. Also if he remained a prisoner of the British until Solomon, Jr., was born in 1783, then certainly Burton, who was born in 1780 must have also been born in Detroit, also.

Captain John Dunkin, at the time of the capture, also lived in the Elk Garden section of Russell Co., VA. He served at the Glade Hollow Fort from the 29th of August to the 6th of November, 1774, as a Sergeant, (6) under Ensign Henley Moore. He was appointed a Captain of Militia by the Washington Co., VA, court no February 26, 1777. In this year he led a company of militia into Powell Valley to guard the settlers in bringing in their personal property after the valley had been evacuated because of Indian depredations. Dunkin eventually moved out of the Elk Garden section to Spring Creek, just outside Abingdon, VA, where he died in 1817. (7)

John Dunkin had two daughters named Sally and Peggy who married brothers of the name Laughlin. Since both the Littons and Duncans had married into the Laughlin family there was close relationships between the three families. Old James Laughlin of Elk Garden had daughters, Ann Dunkin and Polly Porter.

John Dunkin was appointed to the Washington Co., VA, court July 23, 1777, took the oath of office on November 25, 1777, and served on the

bench until November 18, 1778. The last reference I find pertaining to him is on April 21, 1779, when William pitman was recommended for a Lieutenant of militia in John Dunkin's company. It may be that Pitman was appointed to the company after Dunkin had been captured by the Indians, as it appears Duncan and Litton were captured in 1778, although I have not found a definite date for their capture.

(1) Draper Mss 6 XX 106 [(2)] Botetourt Co., Deed Book 1, page 83 [(3)] Father of Solomon Litton [(4)] Married Solomon Litton's sister, Elizabeth [(5)] Letter to Mr. Canie B. Litton, Virginia Beach, VA, dated December 10, 1965. [(6)] Draper Mss 6 XX 106 [(7)] Draper Mss 1 XX 13

32. Killing of Richard Lynam in Powell Valley

Richard Lynam, who lived on Thompson's Creek in New Garden, Russell Co., VA, was killed by the Indians in Powell Valley in the year 1777. Robert Sinclair, son of Charles Sinclair of Sinclair's Bottom, whose Revolutionary War pension claim was filed in Madison Co., MO, August 1, 1832, tells of this killing thusly:

Captain (Charles) Cox's company rendezvoused at the Wolf Hills (Abingdon), and marched to Powell's Valley. Sixteen days after marching to Powell's Valley, Solomon Kendrick, the Spy, was killed by the Indians, and this applicant, and Andrew Linam acted as Spys. Said applicant was at Powell's Valley about three months. At the end of this time myself and Andrew Linam [(1)] went to Blackmore's Station on Clinch River and acted together as Spys, for about twenty days, under the command of Captain Crump, at which time, Linam and myself were out as spys, and he, and myself, were sitting on a log when we were fired upon by a party of Indians, and Linam was killed. Three balls passed through the clothes of this applicant. After the death of Linam, William Richardson took his place. In another portion of the pension statement Sinclair says this happened in 1777.

At a court held for Washington Co., VA, May 19, 1778, James Anderson (of Clinch River) was appointed administrator of the estate of Richard Lynam, deceased, with John Lewis and Samuel Vanhook as he securities. Appraisers of the estate were Patrick Denny, William Ferrill, Ericus Smith and James Anderson, all of the New Garden section of Russell Co., VA.

Then at a court held for Washington Co., VA, on March 17, 1779: "On motion of Samuel Vanhook it is ordered that James Anderson, administrator of the estate of Richard Lynam, deceased, he summoned to next court to render an account how he transacts the estate." Then on May 20, 1779, this order: "Ordered that Arthur Campbell, Gent., as Sheriff be administrator of the estate of Richard Lynam in the 'room' of James Anderson, who of his own account resigned in court."

(1) Robert Sinclair's memory played him a trick here, for he really means Richard Lynam, instead of Andrew. Andrew Lynam, who was Richard's brother, and a veteran of the French and Indian War, was very much alive at this time and after. Andrew applied for a pension in Bath Co., KY, June 23, 1834, and died in that

county on July 3, 1847, at the ripe old age of 88, having been born in Guilford Co., NC, January 5, 1759.

33. William Ferrill Killed in New Garden

William Ferrill was killed at his home in New Garden on June 15, 1778. (1) William Ferrill came to the New Garden section of now Russell Co., VA, in 1772. It is interesting that this section near Thompson Creek, known even today as New Garden, from Honaker west, was a very early settlement. William Ferrill and his wife Martha, and their son Thomas, took up a tract of 142 acres on a branch of Thompson's Creek. We know little of the life of William Ferrill other than the fact that he served frequently in the militia services in the period between 1774 and his death.

The account of his murder is given this way in a letter from Daniel Smith to Arthur Campbell, County Lieutenant of Washington Co., in which Russell Co. Of today then lay. The text of the letter dealing with Ferrill is:

On the 15th instant, in the evening, William Ferrill was killed and scalped by the Indians at his own house, his family had been luckily removed to the fort (New Garden Fort) sometime before. I received the information from Captain Kingkead (John Kincaid) early the 16th who had just then heard of Mr. Ferrill's massacre and seemed very apprehensive more mischief had been done as many in the settlement were living at their own homes. He further informed me that he should go directly to the spot with a party of men. I directly dispatched a man to the Rich Lands with orders to the Sergeant there (Captain Edmiston being absent) to range down and join Captain Kinkead with about half the men at that Station (2).

After the death of Ferrill his widow and son continued to live on in New Garden. (3)

It is interesting to note that William Ferrill was one of the appraisers of the estate of his neighbor Richard Lynam, who lived also on Thompson's Creek, and was killed by the Indians in late 1777. (4)

William Ferrill served at the Glade Hollow Fort from August 29, to November 6, 1774. Of this group of twenty men who defended the fort between the given dates, four are known to have been killed by the Indians and two taken captive. (5)

(1) Draper Mss 8 DD 17 (2) There was a fort or garrisoned station at the present site of Richlands. (3) Article by Gordon Aronhime, Bristol Herald Courier, October 2, 1964. (4) Washington Co., VA court for May 19, 1778 (5) Draper Mss 6 XX 106

34. Indian Tragedies Against the Walker Family

John Walker and his wife Katherine Rutherford, first lived at Wigton, Scotland, later moving to Newry, Ireland, from whence they sailed from Strangford Bay in May 1726, landing in maryland in August of that year. Soon he was settled in Chester Co., PA, where he died in 1734. His wife, Katherine died the same year. Most of the family of John Walker, the immigrant, moved from Pennsylvania and settled in Augusta and Rockbridge Counties in Virginia, and from there they scattered westward.

Among the children of John and Katherine Walker was John Walker, Jr.; who settled on Clinch River in what is today Russell Co. and Jane Walker who married James Moore and settled in Rockbridge Co.

John Walker, Jr., born 1705, married Ann Houston in 1734. He first settled in Augusta Co., and later with the Hays family moved to Rockbridge Co. and settled on a stream still known today as Walker's Creek. From Walker's Creek he moved to Clinch River in present Russell Co., VA, where he settled in 1773 at the "sink" of Sinking Creek on a 300 acre tract of land which he named "Broadmeadows". This land was surveyed and entered for him in old Fincastle Co., April 2, 1774. At this time he was a man of some 68 years and surely must have followed his children in their wanderings to the Virginia frontier. In spite of his advanced age he still lived to see a son and son-in-law killed by Indians, and a daughter and grandson carried away into captivity, dying in 1778 before their return.

Ann Walker, daughter of John and Ann Houston Walker, had married Samuel Cowan, and they settled on a 284 acre tract of land in lower Castlewood on both side of McKinney's Run, now called Cowan's Creek, which was surveyed for them on April 3, 1774 in Fincastle Co., VA.

In June or July of 1776, news reached the frontier that the Cherokee were planning to attack Houston's Fort on Big Moccasin Creek. Samuel Cowan rode from Castlewood to warn of this impending attack. Charles Bickley who filed his Revoutionary War pension claim in Russell Co. In 1836 tells of Cowan's death in this manner:

Information reached the fort (Rye Cove Fort where Bickley was stationed) through Captain Daniel Smith that the Indians were upon the waters of Moccasin Creek, whereupon Captain (John) Montgomery with his company, joined Captain Smith, and his company and marched in pursuit of the Indians, and pursued their trail within a short distance of Houston's Fort upon Moccasin Creek, where from their apparently having separated, were unable to prosecute the pursuit further is that way and marched on the last named fort. Upon arrival at the fort they found no assault had, as yet been made upon it by the Indians and found there a man from Castlewood of the name of Samuel Cowan, riding as this declarant now remembers, a stud horse belonging to one Deskin Tibbs.

Cowan proposed to leave the fort and return to his family, but was admonished of the danger of an attempt to do so, as the Indians were in the neighborhood, but he persisted in his determination and set out, but proceeded but a short distance when the firing of guns was heard in the fort and the forces sallied out to attack. When they soon came upon the body of Cowan, shot from his horse and scalped, and although still alive, was taken to the fort and died the same evening.

Mrs. Samuel Scott of Jessamine Co., KY, whose family was refugeeing in Houston's Fort tells the reason for Cowan's presence at the fort and generally corroborates the story told by Charles Bickley. She told her story years later to the Rev. John Shane (Draper Mss) and referred to him as "Matthew" instead of Samuel, with a question mark after Matthew in the original manuscript as though she wasn't sure of his first name. She states:

Matthew (?) Cowan brought the express from Moore's Fort to Houston's Fort that 300 Indians were coming to attack Houston's fort. The next morning he would start to go back and thought he could get through, but was shot. His horse got in safe (to Castlewood). His wife fainted when she saw the horse - a stud horse, all in a 'power of sweat'. He was brought in wounded and died. There my father, John McCorkle was at the time. There were 300 Indians to 21 families (in the Fort). I think the men did not exceed 30. The Indians stayed there about eight days killing cattle. They were Cherokees. None of the people in the fort were killed. Relief came in from Holston and then they left.

The last record directly referring to the death of Cowan in a letter written from Tennessee to Dr. Lyman C. Draper by Captain John Carr, who as a small child, was with his family in the fort at the time. He writes:

We forted in Houston's Fort in Washington Co., VA, on a creek called Big Moccasin Creek, about 10 or 15 miles north of Clinch River. The Indians made an attack on the fort. They killed a man by the name of Cowan. After firing upon the fort for about half a day they were driven off. I recollect that my father sat me up so as to enable me to see through the port holes the Indians as they were firing upon the fort.

In May of 1778 a group of people were traveling from David Cowan's Fort (Upper Castlewood) to Moore's fort in lower Castlewood, a distance of approximately two miles. They were attacked by Indians and Samuel Walker, son of John and Ann Houston Walker was killed, and Ann Walker Cowan, widow of Samuel Cowan, and her nephew William Walker were carried away as prisoners. Ann remained a prisoner for about seven years, and her nephew William Walker never returned. For details of how they were captured we go again to Mrs. Samuel Scott who lived on the Clinch from 1772 to 1783, and who was again present when this event occurred. She states:

One year while we lived on the Clinch we did not fort, and did not need to fort. Cowan's Fort was about two miles from Moore's Fort. We went to it (Cowan's) one year, but it was too weak; but seven or eight families. The Indians attacked it. Miss Walker - then the widow Cowan, was taken, going from it to Moore's. Her and her sister's son, William Walker were taken - her sister married a Walker (???). Her brother Matthew (really Samuel) Walker that went with her was killed, and the other man was shot at, but escaped and got into the fort. This Mrs. Cowan had just gotten back from this captivity as we passed the Crab Orchard (Lincoln Co., KY) coming out to Kentucky. (It was 1783/84 that Mrs. Scott went to KY) Captain John Snoddy, William and Joe Moore's wives were sisters to her (Mrs. Cowan). They (Snoddy and the Moore brothers) were forted there (Crab Orchard) where they had moved from the Clinch. NOTE by ELH: Capt. John Snoddy's wife, Margaret, really was a sister to Ann Walker Cowan, but I doubt that William and Joseph Moore's wives were her sisters, but in some other way the Moore's might have been related.

The will of John Walker, Jr., was probated in Washington Co., VA, November 17, 1778, and in this will he mentions his grandson William Walker, who was perhaps the same who was captured by the Indians. The will perhaps having been written before the capture occurred.

Judge M. B. Wood, of Estilville (now Gate City, VA) wrote to Draper in 1883, 9 MSS 4 C 26(2), that Ann Walker Cowan was held captive for 7 years, when she was ransomed and brought to Philadelphia, and that Patrick Porter went there and brought her home. This story seems

questionable since Mrs. Scott says she was at the Crab Orchard in 1783/84, with her relatives the Snoddys and Moores, and at which time Patrick Porter was still living in Washington Co., VA.

William Walker who was captured by the Indians was a son of John Walker III, and his wife who was a Miss Long. He was born around 1770/71 and would have been about eight years old when captured. William Walker, the captive, after growing up among the northern Indians married Katherine Rankin, the daughter of John Rankin of Tyrone, Ireland, and his wife Mary Montour. William died at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, January 22, 1824.

William Walker, son of the captive, handed down the story of his father's capture by the Indians, as generally outlined below:

William Walker and his uncle, Samuel were in a field plowing corn, young William riding the horse and his uncle hold the plow. When coming out at the end of a row, and in the act of turning they were fired upon by Indians from behind the fence, wounding Samuel in both arms. The boy sprang from the horse and both fled, but he was captured before getting out of the field and his uncle Samuel was overtaken and killed. Then the Indians retreated and after traveling four or five miles halted in a thick wood and a reconnoitering party returned to the invaded spot. In the afternoon the reconnoitering party returned laden with plunder and accompanied by another party of Delaware which the prisoners had not seen before, and with them, as a prisoner was his aunt Ann Walker Cowan. Mrs. Cowan had been captured as Mrs. Scott details while traveling between Cowan's and Moore's Forts by the second party of Delaware Indians. While being the same group the Indians had split into two separate raiding parties.

Then commenced the march toward Ohio, which was attended by many, many privations, hardships and hunger. The captives were looking backward and hoping and praying for a rescue party of whites, but none came. After crossing the Ohio River all hope of rescue vanished and to add to their grief the Indians again separated into two parties, each taking their own prisoners. Young William Walker never again saw his aunt.

The part having young Walker proceeded directly to the Indian town on the Scioto River, and after resting here a few days proceeded to their own settlement on the Whetstone, now Delaware, Ohio, where young Walker was forced to run the gauntlet. He was then adopted into an Indian family with who he lived some four or five years.

While attending a council at Detroit with his Delaware friends, they met with a large group of Wyandottes, among which was an adopted white man named Adam Brown, who had been captured in Dunmore's War, and who had married an Indian woman and was influential in the tribe. The youth attracted his attention and a conversation in English occurred, young Walker not having forgotten his native tongue. Brown negotiated for his release and he was permitted to go with the Wyandottes after many obstacles were ironed out through the idea of kinship of the two tribes. No reason was required and none given for his transfer since the exchange was through brothers and sale of a child was forbidden through brotherly ties. With Brown he lived until he was 21 or 22 years old, when he was then married to Miss Eatherine Rankin, daughter of a Trader formerly connected with the Hudson Bay Co. Whose name was James Ranking and whose wife was Lay Montour, half French and half Wyandotte Indian.

After marriage he settled near Gibraltar, Wayne County, Michigan, about 1790. He later became a very important personage in working for the United States among the Indians. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he was appointed Special Indian Agent and was successful in keeping the Indians as allies of the U. S. His service to the U. S. Government was outstanding and honorable, and with much grief and misfortune to himself, including that of being a prisoner and a daring escape from the British. His son William Walker, Jr., became the first Governor of the Kansas Territory.

Jane Walker, daughter of the immigrant John Walker and his wife Katherine Rutherford, and sister of John Walker of Broadmeadows, married James Moore in April, 1734. They had a son James Moore who married Martha Poage, and moved from Rockbridge Co., VA, to Abbs Valley in present Tazewell Co., VA, built a cabin in that lonely, isolated valley and moved his family there in 1772. In 1777 he was appointed a Lieutenant and in 1778 a Captain of Militia by the Court of Washington Co., VA, and from this time until 1786 the Commandant of Davidson's Fort on Cove Creek of Blue Stone River.

In July 1784 the depredations by Indians began on the family of Captain James Moore, when his fourteen year old son, James Moore was captured by the Shawnee Black Wolf, his son and another Indian, when he went to a field to get a horse to ride to the mill. He was carried to the Shawnee Towns in Ohio, and did not return until September 1789. The only source I know for details of this capture is Pendleton's, History of Tazewell County, and Pendleton lifted much of his material from Bickley's, History of Tazewell, published about 1853. Pendleton

states:

In 1785 he was so fortunate as to get away from the Indians, and several years after his return related the following incidents in connection with his captivity:

When we returned from hunting in the spring the old man (Indian) gave me up to Captain Elliott, a Trader from Detroit. But my mistress, Black Wolf's sister, on hearing this became very angry, threatened Elliott, and got me back. Sometime in April (1785) there was a dance at a town about two miles from where I resided. This I attended in company with the Indian to whom I belonged. Meeting with a French Trader from Detroit, by the name of Batest (Baptiste?) Ariome, who took a fancy to me on account of my resemblance to one of his sons, he bought me for fifty dollars in Indian money. Before leaving the dance, I met a Mr. Sherlock, a trader from Kentucky, who had formerly been a prisoner with the same Indians, who had rescued a lad by the name of Moffett, who had been captured at the head of Clinch, and whose father was a particular and intimate friend of my father, I requested Mr. Sherlock to write my father, through Mr. Moffett, informing him of my captivity, and that I had been purchased by a French trader and was gone to Detroit. This letter, I have reason to believe, father received, and that it gave him the first information of what had become of me.

It was on one of these trading expeditions (with Mr. Ariome) that I first heard of the destruction of my family. This I learned from a Shawnee Indian with whom I became acquainted when I lived with them, and who was of that party on that occasion. I received the information sometime in the summer after it occurred.

In the following winter (1786/87) I learned that my sister Polly had been purchased by a Mr. Stagwell, an American by birth, but unfriendly to the American cause. He was a man of bad character - an unfeeling wretch and treated my sister with great unkindness. At the time he resided a great distance from me. When I heard of my sister, I immediately prepared to go and see her; but it was then in the dead of winter, and the journey would have been attended with great difficulties. On being told by Mr. Stagwell that he intended to move to the neighborhood where I resided in the following spring. I declined it. When I heard that Mr. Stagwell had moved, as was contemplated, I immediately went to see her. I found her in the most abject condition, almost naked, being clothed only by a few dirty and tattered rags, exhibiting to my mind, an object of pity indeed. It is impossible to describe my feeling on the occasion; sorrow and joy were both combined; and I have no doubt my sister's were similar to my own. On

being advised, I applied to the Commanding Officer at Detroit, informing him of her treatment, with the hope of effecting her release. I went to Mr. Simon Girty, and to Colonel McKee, the Superintendent of the Indians, who had Mr. Stagwell brought to trial to answer the charges against him. But I failed to procure her release. It was decided, however, when an opportunity should occur for our returning to our friends, she should be released without remuneration. This was punctually performed on application of Mr. Thomas Evans, who had come in search of his sister, Martha, who had been purchased from the Indians by a family in the neighborhood, and was, at the time, with a Mr. Donaldson, a worthy and wealthy English farmer, and working for herself.

All now being at liberty, we made preparations for our journey to our distant friends and set out, I think sometime in the month of October, 1789; it being a little more than five years from the time of my captivity, and a little more than three years after the captivity of my sister and Martha Evans. A trading boat coming down the lakes, we obtained passage for me and my sister to the Moravian Towns, a distance of about two hundred miles, and on the route to Pittsburg. There, according to appointment we met with Mr. Evans and his sister, the day after our arrival. He had, in the meantime procured three horses, and we immediately set out for Pittsburg. Fortunately for us a party of friendly Indians, from these towns, were about starting on a hunting excursion, and accompanied us for a considerable distance on our route, which was through a wilderness, and the hunting ground of an unfriendly tribe. On one of the nights, during our journey, we encamped near a large party of these unfriendly Indians. The next morning four or five of their warriors, painted red, came into our camp. This much alarmed us. They made inquiries, but did not molest us, which might have been the case, if we had not been in company with other Indians. After this nothing occurred, worthy of notice, until we reached Pittsburg. Probably we would have reached Rockbridge that fall, if Mr. Evans had not, unfortunately got his shoulder dislocated. In consequence of this, we remained until spring with an uncle of his, in the vicinity of Pittsburg. Having expended nearly all of his money in traveling, and with the physician, he left his sister and proceeded on with Polly and myself to the house of our Uncle William McPhaetus (McPhaeters) about ten miles southwest of Staunton, near the Middle River. He received from Uncle Joseph Moore, the Administrator of father's estate, compensation for his services, and afterwards returned and brought his sister.

On July 21, 1786, Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Montgomery Co., VA, wrote Governor Patrick Henry, the following:

I am sorry to inform your Excellency that on the 14th instant, a party of Indians supposed to be about 40 or 50 in number, came to the house of Captain James Moore on Bluestone, in this county, and killed himself, and his whole family, eleven in number, and carried off his whole stock, which was very valuable. They likewise burned the house and fencing, and left several war clubs and arrows and to all appearances are for continuing hostilities.

On October 25, 1970, this writer, and Mr. L. F. Addington, President of the Southwest Virginia Historical Society, visited the spot in Abb's Valley, in Tazewell Co., VA, where Captain Moore and his family were captured and massacreed on that fateful July 14, 1786. Our conductor was mr. William Taylor Moore, great-great-grandson of Captain Moore, who explained the details of the attack thusly:

Captain Moore had gone across a small ravine some three or four hundred yards to salt his stock. The Indians came running down the hill above him and also down the hill behind his house, thus cutting him off from the house. He was shot down near a large uprooted oak, and when the soldiers came they wrapped his body in a sheet and buried him where the tree had uprooted, not having tools for digging a proper grave. The soldiers found the remains of two of his children and buried them beside him. Mr. Moore has three pieces of native sandstone marker that someone had carved and erected at Captain Moore's grave. They fit the remaining portion still at the grave. Carved into the stone was:

Captain James Moore killed by Indians 1786

One of the small graves nearby Captain Moore's grave has a small stone at the head with no markings. The second little grave is not marked at all and its location would be only a guess. The head and foot stones of Captain Moore's grave are now separated by a large oak tree growing out of his grave.

Down the draw a short distance from the graves, where a small fish dam now is, was once a miniature waterfall where the Moore family obtained their household water, and here two of the children were slain as they were returning to the house with water. Some fifteen or twenty feet below the fall is an overhanging rock under which Martha Evans was hiding when she was captured.

After Mary "Polly" Moore returned from captivity she married Rev. Samuel Brown of Rockbridge Co., VA, and in that county at New Providence Church is a marker which reads:

In memory of Rev. Samuel Brown, 1766 - 1818, Pastor of New Providence Church, 1796-1818, Mary Moore, his wife, 1776-1824

Captain James Moore had first come to Abb's Valley in 1771, according to Mr. William Taylor Moore, and had lived the winter of that year in a cave with Absalom Looney, a sort of hunter and ginseng digger, and who had inducted Captain Moore to settle in the valley. He returned to Rockbridge Co. and moved his family out the following year of 1772.

Abbs Valley then was a very isolated and lonely spot, two miles long and less than a half mile wide, being many miles from the nearest fort, which was Davidson's Garrison on Cove Creek, a tributary of Bluestone River. The descendants of Captain Moore in 1928 erected a large and impressive monument of gray sandstone and placed upon it a large bronze placard engraved with the following:

Erected to the memory of Captain James Moore, a soldier of the Revolution having commanded a company at Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse and Kings Mountain Killed by Indians, July 14, 1786

TO

Martha Poage and Jane Moore, wife and daughter who were captured and taken to Chilicothe, Ohio, and burned at the stake.

TO

William, Alexander, Margaret, John and infant children of Captain Moore who were massacred.

TO

James and Mary Moore, son and daughter who were captured and to Martha Evans, who were captured and carried to Canada, held captive for five years. Were rescued by Thomas Evans, brother of Martha Evans.

Though he slay me yet will I trust him.

Erected by their descendants

1928

Pendleton, in his History of Tazewell County, gives the following story, probably taken from the earlier Bickley history:

In July, 1786, a party of 47 Indians of the Shawnee tribe, again entered Abbs Valley. Captain Moore kept five or six loaded guns in his house, which was a strong log building, and hoped by the assistance of his wife, who was very active in loading a gun, together with Simpson, a man who lived with him, to be able to repel the attack of a small party of Indians. Relying on his prowess, he had not sought refuge in a fort; as many of the settlers had; a fact of which the Indians seemed to be aware, from their cutting out the tongues of his horses and cattle, and partially skinning them. It seems they were afraid to attack him openly, and sought rather to drive him to the fort, that they might sack his house.

On the morning of the attack, Captain Moore, was at a lick bog, a short distance from his house, salting his horses, of which he had many. William Clark and an Irishman were reaping in front of the house. Mrs. Moore and the family were engaged on the ordinary business of house work. A man named (John) Simpson was sick upstairs.

The two men who were in the field at work, saw the Indians coming at full speed, down the hill, toward Captain Moore's who had at this time discovered them and started in a run for the house. He was, however, shot through the body and died immediately. Two of his children, William and Rebecca, were returning from the spring, and were killed at the same time. The Indians had now approached near the house and were met by the fierce dogs, which fought manfully to protect the home of their master. After a fearful contest, the fiercest one was killed and the other subdued.

The two men who were reaping, hearing the alarm, and seeing the house surrounded, fled, and alarmed the settlements. At that time the nearest family was distant six miles. As soon as the alarm was given,, Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans, barred the door, but this to no avail. There was no man in the house, at this time except John Simpson, the old Englishman, already alluded to, and he was in the loft, sick and in bed. There were five or six guns in the house, but having been shot off the evening before, they were empty. It was intended to have loaded them after breakfast. Martha Evans took two of them and went upstairs where Simpson was and handing them to him, told him to shoot. He looked up, but had been shot through a crack and was then near his end.

The Indians then proceeded to cut down the door, which they soon effected. During this time, Martha Evans went to the far end of the house, lifted up a loose plank, and went under the floor, and requested Polly Moore (then eight years old) who had the youngest child, called Margaret, in her arms, (which was crying) to sit the child down, and

come under. Polly looked at the child, clasped it to her breast, and determined to share its fate. The Indians having broken into the house, took Mrs. Moore and the children, viz: John, Jane, Polly, and Peggy prisoners, and having taken everything that suited them, they set it and the other buildings on fire, and went away.

Martha Evans remained under the floor a short time, and then came out and hid herself under a log that lay across a branch, not far from the house. The Indians having tarried a short time, with a view of catching horses, one of them walked across the log, sat down on the end of it, and began to fix his gun lock. Miss Evans, supposing that she was discovered, and that he was preparing to shoot her, came out and gave up. At this he seemed pleased. They then set out for their towns.

Perceiving that John Moore was a boy weak in mind and body, and unable to travel, they killed him the first day. The baby they took two or three days, but it being fretful, on account of a wound it had received, they dashed its brains out against a tree. They then moved on with haste to their towns. For sometime it was usual to tie, very securely, each of the prisoners at night, and for a warrior to lie beside each of them, with a tomahawk in his hand, so that in case of pursuit, the prisoners might be speedily dispatched.

Shortly after they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane, about sixteen years old, were put to death, being burned and tortured at the stake. This lasted some time, during which time she manifested the utmost christian fortitude and bore it without a murmur, at intervals conversing with her daughter Polly, and Martha Evans, and expressing great anxiety of the moment to arrive when her soul should wing its way to the bosom of the Saviour. At length an old squaw, more humane than the rest, dispatched her with a tomahawk.

Polly Moore and Martha Evans eventually reached home, as described in the narrative of James Moore.

It is said that Mrs. Moore had her body stuck full of light wood splinters which were fired, and she was thus tortured three days before she died.

The killing of James Green by the Indians also touches on the Walker family, for his wife was Jane Porter, the daughter of Patrick and Susanna Walker Porter, and Jane Porter Green was a granddaughter of John, Jr., and Ann Houston Walker.

James Green and two other men from Scott Co., VA, had gone to the Pound River in present Wise Co., VA to hunt. They were surprised by

Indians at their hunting camp, and James Green and one other hunter was killed, while the third man escaped. He returned to the settlement in Scott Co. and let a searching party for the bodies, found them, and according to tradition buried them in a hollow tree, near the mouth of Indian Creek, the creek probably being named for this occurrence.

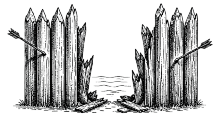
That James Green was killed by the Indians is proven by two sources. The first of these is a letter written by Colonel Arthur Campbell to the Governor of Virginia, dated January 29, 1783, stating:

On Christmas day last (1782) the Indians attached the house of John Ingles (English) on Clinch, in this county, scalped and otherwise grievously wounded a young man of the name of Cox, overtaken in ye field. The second day afterward, as the Indians were making off toward the head of Sandy River they came on three hunters, two of whom they killed.

The second proof came from Russell Co., VA, Court Order Book 3, page 266, dated December 27, 1803, and reads:

Ordered that it be certified to the Registrar of the Land Office that it is proven to this court that James Green is the son and heir at law of James Green, who was killed by the savages on the 31st of December, 1782, and that the said James Green was born on the 12th of February, 1783.

That James Green, Jr., was born posthumously and the only child of James Green, Sr., proves that his father was a young man, and had been married only a short time when he was killed. In fact, his mother, Jane Porter, was born in 1751, and at the time her husband, James Green was slain, she was twenty-one years old. The son, James Green, Jr., grew to manhood in Scott Co., VA, and married Dulcena Stallard, and many of their descendants live in Virginia and Kentucky. Not only the Greens, but Stuarts, Todds, Prices, Porters, and many other families of Virginia and Kentucky are descendants of the Walker family.



35. Samuel Walker Slain, Anne Cowan and William Walker Captured

This occurrence came to light while studying the historical collection of the Rev. John D. Shane in the Kentucky papers of the Draper Manuscripts. (1) The story was related to Rev. Shane by a Mrs. Samuel Scott (nee McCorkle), who had lived on the Clinch for eight years prior to her removal to Kentucky in 1784. Mrs. Scott's stay on the Clinch was from about 1772 to 1780, when she moved over to the Holston River to get ready for her emigration to Kentucky, Jessamine County, in the year 1784. Her residence on the Clinch seemed to have been on Stanton's Creek in what is now Scott Co., VA.

To date no official records have been found that give the actual date of this occurrence, but it was perhaps in the year 1779, for Mrs. Scott moved from the Clinch to Holston in 1780. She related the following story to Rev. John Shane:

One year while we lived on the clinch we had no need to fort, and did not fort. (2) Cowan's fort was about two miles from Moore's fort. We went to it (Cowan's) one year, but it was too weak; but seven or eight families. The Indians attacked it. Miss Walker, then the widow Ann Cowan was taken going to it from Moore's. Her and her sister's son, William Walker were taken - her sister married a Walker. Her brother Matthew? Walker (Maybe Samuel, if so this killing was prior to 18 August 1778) that went with her was killed, and the other man (3) was shot at, but escaped and got into the fort. This Mrs. Cowan had just gotten back from this captivity as I passed the Crab Orchard (Lincoln Co., KY) coming out (to Kentucky). Captain (John) Snoddy, and William and Joe Moore's wives were sisters of her, (Ann Cowan). They (the Moores and Snoddys) had moved there from Clinch and were forted there.

The widow Ann Cowan was undoubtedly the wife of Samuel Cowan who was slain by the Indians in the summer of 1776, while returning to Moore's Fort from Houston's fort where he had delivered a warning that Indians were in the vicinity. Mrs. Scott says that Anne Cowan was a Walker, that her brother Matthew (Samuel) Walker was slain, and her

nephew William Walker, the son of her sister who had married a Walker, was taken prisoner, along with Ann. Anne Cowan and her brother Matthew Walker were children of one John Walker, who had settled down river from Moore's Fort at the Sink of Sinking Creek in the year 1773 on a 300 acre tract of land. This same tract of land was given on August 10, 1782, (4) to John Walker, heir-at-law to John and Samuel Walker, deceased, for settlement in the year 1773, and the land was surveyed for the said John Walker (the deceased), on April 2, 1774. The will of John Walker is recorded in Washington Co., dated September 23, year not given, but 1778 presumed, and probated on November 17, 1778, shows him as having two sons, John and Samuel Walker, a grandson William Walker, (perhaps the very one taken captive with Ann Cowan), and six (6) daughters, names not given, and a granddaughter Ann Bell. In this will he also mentions the moneys he has in the hands of Patrick Porter, who lived at Porters Fort on Falling Creek in Scott Co., VA, and whose wife was supposed to have been Ann (Susanna) Walker, but what relation she was to John Walker (a daughter?) is unknown. She could perhaps have been a sister to the deceased John Walker, as he would not have had two daughters named Ann, if Ann Cowan was his daughter. The will of John Walker was witnessed by Alexander Montgomery, William and Andrew Cowan, all of whom lived in the same neighborhood with the Walkers.

The will of Samuel Walker is appraised in court 17 August 1779, but the inventory of Samuel Walker is ordered by the court on 18 August 1778, a full year earlier.

Mrs. Scott states in her narrative that Anne Cowan was a sister to the wives of William and Joseph Moore, of Moore's fort, and to the wife of Captain John Snoddy. She says the Moores and Snoddy were forted at the Crab Orchard where they had come to from the Clinch, and that Ann Cowan was there and had just gotten back from her captivity, when she stopped by the Crab Orchard on her way to Jessamine Co., KY in 1784. The Moore brothers, William and Joseph lived out their lives in Lincoln Co., KY, and Captain John Snoddy moved on to Madison Co., where he died in 1814. It is very possible that Ann Cowan never again returned to the Clinch river after her return from Indian captivity. The Walker family also left the area for parts unknown.

(1) Draper Mss 11 CC 224 (2) This was 1775 and no record of an Indian attack has been found out for this year. (3) Who the "other man" was is unknown (4) Washington Co., VA Surveyors Book, page 267

36. The Killing of the Phillip Phillips Family Near Hunter's Ford

Nothing of a personal nature has been found concerning this family who were very early settlers in that section of Scott Co., VA, lying between the villages of Dungannon and Clinch along the banks of Clinch river. Only the name of the father is known. What the christian names were for the five (5) members of the family who were slain, and the sixth member who escaped remain a fact lost to history. They may have been emigrants to the section from North Carolina as the father was away in North Carolina when his family was slain. The details of how they were slain are also unknown and the story has been pieced together from several fragmentary records.

That the Phillips family lived in the area above indicated, may be proven from two land grants, the first entered in Fincastle County (1), and reading as follows: "Surveyed for Phillip Phillips 320 acres of land lying in Fincastle County, on the north side of an island of Clinch river...bounded as follows: Beginning at a double sugar sapling at the lower point of the island, thence up the south side thereof to the upper point and across to the mainland (north side of river); thence up the river according to its several courses, etc., etc., to pointers on the river bank just below the mouth of a gut; thence up the river according to its meanders, etc." This tract was surveyed on the 31st of march, 1774, by Col. Daniel smith, when the first surveys were made along the Clinch. Just how long the Phillips family had been living on this land before the survey was made is not known, as the entry does not give a settlement date. The "island" mentioned in the survey could be none other than what is today known as "Gray's Island" (error - it was the island above the old Dungannon Bridge) and so listed on the TVA quarter maps. To further pinpoint the location of this land an entry made on August 9, 1781, in Washington Co., VA, surveyed for Martin Dunkin (Duncan), heir-at-law to John Dunkin, deceased, reads: "...That Martin Dunkin, heir-at-law of John Dunkin, deceased, is entitled to 400 acres of land by settlement made in the year 1772, lying in the county of Washington, on the north side of the Clinch River, known by the name of Hunter's Ford, a little below Phillip Phillips." the Duncan land also lay along Clinch River, on the north side of Dungannon.

Mrs. Samuel Scott, who lived on Clinch River for eight years with her father, John McCorkle, prior to her removal to Kentucky, in 1784, related the following story to Rev. John Shane [2], in Jessamine Co., KY:

We moved to Clinch [3] - at Moore's Fort. Was wintering at our place 8 miles off from the fort, and about a mile from the river. One Phillips family was killed between us and the river, near to the river. Mamma was gone up with a neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Kilgore [4], to Castlewood, near the fort, to buy some sheep at a sale. He (Phillips) was away in North Carolina at the time. One boys escaped, I think, by crawling under the bed. All the rest of the family were killed. About two years after this we moved over to the Holston [5] to get rid of the Indians. Had lived on Clinch 8 years. Went on to Holston to spend one year and get ready to come to Kentucky.

Further on in her narrative Mrs. Scott tells of the death of her father on July 12, 1780, and says that he bought land, but never got it. From the records of Russell Co., VA, comes this very interesting land entry:

Surveyed 19 September, 1794, for Joseph McCorkle, heir-at-law to John McCorkle, deceased, 320 acres of land by virtue of a certificate from the Commissioners of the district of Washington and Montgomery counties and agreeable to an Act of the Assembly entitled "an Act for adjusting and settling claims to unpatented lands under the present and former governments previous to the establishment of the Commonwealth's land offices. Lying in Russell Co., near the Hunter's Valley on the waters of Stanton's Creek, and on the slopes of Buckner's Ridge." [6]

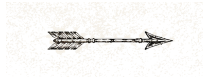
The above entry locates the land upon which Mrs. Scott must have lived during her stay on the Clinch. It will be noted that Stanton's Creek empties into Clinch River near Gray's Island and Buckner's Ridge and Hunter's Valley lie to the north of the Island. Mrs. Scott says she lived a mile from the river and that the Phillips family were killed between them and the river, "near to the river."

The second direct reference to the killing of the Phillips family came from the pension statement of Alexander Ritchie, Jr., [7] whose home was on the south side of Clinch River, in this same general area, where the Ritchie family had settled in the year 1772. He says:

That he moved from the fort (Blackmore's) in the fall of 1778 to his father's plantation where he continued to live until the 12th day of March, (1779) the next ensuing, and early in the morning of the 12th the news reached this applicant that the Indians had broke out and had killed six [6] persons belonging to the family of a man by the name of

Phillips. Ritchie gives the number killed in this family, but no names, and by his statement the killing must have occurred during the day or evening of the 11th or early morning of the 12th of March, 1779.

(1) Fincastle County Plat Book A, page 71 (2) Shane's Historical Collection, Draper MSS 11 CC 224. (3) Mrs. Scott moved to Moore's Fort in 1772, from the Haw River section of North Carolina. At one time they were living in Augusta Co., VA, also. (4) Undoubtedly Charles Kilgore and wife who lived on Fall Creek in Scott Co., VA (5) The date of their removal to Holston was 1780. (6) Russell Co., VA, Survey Book 1, page 203 (7) Pension Claim R-8784, filed Claiborne Co., TN, 26 April, 1836.



37. Killing of the Starnes Brothers and Michael Moyer

In his pension statement [(1)], Joseph Starnes, of Burke Co., NC, says he was born in November, 1755, on Smith's River, but could not say whether in Virginia or North Carolina. Smith's River is the river that runs through Martinsville, VA. He further states:

I was once in a company of four in the year 1779, April 7th, over on a water course in Virginia, back of the settlements towards Boonesborough, where we were fired upon by about 25 or 30 Indians, and my father, (Joseph Starnes, Sr.) my Uncle Frederick Starnes, and brother-in-law, Michael Moyer were shot and I made my escape, although they saw me for upwards of a mile and kept firing on me, but I made my escape in the cane and undergrowth.

If they were hunting, as Joseph Starnes states, "on a water course back of the settlements towards Boonesborough", then the Starnes brothers and Michael Moyer were most likely killed in the present Wise County. In 1779 the settlements lay along the Clinch River and Wise County would be directly back of them, although the possibility of Lee County cannot be ruled out, as Powell Valley was a great hunting area in early days, however, it would not have been back of the settlements, although it did lie toward Boonesborough.

The Starnes brothers were very early settlers on the New River and Holston River, with perhaps the first record of their settlement being in the Augusta Co. Survey Book, which says, "a survey of 500 acres on the west side of Woods River (New river) known by the name of 'the old Starnes place", dated 30th of October, 1746. Frederick Starnes was living on the Holston when he administered the estate of Jacob Goldman (site of V. P. I.) which was probated May 28, 1757.

Mary Goldman, widow of Jacob, may have been a sister to Frederick Starnes, others think her to have been a sister of Humphrey Baker, who with Annie, his wife, live din the bounds of present day Washington Co., VA, before 1754. Others contend that Mary Starnes was a daughter of Jacob Goldman, and that Annie, wife of Humphrey Baker, was born a Goldman.

The Carlock family also come in for a strong connection with the Starnes, Goldman and Baker families, for in 1811, Conrad Carlock leaves

his property to "his sister's two sons, Adam and Samuel Starnes," and there is little doubt that Conrad Goldman and Conrad Carlock were named for the same common ancestor. (2)

The will of Frederick Starnes was proven in Washington Co., VA, on May 18, 1779. Witness to the will was Francis Byrd and Jessee Bounds, both of whom lived in present day Scott Co., VA. Appraisers of the estate were Elisha Dungins, Robert Reaugh, Conrad Hennigar and Jessee Bounds, with the widow, Mary Starnes as Executrix. Children mentioned in the will are sons, Jacob and David Starnes.

At a court held for Washington Co., VA, on May 18, 1779, Katherine Starnes was granted administration on the estate of Joseph Starnes, deceased, with Jessee Bounds, William Bates, William Russell, Jr., and George Bader as appraisers of the estate.

As further proof that the Starnes were early settlers on the Holston can be found in a court held for Botetourt Co., VA, on the 14th of February, 1770, where Frederick Stern is appointed Constable for that precinct upon Holston where he lives.

Joseph, Jr., and Peter Starnes were at the battle of Kings Mountain in the Company commanded by Capt. William Neal and Lt. William Russell, Jr., the latter a son of Gen. William Russell.

(1) Pension Statement S-6700, National Archives (2) Courtesy of Gordon Aronhime, Bristol, VA

38. Killing of Jessee Evans' Children

This story is taken from Pendleton's, History of Tazewell Co., VA. Pendleton seems to have lifted most of his Indian tales from Bickley's, History of Tazewell Co., VA, published in 1856, and neither history can be relied on for accuracy of dates. It seems that both Bickley and Pendleton took their stories from oral sources and did not bother to try to verify dates from written records. Despite the fact that most Indian outrages were reported by the militia officers I have not been able to find a record to verify or deny the date of this killing. That it happened I think is true, but somehow it, like many others, was not reported to official sources. Bickley does seem to err in some statements, particularly in saying that Jessee Evans moved to Tennessee shortly after this happened, for I can trace him through the court records until at least 1790.

John and Jessee Evans, his son, emigrated from Amherst Co., VA, near Lynchburg, and settled in Tazewell Co. in 1773. John settled at the Locust bottom; Jessee about a mile from his father's place, and eight miles from the present seat of justice.

In the summer of 1779, Jessee Evans left his house with 6 or 8 hired men, to do some work at a distance from his home. Their guns were left home, as they carried various farm tools with them.

Mrs. Evans was weaving cloth and her oldest daughter was filling quills for her; while the four remaining children were at play outside, or in the garden.

The garden was some sixty yards from the house and the garden fence was made of slab-boards. These were some six feet high. Eight or ten Indians lay concealed in a thicket near the garden and silently removed some of the fence boards and bounded through and commenced killing and scalping the children. Hearing their screams Mrs. Evans ran to the door and saw what was happening. She knew she could do nothing to save the children, so she ran into the house and slammed the door. An Indian stuck his gun into a crack in the door to pry it open. Mrs. Evans grabbed the gun and held to it, drawing it as far inside as possible. The Indians tried to break open the door with their shoulders. Mrs. Evans started calling for her husband and thinking perhaps he might return the Indians left.

Armed with the gun she had taken from the Indians, Mrs. Evans and her daughter went to Major John Taylor's, a distance of two miles. In the meantime her husband returned, found the dead children and assumed that the wife and oldest child had been taken captive. He then started for Taylor's where he found his wife and daughter.

The men in the surrounding territory were informed of the happenings and next morning a party went with the parents to bury the children, found Mary, a child of four years, coming from the spring. She had recovered during the night from a blow of the tomahawk, and had wandered around until daylight and then gone to the spring to quench her thirst. Her scalp had been torn from her head and was hanging over her face. She recovered, grew up, and reared a large family.

39. Massacre of the Roark Family of Tazewell County

Bickley, in his History of Tazewell County [1], says:

James Roark lived at the gap of the dividing ridge, between the waters of Clinch and Sandy rivers, through which passed the Dry Fork road, and which has since been known as Roark's Gap. Early in 1789,a band of Shawnee Indians left their homes in the west, and ascending the Dry Fork, fell upon the defenseless family of Mr. Roark, and killed his wife and several children. Two sons and Mr. Roark were from home, and it may be, thus saved their own lives, as the Indians were rather numerous to have been beaten off by them, even if they had been home.

This is the only instance that I have met with, of the Indians visiting the settlement of Tazewell before the winter had clearly broken. There was a heavy snow upon the ground at this time.

From this time forward, the Roarks became the deadly enemy of the Indians, and sought them, even beyond the limits of the county. Mr. Roark and one of his sons (John), were afterwards killed in a battle, fought at what was then known as the Station Bottom, within the present limits of Floyd Co., KY.

Bickley is mistaken by nine years in the date of this occurrence, as proven by a letter written to Col. William Preston, from Major (John) Taylor, dated Head of Clinch, March 18, 1780, [2] wherein he states:

The 18th instant the Indians was in this neighborhood and fell in at James Roark's, where they scalped seven [7] of his children and his wife. They are all dead, only one girl (except one girl?). They took 7 head of horses, 5 of which were the property of William Patterson.

This part of ye country is in a scene of confusion, an dI make no doubt that the country will break up without we can get some assistance. Corn is very scarce.

Bickley does not list the names of Roark's children or his wife. As to the Roark men becoming Indian fighters and James, and his son, John, being killed "in a battle at what was then known as Station Bottom, within the present limits of Floyd Co., KY" I can find nothing that

confirms or denies this statement. The Station he refers to in Floyd Co., KY, could only have been Harman's Station, built perhaps in 1789, by Matthias Harman, of Tazewell Co., and made famous by the escape story of Jenny Wiley from the Indians.

(1) Summer's "Annals of Southwest Virginia", page 106. (2) Taylor's letter to Preston, Draper MSS 5 QQ 26.

40. The Killing of James Coyle

James Coyle was killed while acting as a member of a possee that pursued an Indian war party who had captured Ann and Mary Bush, daughters of James Bush of Castlewood. James Fraley, who was a member also of this pursuing party tells the story in his Revolutionary War pension statement [1] in these words:

Our company lost in the running fight only one man, James Coyle. When the Indians retreated from the camp he followed, and as he now recollects, shot only one (Indian). One Indian stopped behind a tree top, fired, and mortally wounded him (Coyle). He was carried back to (the) Clinch, and died in Moore's Fort. The father of this applicant was the Surgeon [2] that extracted the bullet (from the dying Coyle).

To Gordon Aronhime, of Bristol, VA, I am indebted for the biographical sketch of James Coyle, prepared September 3, 1964.

Whether the James Coyle mentioned in the Augusta Co. records is the same as the Clinch James Coyle cannot be certainly established, but it is very likely that they are identical. Some proof of it rests in the pension statement of Patrick Coyle [3], son of the Clinch James, in which the affiant states he was born in "the Western part of Virginia which he thinks not to have been in the bounds of any laid out county". The action of James Coyle in Augusta does not greatly concern us, but it is of some passing interest that he served in the militia in the French and Indian Wars under some of the Augusta county leaders, as it seems from the William Preston papers of the Draper Manuscripts. Also, he bought land from the estate of Colonel James Patton, as the books of Augusta county will show us, living on some of Col. Patton's land in the Valley of Virginia in the preiod around the close of the French and Indian War.

According to the Survey book [4] of Washington Co., VA, the land on which James Coyle settled he first improved in 1773. This land is located on the south side of House and Barn Mountain and on the south side of the Clinch River. It is thus somewhat to the east of the village of Blackford.

James Coyle was probably married twice, though perhaps not. His wife, Judith, had first married one Pickett and had, by Pickett, a son Jeremiah. By James Coyle, she had three sons - John and Patrick and the

youngest, James, Jr. Neither the three sons nor Jeremiah, the stepson, were of age when James Coyle made his Will on 9th August, 1779 [5]. We know from the pension statement of Patrick Coyle that he, Patrick, was born in 1763, and since John was apparently the older brother of Patrick, the marriage of James Coyle, Sr., to Judith Pickett could not have taken place prior to 1760, and certainly Jeremiah Pickett was born by 1759. Jeremiah could not have been born earlier than this or he would have been of age when the will was made.

The death of James Coyle is dramatically told in the pension statement of James Fraley (who was then present). James Coyle also served in the Glade Hollow fort under Sergeant John Dunkin in August, 1774 [6]. It is possible that he had other military service, but there is no positive record of such.

After the death of the elder James, Jeremiah Pickett was married on 2 January 1786, to Aggy (Agnes) Willoughby, [7] daughter of John Willoughby of Clinch, and a few months later, on 29 April 1786, he took up 74 acres of land on both sides of Sinking Creek, also on the back side of House and Barn Mountain near that of his stepfather. Both James and John married women whose first names were Elizabeth, and Patrick's had the resounding name of Lewcretia (Lucretia), but who they were is not a matter of record. [8] Judith, also called, as was the custom "Juda", Coyle was twice summoned by the Grand Jury for failure to declare all her taxable property, once on 22 December 1787, [9] and again on 21 September 1790. [10]

We can only be certain of the fate of Patrick, who moved to Smith Co., WV, 1803, remaining there but three years when he moved to Wayne Co., KY, where he was still living in 1834. Patrick served a year under Captain (probably Aaron) Lewis, and a Lieutenant James Hawkins on Dumps Creek (a north branch of the Clinch) and was in the militia service in late October 1781 to December 1, 1782. We have no record of the military service of the other boys, or of the stepson, Jeremiah Pickett.

An interesting sidelight on James Coyle, Sr., his will was witnessed by Henry Hamlin, but such was the reputation of Hamlin that the Court would not accept his oath alone that the will was authentic and made it lie over for further proof. [11]

The will of James Coyle, dated August 9, 1779, probated August 15, 1780, [12] leaves his estate to his wife, Judith, and his children, Patrick and John. Executor: Judith Coyle. Witness: Daniel and Henry Hamblen and Ezekiel Able.

(1) Filed in Floyd Co., KY, June, 1834 (2) Frederick Fraley, a German immigrant who settled at Castlewood in 1769, and father of James, was not a medical doctor, but simply removed the bullet through expediency for lack of a Surgeon. (3) Filed in Wayne Co., KY, 26 August, 1833. (4) Survey book, page 78 (5) Washington Co., VA, Will Book l, page 11. (6) Draper MSS 6 XX 106 (7) Washington Co., VA, Marriage Register (8) Russell Co., VA Deed Book 3, page 439: Order Book 3, pages 99 and 212 (9) Russell Co., VA Order Book 1, page 85 (10) Russell Co., VA Order Book 1, page 210 (11) Summer's Annals of Southwestern Virginia, page 1061. (12) Washington Co., VA Will Book 1, page 11

41. Capture of Ann and Mary Bush and Killing of William Dorton

James Fraley in his Revolutionary war pension statement filed in Floyd Co., KY, says:

In April, the date has escaped him, 1780, he enlisted for one year, in the County of Washington and State of Virginia, as an Indian Spy, under Col. Campbell, Capt. Snoddy and Lt. Cowan, to spy in the same section. Early in June the Indians made their appearance in his quarter of Washington county (later Russell Co.). They first stole many horses. In July they killed one Dorton and stole two girls, to-wit: Ann and Mary Bush, and made off for Canada. They succeeded in getting down on the waters of Sandy with them as far as Jenny's [1] Creek in Floyd County, about twelve miles from the courthouse. At that time there was not a single white person living in Floyd County (Ky). It was certainly an Indian country then. Our company came up to the Indians when they were in the act of skinning a buffalo they had just killed. Our men fired on the Indians and they retreated to the camp about 200 yards distant, and as they ran by they tomahawked Ann Bush. Mary jumped down the bank and escaped any violence. Ann Bush got over it (the tomahawking) and was afterwards tomahawked again and still survived.

Ann and Mary Bush were the daughters of James and Mary Bush of Castlewood, Russell Co., VA. Ann Bush married Henry Neece, and by him had the following children: James, Henry, Jane, Austin, Jacon and John. That she was dead before October 4, 1825, is evidenced by this order of the court of Russell Co. [2]: "Ordered that it be certified to the Registrar of the Land Office, Mary Bush, devisee of James Bush, deceased, and Polly, James, Henry, Jane, Austin, Jacon and John, who are all the heirs at law of Ann Neece, deceased, devisee of the said James Bush, deceased, are entitled to the land mentioned in the last will [3] and testament of James Bush, deceased, which have been surveyed, but not patented in this county."

Mary, the other daughter of James Bush, who was captured by the Indians, was born in 1765, married a Mr. Turner, and was still living in Russell Co., VA, with her son, Hugh Turner in 1850 [4], at the age of 85 years.

The "one Dorton" whom James Fraley says the Indians killed, was probably old William Dorton, who built Dorton's Fort, about one mile southeast of Nickelsville, VA, in the present Scott Co., on what was later known as the Combs Farm.

The will [5] of William Dorton is recorded in Washington Co., VA, but the date of will or probation is not shown. He leaves his estate to his wife Elizabeth, and his children, William, Moses, Edward, and Sally. One the 17th of June, 1783, the will of William Dorton was produced in court and proved by the oaths of John Damron and William Dorton, Jr., and ordered to be recorded. That William Dorton was dead prior to 1782 is proven by the fact that his widow Elizabeth Dorton only appears on the 1782 tithable list of Washington Co.

William Dorton, Jr, was one of the party who went in search of the Indians led by the half-breed Benge when they murdered and captured the Livingston family, the last raid on the Virginia frontier in 1794.

(1) So named because Jenny Wiley crossed this creek after her escape from the Indians in 1790. [2] Russell Co., VA, Court Order Book B [3] Russell Co., VA, Will Book 1, page 41, dated June 20, 1801. Probated August 2, 1808. [4] 1850 Census of Russell Co., VA. [5] Washington Co., VA Will Book 1, page 40.

Note, 16 Aug 2002: New information has come to light that proves that the "one Dorton" who was killed was not old William Dorton, but rather a son of William Dorton, and brother of Edward Dorton. This is proven in the Revolutionary Pension application statement of Edward Dorton in 1833 in Floyd Co., KY. There is a conflict in the dates between James Fraley's statement and Edward Dorton's statment, however, Edward Dorton stated that Michael Auxier, a Litton (This was Burton Litton) and William Priest were also killed. The administration of Burton Litton's estate was granted to his wife Elizabeth on 17 Aug 1779 which is prior to the date given by James Fraley. Isaac Crabtree in his Revolutionary pension statement gives the date of these killings as about the last of May 1778. Here is a copy of the pension statement of Edward Dorton:

Revolutionary War pension record from National Archives

Edward Dorton

State of Kentucky

Floyd County

On the 12th day of December 1833, personally appears before the distingushed Justice of the Peace for the county aforesaid now sitting, Edward Dorton a resident of Kentucky in the county of Floyd, aged

eighty two years: who being first duly sworn according to the law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832; that he entered in the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as herein atated; that in the spring of 1776 the Indians became troublesome in the western part of Virginia so much so that it prevented a band of immigrants from proceeding to Kentucky. Said applicant was then residing in Washington County, Virginia and on the waters of Powell's River in Powell's Valley. Col. William Campbell the Col. of the county ordered that a volunteer company should be raised to supress the Indians: which company this applicant states he enlisted in as a volunteer for "six months" in the month of March 1776, the day of the month not recollected.

Under Capt. Bickley and Lieutenant Cowan, Ensign Robinson the company immediatley commenced their march down Powell's Valley to "Cumberland Gap" and there we were fired upon by the Indians. The firing was continued warnly by both sides for some time and the Indians gave way and fled. From their painted appearance we apprehended a more formidable band against us and accordingly retreated in all possibe speed to the stellements and ascertained that the Indians we fought was the Cherokees. We remained but a short time and being joined by more volunteers we again marched to the frontier. We got back on the last of July 1776. HAving been back but a short time we was attacked near Cumberland Mountain by about forty Indians. We outnumbered them a few. The fighting commenced first by the Indians who lay concealed behind old logs and rocks. The skirmish lasted for three hours in which a few Indians were killed. Our company lost several--Dickenson, Humphery, and Solomon Kendrick. We remained here till August (the last part) and went back to the settlement all broke up and forted as they had done for six years before. We guarded the fort till late in November. We all recieved discharges certifying our service.

On the first day of April next year 1777 the Indians again returned to Clinch and Powell's Valley and commenced murdering and plundering the settlements in that region. A volunteer company was raised by Capt. John Snoddy and Lieutenant Robinson (my ensign the year before) this pursant to Col. Campbell's orders, who was our Col., I volunteered for six months again. The fort was useless unless a force was kept in the field against the Indians, the settlements had no security. Col. Campbell did not accompany us but gave us his orders.

About this time the Tories in North Carolina continued their operations and they were aided by a few from the South Fork of the

Holston who frequently stole horses belonging to the Whigs and carried them to the Tories in Carolina. Our company marched down to the mouth of the North Fork of the Holston and took a western direction for Powell Valley on the frontiers. Here we remained scouting till August 1777, when we was attacked by a band of hostile Indians at day break. After an hour skirmish and running fight we was forced to retreat. The brother of this applicant was killed and skelpt by the Indians, also a man by the name Michael Auxier and another by the name of Litton and one William Priest was killed and several wounded. The Cherokee Indians was assembling in large numbers down Holston to commence war. They had painted themselves and had the war dance and for fear of being cut off we retreated to the settlements.

Cocke of Carolina and Christy of Virginia marched to beat down the Cherokees. The Indians formed a plan to fall on the settlements on the Clinch and Gen. Christy sent one Martin to inform the fort of it. We all broke up and went to Abingdon. Not long after this Christy made peace with the Indians at the Long Islands which according to the applicants recollection in June 1777.

He wishes to be understood that he cannot be positive as to dates but knows it was sometime before Col. Campbell went to Carolina when the applicant and his brother went with him. He then received his discharge from duty for his "six months". In the spring of 1778 the Shawnee Indians from over the Ohio broke out in the Clinch settlements in March 1778. The applicant enlisted for one year to scout and spy under Capt. Lewis and Lieutenant Hawkins. This was the manner in which the company was engaged. Col. Campbell states he was authorized to run the company for the purpose and that each man should recieve pay. The company divided in two's and four's and we ranged and spied all that summer and winter and until April 1779.

We crossed frequently behind Cumberland Mountain down on the Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers. They would generally leave the country for Kentucky or thier nation in November to hunt and return early in the spring.

This applicant served out his time and applied for his pay and Governor Patrick Henry stated that the state was not bound to pay; this applicant never got his pay. In July 1780 the day of the month not recollected this applicant and one of his brothers was prevailed on by Col. Campbell to accompany him against the Tories and British in the Carolinas and they did so and enlisted as new volunteers for no certain time. Something prevented us from starting immediately.

Col. Campbell got word from Col. Cleveland that the Tories had fled from the Haw River and many from PeeDee and they had joined Ferguson (Major or Col.). We started from Abingdon all on horses and our Capt. was by the name of Looney. He thinks Col. Campbell's brother was a Capt. also. We crossed the Catawba high up in Burk's County, N.C. and came up with the British at a place called King's Mountain. Campbell was joined by Col. Cleveland and Major Shelby and Col. Sevier. There was a Frenchman there also by the name of Malmaday (this applicant thinks he was a Major) and Gen. McDowell were all on horses. When we got within one mile of the mountain we all hitched our horses and left them in care of some militia companies.

The whole of us was divided; part of Campbell's men fell under Cleveland and one Sevier and Wilson. This applicant was one of them and marched up. They were on the side of the mountain. The firing commenced on the right wing (commanded by Campbell) and Shebly on the left, Cleveland in the center. The British with bayonets charged upon Cleveland's men and forced us to give back, but we all took turns. The battle lasted for some time and we made them all prisoners. The troops, or part, went over to Charlotte and we took some of the prisoners along. Gates' army was at Charlotte. From there we went to Hillsboro, N.C. and remained there but a few days and again went back to Charlotte where we all ------. Gen. Greene took command, this was in December 1780 or 1781.

In January I hired my horse to the Government of N.C. and belonged then to the light infantry. Our whole army went to Cheraw Hills, after the battle of the Cowpens we all retreated to Virginia. In February or March we gave the enemy battle at Guilford where we was defeated. A few days after this I left the service and returned home. I knew many officers during the service, to wit: Col. Washington, Capt. Charles Y. Wilson, Gen. Gates, Gen. Huger, Gen. Davis and Col. Davidson, Maj. Malmady, Col. Sevier, Maj. Shelby, Col. Wilson, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, and Lieutenant Hinner, Col. Hogan, Gen. Rutherford and many others. I have no documentary evidence in my favor. I received three discharges, the last time I did not receive a discharge but a recommendation. I do not know what has become of them. The fact was I cared nothing about them for it has been more than fifty years since. He hereby relinquishes his every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present one. He declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state: Sworn and subscribed the day and date aforesaid:

Edward Darten

42. Killing of Solomon Kendrick

James Fraley, a native of Castlewood, (Russell Co., VA) says in his pension claim [1]:

When the Indians attacked the Clinch Forts in our neighborhood, (Castlewood) they killed Sol Kendrick. They run him out in the Clinch River and shot him in the river. The men from the fort sallied out. They got Kendrick's body in the river and took him and buried him in Bickley's Fort. [2]

Captain John Carr, of Sumner Co., TN, wrote to Dr. Lyman C. Draper, in 1854, saying: Solomon Kendrick was killed, who was truly a brave man, and various others, whose names have passed from memory. In 1784, my mother being a widow, we started to Cumberland, [3] Captain Carr was born on Carr's Creek in Russell Co., VA, in 1773, a son of John and Hannah Carr. His father died here prior to the Revolutionary War and it was from this family the stream took its name of Carr's Creek.

Robert Sinclair, who filed his pension claim in Madison Co., MO, says: Captain Cox's company rendezvoused at Wolf Hills (Abingdon) and marched to Powell's Valley to guard the frontiers. Sixteen days after marching to Powells Valley, Solomon Kendrick, the Spy, was killed by the Indians and this applicant and Richard Lynam acted as spies. [4] Sinclair says the tour of duty of this enlistment was from 9 March, 1776 to 9 of April, 1776.

There is a confliction of dates between James Fraley, who says Kendrick was killed in 1781 and Sinclair who says 1776. Perhaps Fraley is near the correct date, which seems to be born out by the pension statement of Col. Charles Cocke, who states:

That about the month of July in the year 1780 he was commissioned by the Governor of Virginia as a Captain of militia, in the then county of Washington in the said state of Virginia, over a company of Rangers in the Regiment at the time commanded by Col. Arthur Campbell, the number of which was declarant has now forgotten. That he was stationed with the company under his command, during the balance of that year, and in 1781 at the Rocky Station Fort, in the then county of

Washington, but now county of Lee, on the old Kentucky Trace, on the Southwestern frontiers of Virginia. (5)

The estate of Solomon Kendrick was settled at a court held for Washington Co., VA, on 20 November 1781, when Miriam Kendrick was appointed administratrix of the estate of Solomon Kendrick, deceased. Her securities were Daniel McCoy and Robert Tate. Appraisers of the estate were: William Dorton, Frederick Fraley, (father of James, whose pension statement is quoted), William Houston, Jonathan Wood and Christopher Cooper.

An inventory and appraisement of Kendricks estate had been presented to the Washington Co., VA, court on August 23, 1782. Some misunderstanding grew out of the administration of the estate and on March 18, 1783, this order was entered:

On the complaint of Robert Tate security for Miriam Kendrick, Christopher Cooper undertakes the administration of the estate of Solomon Kendrick deceased; whereupon he together with William Cowan acknowledged their bond in the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds for the faithful administration of the said decedents estate and fully to indemnify Robert Tate, the complainant, whereupon it is ordered the that said Cooper have the said estate delivered to him without delay.

Just where Solomon Kendrick lived is not clear, but it must have been in the section around Castlewood, for all those concerned with his estate were either residents of Castlewood or the Copper Creek section of Russell Co., VA.

(1) Pension claim of James Fraley, filed Floyd Co., KY, in 1834. (2) Bickley's Fort is the same as Russell's Fort in upper Castlewood, VA (3) Draper MSS 6 XX 99 (4) Pension statement S-17678, filed Madison Co., MO, 1832. (5) Pension claim of Charles Cocke filed in Lee Co., VA 1838.

Note, 16 Aug 2002: New information has been discovered about this killing in the form of the Revolutionary Pension Application statement of Edward Dorton. Edward Dorton's statement also links this killing to that of Humphrey Dickenson. Below is the statement of Edward Dorton:

Revolutionary War pension record from National Archives

Edward Dorton

State of Kentucky

Floyd County

On the 12th day of December 1833, personally appears before the distingushed Justice of the Peace for the county aforesaid now sitting,

Edward Dorton a resident of Kentucky in the county of Floyd, aged eighty two years: who being first duly sworn according to the law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7, 1832; that he entered in the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as herein atated; that in the spring of 1776 the Indians became troublesome in the western part of Virginia so much so that it prevented a band of immigrants from proceeding to Kentucky. Said applicant was then residing in Washington County, Virginia and on the waters of Powell's River in Powell's Valley. Col. William Campbell the Col. of the county ordered that a volunteer company should be raised to supress the Indians: which company this applicant states he enlisted in as a volunteer for "six months" in the month of March 1776, the day of the month not recollected.

Under Capt. Bickley and Lieutenant Cowan, Ensign Robinson the company immediatley commenced their march down Powell's Valley to "Cumberland Gap" and there we were fired upon by the Indians. The firing was continued warnly by both sides for some time and the Indians gave way and fled. From their painted appearance we apprehended a more formidable band against us and accordingly retreated in all possibe speed to the stellements and ascertained that the Indians we fought was the Cherokees. We remained but a short time and being joined by more volunteers we again marched to the frontier. We got back on the last of July 1776. Having been back but a short time we was attacked near Cumberland Mountain by about forty Indians. We outnumbered them a few. The fighting commenced first by the Indians who lay concealed behind old logs and rocks. The skirmish lasted for three hours in which a few Indians were killed. Our company lost several--Dickenson, Humphery and Solomon Kendrick. We remained here till August (the last part) and went back to the settlement all broke up and forted as they had done for six years before. We guarded the fort till late in November. We all recieved discharges certifying our service.

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About this time the Tories in North Carolina continued their operations and they were aided by a few from the South Fork of the Holston who frequently stole horses belonging to the Whigs and carried them to the Tories in Carolina. Our company marched down to the mouth of the North Fork of the Holston and took a western direction for Powell Valley on the frontiers. Here we remained scouting till August 1777, when we was attacked by a band of hostile Indians at day break. After an hour skirmish and running fight we was forced to retreat. The brother of this applicant was killed and skelpt by the Indians, also a man by the name Michael Auxier and another by the name of Litton and one William Priest was killed and several wounded. The Cherokee Indians was assembling in large numbers down Holston to commence war. They had painted themselves and had the war dance and for fear of being cut off we retreated to the settlements.

Cocke of Carolina and Christy of Virginia marched to beat down the Cherokees. The Indians formed a plan to fall on the settlements on the Clinch and Gen. Christy sent one Martin to inform the fort of it. We all broke up and went to Abingdon. Not long after this Christy made peace with the Indians at the Long Islands which according to the applicants recollection in June 1777.

He wishes to be understood that he cannot be positive as to dates but knows it was sometime before Col. Campbell went to Carolina when the applicant and his brother went with him. He then received his discharge from duty for his "six months". In the spring of 1778 the Shawnee Indians from over the Ohio broke out in the Clinch settlements in March 1778. The applicant enlisted for one year to scout and spy under Capt. Lewis and Lieutenant Hawkins. This was the manner in which the company was engaged. Col. Campbell states he was authorized to run the company for the purpose and that each man should recieve pay. The company divided in two's and four's and we ranged and spied all that summer and winter and until April 1779.

We crossed frequently behind Cumberland Mountain down on the Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers. They would generally leave the country for Kentucky or thier nation in November to hunt and return early in the spring.

This applicant served out his time and applied for his pay and Governor Patrick Henry stated that the state was not bound to pay; this applicant never got his pay. In July 1780 the day of the month not recollected this applicant and one of his brothers was prevailed on by Col. Campbell to accompany him against the Tories and British in the Carolinas and they did so and enlisted as new volunteers for no certain

time. Something prevented us from starting immediately.

Col. Campbell got word from Col. Cleveland that the Tories had fled from the Haw River and many from PeeDee and they had joined Ferguson (Major or Col.). We started from Abingdon all on horses and our Capt. was by the name of Looney. He thinks Col. Campbell's brother was a Capt. also. We crossed the Catawba high up in Burk's County, N.C. and came up with the British at a place called King's Mountain. Campbell was joined by Col. Cleveland and Major Shelby and Col. Sevier. There was a Frenchman there also by the name of Malmaday (this applicant thinks he was a Major) and Gen. McDowell were all on horses. When we got within one mile of the mountain we all hitched our horses and left them in care of some militia companies.

The whole of us was divided; part of Campbell's men fell under Cleveland and one Sevier and Wilson. This applicant was one of them and marched up. They were on the side of the mountain. The firing commenced on the right wing (commanded by Campbell) and Shebly on the left, Cleveland in the center. The British with bayonets charged upon Cleveland's men and forced us to give back, but we all took turns. The battle lasted for some time and we made them all prisoners. The troops, or part, went over to Charlotte and we took some of the prisoners along. Gates' army was at Charlotte. From there we went to Hillsboro, N.C. and remained there but a few days and again went back to Charlotte where we all ------. Gen. Greene took command, this was in December 1780 or 1781.

In January I hired my horse to the Government of N.C. and belonged then to the light infantry. Our whole army went to Cheraw Hills, after the battle of the Cowpens we all retreated to Virginia. In February or March we gave the enemy battle at Guilford where we was defeated. A few days after this I left the service and returned home. I knew many officers during the service, to wit: Col. Washington, Capt. Charles Y. Wilson, Gen. Gates, Gen. Huger, Gen. Davis and Col. Davidson, Maj. Malmady, Col. Sevier, Maj. Shelby, Col. Wilson, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, and Lieutenant Hinner, Col. Hogan, Gen. Rutherford and many others. I have no documentary evidence in my favor. I received three discharges, the last time I did not receive a discharge but a recommendation. I do not know what has become of them. The fact was I cared nothing about them for it has been more than fifty years since. He hereby relinquishes his every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present one. He declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state: Sworn and subscribed the day and date aforesaid:

Edward Darten

43. Unnamed Killings in Powell Valley in 1781

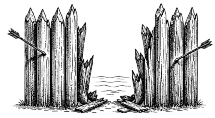
Both Col. Arthur Campbell and Joseph Martin, in writing to the Governor of Virginia, or to each other tell of several killings and captures in Powell Valley during the year of 1781, but neither give names to the persons killed or captured. Research has failed to establish the names of the persons killed or captured, or link the dates with known events. Perhaps these people will go down as the "forgotten ones" because of a dirth of the lack of factual evidence, records, and from the fact that descendants of many removed from the area, taking with them traditional stories of a friend, relative, or known persons killed or captured on Virginia's western frontier in the dangerous, unsettled years from 1773 to 1794.

On January 21, 1781, Col. Arthur Campbell writes to Governor Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, saying:

Since writing my letter of 13th instant, I am informed that the Indians have killed one of the settlers in Powell Valley and carried off 14 horses, belonging to a party of men coming from Kentucky... In this letter Col. Campbell points up the necessity of having a fort at or near Cumberland Gap (VA State Papers, Vol. 1, page 464)

Then again on the 28th of February, 1781, Col. Campbell writes again to Governor Jefferson, thusly:

Your Excellency's orders of the 15th of February came to hand the 23rd, and on the 25th a few odds of 100 men, under Col. William Campbell set out to join the militia of Botetourt and Montgomery on their march to join the Southern Army, previous steps having been taken, on hearing the enemy was advancing towards Virginia, to have them in readiness. A large number would have gone, were it not for the daily apprehensions of attacks from the Northward (Shawnee) and Southern (Cherokee) Indians. The latter, last week, killed three [(3)] men in Powells Valley and carried off a considerable number of horses." (VA State Papers, Vol. 1, page 548).



44. Four Men Taken Prisoner from Fort Blackmore

Col. Arthur Campbell wrote to Governor Thomas Jefferson, again on February 2, 1781, telling him of four men being taken prisoner from Fort Blackmore on Clinch River in now Scott Co., but again did not name the four who were taken. The letter reads:

This moment I have the intelligence that a body of Indians, supposed to be Cherokee, attacked Blackmore's Fort, on Clinch, took four men prisoners and carried off a considerable number of horses. I must entreat the speedy attention of the Executive to my former proposal of a garrison in Powell Valley; and on the banks of the Tennessee, as absolutely necessary for the preservation of the southwest frontier, and keeping up the communication to Kentucky... (VA State Papers, Vol. 1, page 484).

In a follow up letter, written by Campbell to Governor Jefferson, on February 7, 1781, he adds: It now appears that the Indians that attacked Blackmore's Fort, as mentioned in my last, were a small party of Shawnees, headed by our noted enemy Logan... (VA State Papers, Vol. 1, page 494).

Who were the four men who were taken prisoner from Blackmore's is still a mystery, as is any knowledge of their eventual fate.

45. Capture of Captain Abraham Bledsoe's Son

Captain Abraham Bledsoe, who was with Col. Evan Shelby on the Chicamauga Campaign of 1779, had a son captured by the Indians whom many writers blandly say was the son of Anthony, or Isaac Bledsoe.

Thomas Bledsoe, a son of Captain Abraham, tells of the capture of his brother in his Revolutionary War pension claim, saying:

The family (Captain Abraham's) moved to about seven miles from the Long Island (Kingsport, TN) on Holston on Reedy Creek, and at this place his father was living when he entered the service of the United States in 1778, as well as he can remember. He again volunteered under the same Captain to go in pursuit of a party of Indians, who had broken in on the frontiers, and had taken away with them, as prisoner, this applicant's brother; that after pursuing for some time, they came up with the rear guard of the Indians, who gave notice to the advance party and they escaped, taking with them their prisoner, and he was not heard of until he was exchanged at the Falls of the Ohio.

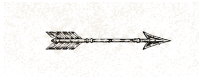
Thomas Bledsoe was slightly in error as to the year in which his brother was captured, which is excusable, since he was making a statement from memory forty or fifty years after the event happened. He does not give the date when his brother was released at the Falls of the Ohio, which is today the site of Louisville, Kentucky. The actual date of the capture of the Bledsoe boy is given in a letter written by Col. Arthur Campbell to Governor Patrick Henry, dated 25th April, 1781, [1] a few days after the actual happening, wherein he says:

The Northward (Shawnee) Indians have been troubling the people very much this spring, in small parties; killing and captivating and wounding. They come up Sandy River generally, and on the last occasion, penetrated as far as the settlement on Holston, carrying off a son of Captain Bledsoe's.

Abraham Bledsoe settle don the upper part of Reedy Creek in the year 1772, according to his land survey, but was certainly in the area earlier than this date, for on February 14th, 1770, he was appointed by the Court of Botetourt Co., VA, "Constable in the precinct he lived in upon Reed Creek." He later (after 1772), moved to Moccasin Creek of the North Fork of Holston, where he died near Moccasin Gap in the

summer of 1801. His wife was named Catherine, and among his children were: Thomas Bledsoe, born in North Carolina in 1760, and who married on 6 November 1787; Margaret Eakin; Abraham Bledsoe, Jr., and he was perhaps the one who was captured by the Indians; three daughters, Thely who married James Eakin, brother of Margaret who married Thomas Bledsoe; Hetty Bittle and Polly Bledsoe.

(1) Calendar VA State Papers, Vol. II, page 72



46. Capture and Rescue of the Ingles Family and Killing of Captain Thomas Maxwell

In Tazewell Co., VA, lies Burke's Garden, one of the most beautiful valleys in all of Southwest Virginia. The valley is a bowl 10 miles long by 5 miles wide, snuggled down between beautiful mountains on all sides, with a narrow outlet at one end. This was perhaps the earliest site of a settlement in Tazewell Co., with the Ingles brothers and son building a cabin there in 1749, (1) although they did not make a settlement at this date, only a cabin. The Ingles and Patton families claimed all of Burke's Garden, and after the death of Col. James Patton, his grandson James Thompson seems to have taken over and most of the land eventually came into possession of James Thompson and Dr. Thomas Walker. In 1760 it was known as "Ingles Craborchard." (2) Kegley, in his "Virginia Frontier," (2), says:

Thomas, John and William Ingles of Ingles Mill Creek of the North Fork Roanoke, were among the most interesting of the early settlers. Thomas and John were brothers, William and Matthew, (3) sons of Thomas. Thomas Ingles a grandson of William says, "My great grandfather, Thomas Ingles, was a merchant of Dublin, Ireland, who, upon suspicion of entertaining liberal principles and engaging in a rebellion him and his two sons were sent as convicts to Wales from whence they made their escape to the United States, my grandfather William Ingles being one of the number, they came first to Pennsylvania and from there to this country. (Letter of Thomas Ingles of Lovely Mount, Montgomery Co., 1851). They were here as early as 1746 and were well established when Dr. (Thomas) Walker visited them in 1750. Thomas and his brother John entered land on the waters of New River and Clinch and William as heir to both, came into possession of it. John was killed at Vause's Fort and his wife, Mary, was carried into captivity. When this Mary Ingles returned she married John Miller and went to Carolina. William Ingles came to the Roanoke with his father and Uncle John before 1746. William in 1750 married Mary Draper, but he continued to live on the Roanoke until after 1753, when he purchased land at Draper's Meadows from Col. Patton. He was on the waters of New River in 1754 and 1755.

A neighbor of Ingles, on the Roanoke River, James Burke sold his property there in 1753 and moved to Burkes Garden and lived there until the Indians saw fit to run him out. From Burkes Garden James Burke migrated to Cumberland Co., NC, and in 1760 he and his wife Lucretia, conveyed the remainder of the original Burke land on the Roanoke to Dr. Walker. This is the reason for calling the place Burke's Garden as James Burke seems to have been the first to actually make a settlement in the valley.

At the Draper's Meadows massacre of July 30, 1755, the wife of William Ingles, Mary Draper Ingles, and her small son Thomas, then four years old, were taken captive by the Indians. Mrs. Ingles made her escape, and the details of which has become the classic Indian story of Southwest Virginia. Her son, Thomas, was held captive until ransomed by his father in 1768. He had spent thirteen years with the Indians, had grown to young manhood, spoke their language fluently, and had adopted Indian ways altogether. It is said that upon return he was very unhappy away from his Indian friends, and had much difficulty in readopting to civilized life. He was finally sent to Albemarle Co. By his father and while there married.

William Ingles continued to live on in the area until his death in 1782, leaving at least five children [(4)], who were: Susannah who married Abraham Trigg; Rhoda who married Byrd Smith; Mary who married John Gills, and Thomas and John Ingles. [(5)]

Thomas Ingles eventually settled in Burke's Garden on the land he had inherited from his father. He was Commissary for the troops on the Point Pleasant expedition and his feelings were very strong for the Indians.

On the 5th of April, 1782, the Shawnee, under the leadership of Black Wolf made a raid upon Burkes Garden and captured the family of Thomas Ingles.

Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, [(6)] gives the following:

The Indians had concealed themselves until Ingles went out on his farm to work, and then surrounded his home; and made his wife, their three children and a Negro man and woman prisoner. After taking as much booty as they could carry the Indians started with their prisoners back to Ohio. The cries of the captives attracted the attention of Thomas Ingles and his Negro man while they were plowing in a field.

Seeing the number of Indians, Ingles knew he could do nothing for his family. He and the Negro man, unhitched the horses from the plow

and started to the nearest settlement for assistance. Knowing the Indians would make their way back to the head of the Clinch, Ingles crossed the mountains to the nearest settlement on the North Fork of the Holston.. It happened to be Muster Day for the Washington Co. militia and the settlers on the North Fork of the Holston River had assembled, and were being drilled by Captain Thomas Maxwell, who had formerly lived at the head of Bluestone, in Tazewell Co. Maxwell with a party of fifteen or twenty volunteers, went with Ingle's to Burke's Garden to pursue the Indians. (7)

Joseph Hicks (Hix) (8), a single man and his Negro slave were the only other people who lived in Burke's Garden besides the Thomas Ingles family. The day the Indians attacked the Ingles family Hicks and his Negro man were on their way to the home of Ingles and saw the Indians with their captives. He and the Negro man immediately started across Brushy Mountain for help in Bland County. There they secured six or seven men and arrived back in Burke's Garden about the same time Maxwell and his party arrived. The two parties united under Maxwell and went in pursuit of the Indians.

On the fifth day after the capture the advance scouts discovered the Indians, who were camped for the night in a gap of Tug Mountain. It was agreed that Maxwell should take half of the men, and during the night, get in front of the Indians, and Thomas Ingles should remain with the other half in the rear of the Indians, and at daybreak a simultaneous attack should take place. The night was very dark and the ground rough and brushy. Consequently the party with Maxwell lost their way and did not reach the front by daylight.

Maxwell having failed to get to his appointed place on time, and the Indians beginning to rouse from their slumbers, Ingles determined to make an attack with his men. Dr. Thomas Hale, who was a great-grandson of William and Mary Ingles and who collected his information from the records of the Ingles family thus relates what transpired after the attack was made: 'So soon as a shot was fired, some of the Indians began to tomahawk the prisoners, while others fought and fled. Thomas Ingles rushed in and seized his wife just as she received a terrible blow on the head with a tomahawk. She fell covering the infant of a few months old, which she held in her arms. The Indians had no time to devote to it. They tomahawked his little five year old daughter, named Mary, and his three year old son, named William. His Negro servants, a man and woman, captured with his family, escaped without injury.

Dr. Thomas Hale, in his "Trans Alleghany Pioneers," says that "shortly after this occurrence that Thomas Ingles, his wife, and infant daughter, moved to Tennessee and settled in succession on the Watauga River at Mossy Creek, and at Fort Knox, now Knoxville. There his daughter, Rhoda, who escaped death, grew up and married Patrick Campbell. Subsequent to the marriage of his daughter, Thomas Ingles moved to Mississippi, where he lived until he died.

After tomahawking the Ingles children in making their escape the Indians ran close to Captain Maxwell and his party, and, firing on them, killed Captain Maxwell, [9] who was conspicious from wearing a white hunting shirt.

The whites remained on the ground until late in the evening burying Captain Maxwell, who was killed outright, and Thomas Ingle's little son, who died from his wounds during the day. Mrs. Ingles and the little girl were still alive, although badly wounded. Four days after the party arrived at William Wynn's Fort at Locust Hill.

On April 26, 1782, Col. William Preston, wrote Governor Harrison [10], a letter wherein he states: Enclosing a letter to himself from Col. Walter Crockett, dated April 15, 1782, giving account of the killing of Captain Moffet's sons, and the whole family of Captain Ingles in Burke's Garden, - also of his having ordered Col. Cloyd to call out the militia to assemble at "David Doack's Mill", to protect the settlements, as the people talk of "breaking up" unless help is afforded them. He calls also for provisions as they cannot be supplied on Clinch. Col. Preston adds, "I wrote to your Excellency the 10th instant informing you of the damages the savages had done in Montgomery. I last night received the enclosed letter from Colonel Crockett. It appears that Captain ingles family were not burned in the house, as he imagined, but were taken prisoners. He raised a party of men and pursued the enemy; after some days march he overtook them and recovered his wife and one child, both tomahawked, but perhaps not mortally, and his slaves. One of his children they murdered, killed an officer of the party, and made their escape. The enemy attacked some other families, but were repulsed though, I believe without loss. They killed a man on Bluestone, and I am told a woman at Culbertson's Bottom on New River. Their signs have been seen in various parts of the country, which has given the greatest alarm to the inhabitants; and what is extraordinary that five houses they attacked, that four belonged to officers, and some of them a considerable distance within the frontier settlements, which induces me to believe they are conducted by Tories. I am at a loss what measures to fall upon for the defense of the distressed inhabitants.

(1) Statement of Matthias Harman in 1809, Maxwell vs Pickens, Augusta Court Causes Ended, O. S. 129; N. S. 45. Bill 1807. (2) Kegley, Virginia Frontier, pages 194-195. (3) Matthew was a seaman and died unmarried at sea. Statement of Samuel Wilson (born 23 February 1733) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Thompson vs. Ingles, O. S. 46; N. S. 16. Wilson married Rebecca, daughter of James Burke. (4) Statement William Wynn, Augusta Court Causes Ended, Wynn vs Inglish's heirs, O. S. 48; N. S. 16. (5) Perhaps the same John English who settled in 1772 on Sugar Hill in Wise Co., near St. Paul, VA, and whose family was murdered there in 1787 by Indians. The name is variantly spelled, Ingles, Inglis, Inglish and English. See story of John English's family in this volume. (6) Pendleton, History of Tazewell Co., VA, page 443. (7) David E. Johnson, History of Middle New River Settlements, page 146, says that Henry Harman was of this party also. (8) Joseph Hix was still in Tazewell Co., in 1809, when he made a deposition in the case, Maxwell vs Pickens, Augusta Court Causes Ended, O. S. 129; N. S. 45. Bill Filed 1807. (9) Killed on Tug River at a place still called Maxwell's Gap. (10) Calendar Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 139.

47. Two Sons of Captain Robert Moffett Captured

Colonel William Preston wrote to the Governor of Virginia, on April 10, 1782, saying: I am sorry to inform your Excellency that the savages have begun their usual depredations upon the unhappy inhabitants of our frontiers. They have this spring killed and scalped two girls, the daughters of Captain James Maxwell, on the head of Clinch and at the same time taken nine prisoners; and I am well informed yesterday, that about eight days ago two children of Captain Robert Moffett's were taken in the same neighborhood. Parties of militia were sent out, but could not overtake the enemy. Major John Taylor who has the command of militia in that quarter writes me that the people are in the utmost consternation and talk of removing their families unless some militia are stationed there for their defense, and that they are in great need of ammunition. (1)

Waddell, History of Augusta County, says that George and John Moffett were returned to their father after Wayne's Treaty in 1794, and Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, says: Whether the boys ever got back is unknown. This is a rather strange assertion for Mr. Pendleton to make for in his own history while writing of the capture and release of James Moore, by the Indians, he has Moore making this statement:

I met a Mr. Sherlock, a Trader from Kentucky, who had formerly been a prisoner with the same tribe of Indians, and who had rescued a lad by the name of Moffett, who had been captured at the head of Clinch, and whose father was an intimate and particular friend of my father.

Mrs. Samuel Scott of Jessamine Co., KY, the same county in which Capt. Robert Moffett lived, and who had lived on the Clinch prior to her removal to Kentucky in the same caravan with Capt. Moffett, years later told the Rev. John Shane, this about the Moffett boys:

Two of old Robin Moffett's sons got in, after we come to this country (Kentucky). They were taken from a "sugar camp" sometime in those wars. (2)

Waddell, Annals of Augusta County, page 176, says: John Moffett, the ancestor (of Captain Robert) was amongst the first settlers of the county. His wife's maiden name was Mary Christian, and his children were

George, Robert, William, John, Mary, Kitty and Hannah. At some time prior to 1749, - probably as early as 1742, he left his home in Augusta to go to North Carolina, and was never heard of afterwards. In the course of time he was presumed to be dead, probably killed by the Indians, and his widow, Mary Moffett, qualified as his Administratrix, February 28, 1749, with her brothers Robert and William, as her securities. Mrs. Moffett contracted a second marriage with John Trimble, by whom she had one son James Trimble. (3)

Two of Colonel George Moffett's brothers moved to Kentucky in 1783, with their half brother, James Trimble, and many other Augusta people. Robert and John, who were captured by the Indians soon after their arrival in Kentucky. The ages of the boys were about six and eight years, respectively. They were taken to the Indian town of Piqua, on the Miami River, in Ohio, and John was adopted into the family of Tecumseh's mother. At Wayne's Treaty in 1794, both prisoners were given up, and their father was present with the Kentucky troops to receive back his long lost sons. George, the youngest of the two was eager to return home; but John was reluctant to leave his Indian mother and friends. He went back however, with his father, but was restless and unhappy and finally returned to Piqua. There he remained with the Indians till they sold their reservation and removed west of the Mississippi river.

The late John A. Trimble, of Ohio, in a letter dated march 31, 1881, and addressed to Dr. George B. Moffett, of West Virginia, says that when he was a child, in 1807, he saw John Moffett, who was then on his return from a visit to Kentucky. He was in the vigor of manhood, dressed in Indian costume and traveling on foot. Mr. Trimble saw him again in 1828, at his home near Piqua. He had lived during his boyhood and youth with Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian Chief, and seemed much attached to him. At the time of Mr. Trimble's visit, Moffett had recently married an elderly lady and settled down to civilized life. But in his early life he had an Indian wife.

In the foregoing narrative Mr. Waddell says that Robert Moffett went to Kentucky, with many other people in 1783, and that his sons were captured after their arrival in Kentucky. Captain Moffett did emigrate to Kentucky, in 1783 or 1784, but he certainly did not go directly from Augusta Co., having left that county long before that date. In the records of Botetourt Co., on August 10, 1774, Robert Moffett, and his wife, Jane, sold 170 acres of lan din the Forks of the James River to William Taylor, and on October 9, 1771, he was a Juror in Botetourt Co.

In a land suit in the High Court of Chancery of Augusta Co., in the case of Wynn vs Inglish, [4] on the 30th of May 1805, Samuel Walker made a deposition, saying: In 1771 he come to the head of the clinch and the following fall he came again with Robert Moffett, and the spring following, said Moffett, moved his family out.

After the formation of the county of Montgomery, (1776) Robert Moffett was appointed a Justice of the Peace for that county on October 9, 1779. I also find that his half brother, James Trimble, was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Botetourt Co. at the first court held for that county on Tuesday, February 13, 1770, and the following day, February 14th, he was appointed a Commissioner to treat with the court of Augusta Co. about the dividing line between Augusta and Botetourt counties.

Kitty Moffett, the sister of Robert, who had married as her first husband Benjamin Estill, and who was the mother of Judge Benjamin Estill, Jr., was also living in Southwest Virginia. Benjamin Estill, Sr., owned 1400 acres of land at the present site of Hansonville, in Russell Co., VA. After the death of Benjamin Estill, his widow, Kitty married a second time to Samuel Edmondson, who was a brother of Colonel William Edmondson.

Neither were the sons of Capt. Moffett taken after his arrival in Kentucky, but were taken at a "sugar camp" near the head of Clinch River while Robert Moffett was living in the present bounds of Tazewell Co., VA, and he removed to Kentucky while the boys were still prisoners of the Indians.

Pendleton, History of Tazewell Co., page 464, states: Captain Moffett lived on clinch River, on a plantation now (1910) owned by Hezekiah Harman. Two of his children were attending to a "Sugar Camp", when they were captured and carried off to the Indian towns in the west. Whether the boys ever got back is unknown, as Captain Moffett soon afterwards moved to Kentucky, where some of his descendants still reside.

Pendleton does not give a date for the capture of young George and John Moffett, but in a letter written by Colonel Walter Crockett, Militia Officer for Montgomery Co., to Colonel William Preston, dated April 15, 1782, [5] he states: The Indians have taken two of Captain Moffett's sons of the 5th instant.

Colonel William Preston wrote to the Governor of Virginia, on April 10, 1782, saying: [6] ...They (Indians) have this spring killed and scalped two girls, the daughters of Capt. James Maxwell, on the head of Clinch,

and at the same time took 9 prisoners; and I am well informed yesterday, that about eight days ago, two children of Captain Robert Moffett's were taken prisoner in the same neighborhood...

Waddell says that George and John Moffett were returned to their father after Wayne's Treaty in 1794, and Pendleton says: Whether the boys ever got back is unknown. This is a rather strange assertion from Mr. Pendleton for in his own history, while writing of the capture and release of James Moore, by the Indians, he has Moore making this statement:

I met a Mr. Sherlock, a Trader from Kentucky, who had formerly been a prisoner with the same tribe of Indians, and who had rescued a lad by the name of Moffett, who had been captured at the head of Clinch, and whose father was an intimate and particular friend of my father.

Mrs. Samuel Scott of Jessamine Co., KY, the same county in which Capt. Robert Moffett lived, and who had removed to Kentucky in the same party with Capt. Moffett in 1783 or 1784, and who had witnessed many Indian attacks while living in the forts on Clinch and Holston rivers, related this about the Moffett boys:

Two of old Robin Moffet's sons got in, after we come to this country (Kentucky). They were taken from a "Sugar Camp" sometime in those wars. (7)

James Moore, a son of Capt. James Moore, who had his whole family massacred by the Indians in Tazewell Co., on July 14, 1786, was captured by the Indians in September, 1784, and released from them in 1785, although he did not return home until after the massacre and capture of his family. He was purchased by a French Trader and taken to Detroit. The incident of his meeting with the hunter, a Mr. Sherlock from Kentucky, as quoted by Pendleton took place in April, 1785, and the Moffett boy had been purchased and released from the Indians prior to this, so the release must have occurred in late 1784 or early 1785. James Moore does not give the name of the Moffett boy purchased and makes no mention of the second Moffett boy. If he was purchased by a Kentucky Trader in 1784 or 1785 it seems hardly likely that he would have been given up at Wayne's Treaty ten years later. Both boys may have been released at the same time, or at different time, the writer being unable to find any official record of their release.

In Wythe Co., VA, Deed Book 2, page 249, dated 1796, may give an inkling of the location of Robert Moffett's home on the Clinch:

Robert Moffett and Jane, his wife, of Woodford Co., KY, sell for 46 pounds, to Lawrence Murray of Wythe Co., land on the head branch of Clinch, an old station, and joining lines with John Peery and Robert Whitley. Witnesses to the deed were: Henry Harman, Sr., Jacob Waggoner, William Clark, William Wynn, Sr., Samuel Walker and Joseph Moore, Jr.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 126. (2) Draper Mss 11 CC 224 (3) See Draper Mss 8 ZZ 17, for the capture of Kitty Moffett and James Trimble by the Indians while the family lived in Augusta Co., VA. (4) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Wynn vs Inglish, O. C. 48; N. S. 16. (5) Draper Mss S-1, 132 (6) Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 126. (7) Draper Mss 11 CC, John D. Shane Collectin, Vol. 1.

48. Eight Horsemen Killed in Powell Valley

Both Waddell, in his "Annals of Augusta County", page 315, and Dr. Robert Kincaid, in his "Wilderness Road", page 167, tell generally the same story of this event. Waddell gives as his authority for the story the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Jane Allen Trimble, wife of Captain James Trimble, but does not state where this Memoir can be found.

In 1781 [(1)] and entire Baptist Church of Spotsylvania County moved enmass to Kentucky when their Pastor, the Reverend John Craig decided to go there as a Missionary. After this mass emigration many such other movements became more frequent. In October 1784, a large number of families, Allens, Trimbles, Moffets, and others gathered at Staunton in Grace Valley to prepare for a long journey to Kentucky over the great and dangerous Wilderness Road, particularly hazardous at this time since the Cherokees to the south had been harassing traveling parties along the road in Powell Valley and across Cumberland Gap since 1781.

On the Sunday preceding their trip the people of Augusta County attended church for a farewell sermon delivered by this frail, "blind preacher", the Rev. James Waddell who was Pastor of the United Congregations of Staunton and Tinkling Springs churches. It is written that the sightless man of God waxed so elegant in words of blessing and benediction that not a dry eye was to be seen in the entire assemblage. This scene can easily be imagined as the friends and relations remaining behind had scant hope of ever seeing the departing again, even if they survived the Indians, for a return visit was too far to be attempted except by the most stout hearted.

As the party traveled down the Great Road toward the western waters they were joined by settlers along the way who had decided to go along. That this movement was known in advance by the people of the Clinch and Holston settlements is almost positive since relations who had left Augusta several years before and settled on the western frontiers of Washington County joined the emigrants.

Captain James Trimble who became one of the leaders of the trip had left Augusta long before, being in Botetourt when that county was

formed and was one of the Commissioners to treat with Augusta County regarding the lines separating the two counties.

Captain Robert Moffet, another who joined the caravan, and who was a half-brother to Captain James Trimble, had been living in the present bounds of Tazewell County since 1772, and Mrs. Samuel Scott and her family also were of this group, and she had been living on the Clinch in present Scott County since 1772.

By the time the party reached Abingdon it had increased to 300 persons and was joined at Bean's Station by another 200, most of whom were from North Carolina. Kincaid writes:

Instead of striking northwest into the wilderness from the Blockhouse to follow Boone's Road to Cumberland Gap, the party took a recently opened path through Carter's Valley on the Holston to the newly established Bean's Station fifty miles directly west of Long Island. (Now Kingsport, TN).

At Bean's Station, Colonel (James) Knox took command of the company for the trip through the wilderness. Colonel Knox selected the armed men who had no family obligations and divided them into advance and rear guards, each party to alternate daily in position. He placed the families, women and children, and the long line of packhorses between these armed groups. As they could proceed only in single file, the line extended for nearly two miles along the trail.

Three miles out from Bean's Station the party came to Clinch mountain. They moved slowly up the steep sides, and many of the packhorses were unable to make the ascent. The rear guard discovered signs of Indians and sent frantic word ahead to Colonel Knox. He dispatched the advance guard to Clinch River, six miles away, to reconnoiter above and below the crossing with instructions to wait there until the arrival of the main company. He ordered the women to advance slowly, and turned back to bring up the struggling packhorses.

The advance guard headed by Captain James Trimble reached the river and found it greatly swollen by recent rains. Realizing that it was impossible to cross at the usual ford, Captain Trimble took his men to a big band above the ford and crossed over. Because he believed that Colonel Knox should be in the advance party of the women, Trimble did not leave a guard at the main ford. When Mrs. Trimble arrived, on her horse with little William at her back and baby Allen in her arms, she saw some of the guards on the other side. She supposed they had crossed at the place and immediately plunged into the river with Mrs.

William Ervin following her. Captain Trimble seeing their danger, shouted to them not to attempt it but his voice was drowned by the rushing water.

The horses of the two women were soon swimming in the current, and Mrs. Ervin's horse was washed against a ledge of rocks. With great difficulty the animal struggled to get a footing and managed to clamber back up the bank. A huge wallet thrown across her horse in which two Negro children were carried was washed off in the current. A man coming up at the time plunged into the stream and managed to save the children and the boys.

Mrs. Trimble's horse continued to struggle against the current, with his head turned toward the opposite shore. Firmly grasping the bridle and mane with her right hand, clinging to her baby with the left and calling to William behind her to hold fast, she urged her swimming horse forward and at last managed to reach the opposite bank. Frightened and anxious, the men lifted her and the children from the exhausted horse. She sank to the ground uttering a broken prayer, completely spent.

Because of danger of attack at Cumberland Gap, Colonel Knox sent Captain Trimble with fifty men to examine the precipe about the mountain. Another group of ten men was sent to Cumberland Ford to see if the way was clear that far. The advance spys, though discovering frequent signs, reported that apparently no large body of Indians was ahead of them. Feeling a little easier, Knox led his long caravan through the pass and down into the canebrakes of Yellow Creek. Arrived at Crab Orchard, November 1, 1784.

William Trimble, the three year old tot who had struggled through the water of Clinch River became a distinguished soldier of the War of 1812, and his younger brother, Allen, became a future Governor of Ohio.

A party of eight horsemen overtook the party at Clinch River and proceeded them on the route. Between Clinch River and Cumberland Gap, the emigrants came upon the remains of the eight horsemen who had passed on before them. They had been tomahawked, scalped and stripped by the Indians, and some of the bodies had been partly devoured by the wolves. General James Knox who had taken command of the caravan at Bean's Station, with his party stopped long enough to bury the remains of the unfortunate men.

(1) Really 1783

49. John Brown Killed in Cumberland Gap

Colonel Joseph Martin, writing from Long Island to Colonel Arthur Campbell, on 22nd of April, 1781 [1], mentions: John Brown killed in Cumberland Gap, and in a post script to the letter, he says: I am told there was a woman and child killed on Lick Creek last week.

A company of militia was organized on January 1, 1781, by Colonel Campbell and ordered to patrol Powell's Valley under command of Colonel Joseph Martin and Major Aaron Lewis. As this company of troops proceeded on their outward trip, they discovered a large body of Indians in Powell Valley. The Indians discovering the presence of Major Lewis, made their escape, but several traces of smaller parties, all making toward the mouth of Powell River were discovered, and the one that appeared the freshest was followed by Colonel Martin and his men, for about thirty miles below Cumberland gap, where the Indians were surprised and surrounded, but the cane was so thick they could not easily be detected or pursued on horseback. Thirty guns at least were fired upon them, and, while it was thought that some of them were wounded, there were none killed or left upon the ground. Martin's militia captured a number of shot pouches and blankets, upon one of which was found the name of "John Brown" written in full, the said Brown having been previously killed in Cumberland Gap. [2]

(1) Calender Virginia State papers, Vol. II [2] Summer's History of Washington County and Southwest Virginia, page 348.

50. Cliff Overton Killed

That Cliff Overton was killed between 1781 and 1786, [1] someplace between Abingdon and Powell's Valley, is evidenced by the court order listed below: On motion of Edmund Smith [1], he declares on oath that he obtained a certificate from the Commissioners Court for the district of Washington and Montgomery counties for a preemption warrant for 1000 acres of land, lying in Powell's Valley between the head of Cane Creek and Sugar Run, on the main road (Kentucky Trace), and that he sent the said certificate to the Registrars Office by Cliff Overton, and it appears that the said Overton, after obtaining the warrant, was killed by the Indians, and that the said Smith never received the warrant, nor any satisfaction for it.

Nothing of a personal nature is known of Cliff Overton, or how he met his fate at the hands of the Indians. He appears on the first extant roster of militia under Captain William Russell, and is also found among the men who cut the road from Holston to Kentucky in 1780.

(1) Russell Co., VA, Order Book 1, page 7, dated June 13, 1786. [2] Edmund Smith was then a resident of Castle's Woods.

51. Joshua Butcher and Son and Samuel Pepper Killed in Powell Valley

On February 28, 1781, Colonel Arthur Campbell wrote to the Governor of Virginia, thusly:

Your Excellency's orders of the 15th of February came to hand the 23rd, and on the 25th a few odds of 100 men under Colonel Campbell set out to join the militia of Botetourt and Montgomery (counties) on their march to join the Southern Army, previous steps having been taken, on hearing the enemy was marching towards Virginia, to have them in readiness. A large number would have gone were it not for the daily apprehensions of attacks from the Northward and Southern Indians. The latter (Cherokee) last week killed three men in Powell's Valley and carried off a considerable number of horses. (1)

Campbell does not say who the three men were that were killed, but most likely it was the father and son, Samuel Butcher, Senior and Junior, and Elisha Pepper. His letter places their slaying in the latter part of February, 1781, and by the Cherokee Indians.

These men seem to have lived in the Turkey cove settlement of Lee Co., VA. Joshua Butcher, probably Senior, had 970 acres of land on Powell River in Powell Valley surveyed and entered (posthumously) in Washington Co., VA, on November 17, 1783. The younger Joshua seems to have owned no land, although married, and may have lived with or on the lands of his father, Joshua, Sr.

In a land lawsuit in the High Court of Chancery of Augusta Co., VA, Simon Ely vs James Thompson, one deponent makes this statement:

The settlement made by James Arbuckle was 14 or 15 miles down from the head of the valley, and Butcher's settlement was between Arbuckle's and the head of the Valley. (2) Since we know that Arbuckle's settlement was in Turkey cove that places Butchers settlement someplace between the village of Dryden and the Wise County line.

Their lands joined the lands of Thomas Campbell, General Evan Shelby and his son-in-law James Thompson. Neither Shelby or Thompson ever lived upon their lands, but pastured cattle on them in

the summertime in Turkey Cove. The land of Campbell and Joshua Butcher was located near the "Wagon Ford", which is probably the same place later known as "Litton's Ford" of Powell River near Dryden.

There were several tracts of land in present day Lee County that was owned by the Butchers, but what relation they were to Joshua is not certain, except for William, who was undoubtably a son. The first of these entrys from the Washington Co. Land Survey books is dated August 14, 1781, and reads:

We the Commissioners certify that William Bucher, heir-at-law of Joshua Bucher, deceased, is entitled to 400 acres by settlement made in the year 1775, on the mouth of Sugar Run in Powell's Valley to include his improvements.

On November 10, 1783, William Bucher entered 350 acres on the waters of Trading Creek, a branch of Powell River and beginning at the foot of Poor Valley Ridge. Again on March 27, 1786 he entered a third tract of 240 acres on Trading Creek, north branch of Powell River, and this was entered as assignee of Joseph Bucher. Joseph Bucher is believed to have been a brother of Elisha, Sr.

On march 27, 1786, one Richard Bucher entered 100 acres on the south side of Glade Spring Creek, an eastern branch of Rock House Creek, waters of Powells River.

The two widows of the Joshua Butchers were appointed administratrix of their husbands estates by the Washington Co., VA court on August 21, 1782. The widow Katherine, wife of Joshua, Sr., had as her security Samuel Newell and Charles Cocke, and the appraisers were William Blackmore, William Cowan, Josiah Payne and Thomas Campbell.

The widow Susanna had as her security Thomas Campbell and Josiah Payne. Appraisers of the estate were Charles Cocke, John and James Campbell and James Price. The widow Susanna later married a second husband, William Fork.

One of the Joshua Butchers, whether Senior or Junior is not known, was recommended for a Lieutenant in the Washington Co. Militia on June 20, 1780, and one of the two served under General (then Captain) Joseph martin in the militia from the 1st of February to the 31st of March 1777. Also one appears at Fort Lee (Rye Cove) from May 1st to June 30, 1777, as does one with Martin in rebuilding Fort Lee at Rye Cove from the 9th of February to the 9th April, 1777. Katherine, the widow of Joshua, Sr., only appears on the 1782 tithable lists of Washington Co.,

VA.

Elisha Pepper, thought to have been the third person killed by the Indians, however there is no proof, owned 306 acres of land on Roaring Branch, entered in the Washington Co., VA Land Entry Book, on February 3, 1783, (posthumously if he was killed). Also at a court held on the same day as the appraisals of the Butcher estates, John Campbell was appointed Administrator of the estate of Elisha Pepper, deceased, with Samuel Newell and William Cowan as security, and Charles Cocke, William Blackmore, Josiah Payne and Thomas Campbell as appraisers. It will be noted that these were the same men who handled the estates of the slain Butchers.

One Elisha Pepper was killed at the battle of Kings Mountain, but is listed as being from Montgomery Co., where there was a large family of this name, who owned and operated Pepper's Ferry in that county. No details are known as to how the Butchers and Pepper met their fate at the hands of the Indians, and seemingly no descendants are left in the area where one might pick up a traditional story. The name Butcher is variantly spelled as Butcher, Bucher, and Boucher, the latter probably being the correct spelling as the name if probably of French origin.

(1) Draper Mss

52. Captain James Maxwell's Two Daughters Killed

In 1772, James Maxwell and Samuel Walker went from Botetourt Co., to what is now Wright's Valley, Tazewell Co. in search of land. Maxwell, in 1807, made an affidavit in the Superior Court of Augusta Co., [1] wherein he stated that he found a tract of land with some improvements on it, rails split, trees deadened and foundation of a cabin and that night they fell in with some hunters, and Uriah Stone, (one of the Long Hunters) who claimed the improvement sold the same to Maxwell. In that same year Maxwell moved his family to the land.

In the spring of 1782, perhaps in March, two of the daughters of Captain Maxwell were killed and scalped by the Indians. In the same court suit referred to above Henry Marrs states:

About three weeks after the murder of Maxwell's daughters, two of Robert Moffett's sons were taken prisoner by the Indians. The two sons of Captain Robert Moffett were captured on April 5, 1782, thus according to Marr's statement they (Maxwell's daughters) were killed sometime in the latter part of March, 1782.

In a letter written by Col. William Preston to Governor Harrison, dated April 10, 1782 [2], he writes:

...They (the Indians) have this spring killed and scalped two girls, the daughters of Captain James Maxwell, on the head of Clinch, and at the same time took 9 prisoners; and I was well informed yesterday, that about 8 days ago, two children of Captain Robert Moffett's were taken in the same neighborhood.

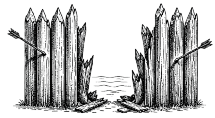
The 9 prisoners referred to by Col. Preston were the wife and 3 children and 2 Negro slaves belonging to Thomas Ingles, the 2 sons of Captain Moffett, but who the 9th was I have not been able to determine.

Captain James Maxwell had settled on Bluestone Creek when he moved his family from Botetrout Co. in 1772, and was living here when his two daughters, whose names are unknown, were killed and scalped by the Indians. The family moved from the area in 1784. The details of how the girls were killed, and what their ages were are also unknown.

James Maxwell had been appointed a Lieutenant of Militia by the Court of Washington County, on February 26, 1777, and a Captain on

August 4, 1778 by the court of Montgomery Co.. He is said to have moved from the exposed frontier of Bluestone in the year 1784, probably to a more interior settlement, because of the tragedy that happened to his children. He was a brother of Captain Thomas Maxwell, who was killed by the Indians in his pursuit of the Indians who had captured Thomas Ingles' family in 1782.

(1) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Maxwell vs Pickens. (2) Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 126.



53. Slaying of the Halbert McClure Family

On the 20th of September, 1782, Colonel Arthur Campbell wrote to Colonel William Davies [1], saying:

On the 11th instant a party of Northward Indians penetrated as far in this county as the settlements on the head of Moccasin Creek, which is within ten or twelve miles of Abingdon, attacked a family of fourteen in number, (of course secured in the interior part), killed the husband on the spot, captivated the wife and six [6] of the children, three of whom, after being a short space in the enemies hands, was most inhumanely murdered. One, a young woman, so long survived the blows as told the tragic tale. Two made their escape the first day and night. The old woman and one child, with a considerable booty in horses, household goods, etc., was carried forward three days, some distance down the Sandy River. When part of our duty, with a perseverance in purpose, through a most rugged and difficult way that does them honor, overtook the Indians and wounded several of them; recovered unhurt, the two remaining captives, with the Indian's baggage and plunder they had taken.

Just seven days before the above letter was written, Campbell, had on the 13th of September, 1782, written to Col. Preston thusly: [2]

By a few lines received from Major Dysart, [3] I am informed that the Indians have murdered Halbert McClure's family, near our Courthouse, and some other persons, the number there unknown.

Captain John Carr, who was born on Carr's Creek in Russell Co., VA, September 6, 1773, and once lived as a boy on Moccasin Creek, wrote to Dr. Lyman C. Draper, in 1854 from Sumner Co., TN [4] saying:

...After that time (1776) my father moved near the head of Moccasin Creek. The Indians came and killed part of a family and carried off others as prisoners. This family lived within about two miles of my father. Their names were McClure. Sally, the oldest daughter was to be married the next day after the attack was made by the Indians. The father McClure was killed, also a son of his by the name of Moses, and Katherine, a grown girl, and John McClure, his oldest son was wounded, but afterwards recovered.

Sally McClure made her escape from the Indians the first night. She met the party who were in pursuit of the Indians, as might be expected, her intended husband was among them. His name was Kincaid, who married her shortly after her return.

James Oxer, who once lived on the Clinch, filed a Revolutinary War pension claim as the only living heir of his father, George Oxer, who was an Indian spy on the Clinch and who died in Montgomery Co., KY, in October 1809. In the claim filed in Warren Co., Indiana, in 1858, he states:

That his father served on the Clinch and was married to Dorcas Shelby (Shelley) who died in Kentucky in 1824; that his father was in a skirmish with the Indians in which Captain (Alexander) Barnett (5) recaptured the McClure family of Virginia, and placed them in the care of his father George Oxer.

Joseph Smathers who once lived in this vicinity before emigrating to Kentucky, tells a very confused version of this incident to the Rev. John D. Shane, (6) in which he says:

McClure's lived at the head of Little Moccasin Gap. McClure's cabin had a wooden chimney (7) on it. They (Indians) had gotten between the chimney and cabin. They had learned to say the old man's grace. (Perhaps a table grace or prayer they overheard). His daughter was to have been married in a few days. He (the father McClure) came and fell on his knee and begged them to desist and was shot dead. They tomahawked and scalped a daughter and tread on her, and left her for dead, but she came to and lived. Two other daughters were taken off. One was the bride. They taunted her about her groom and mocked the grace the old man said. There never was half as much mischief done (by Indians) on Holston as on Clinch.

Halbert McClure had settled in 1773, near the head of Moccasin Creek in Washington Co., in Rich Valley, on a 400 acre tract of land opposite and a little east of Cabin Creek Ford and Bromley Gap on the southside of the North fork of Holston River. He assigned this tract of land to John Kinkead in 1781. (8) He was one of the appraisers of the estate of Benjamin Estill on April 17, 1782, and was a Juror in Botetourt Co., at a court on 15th of May, 1771.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 316-17. (2) Draper MSS 9 DD 38 (3) Major James Dysart, first Sheriff of Washington Co., VA, lived east of Abingdon, on Route U. S. 11, at Book Hall (still standing). He died in Rockcastle Co., KY, in 1831. Was one of the Long Hunters and also at the Battle of Kings Mountain where he commanded a company (4) Draper MSS 6 XX 99 (5) Alexander Barnett was County Lieutenant of Militia for Russell Co., VA, after its formation in 1786, and was a

militia officer serving on the Clinch, while the territory was still Washington Co., VA. [6] Historical Collection of Rev. John D. Shane, Draper MSS 12 CC 96-7. [7] Early settlers often built this type chimney. It was laid up of sticks of wood, pen fashion and daubed with clay. They were called "stick and clay chimneys". [8] Washington Co., VA Entry Book 1, page 10 & 70.

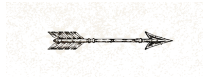
54. Killing of Jessee Adams and His Family

Arthur Campbell wrote to the Governor of Virginia, on September 20, 1782, [1] saying:

Jessee Adams and his family of 12 children, except two, were killed at the head of Stock Creek.

The details of how Adams and his family were killed have not been found, and none of the military correspondence of the day makes any mention of this tragedy, other than the brief mention by Arthur Campbell. The two Adams children who escaped were named Jonathan and Sally Adams. Their mother, Mary Adams, was a daughter of Joseph Blackmore. She later married Henry Hamlin, and was herself killed at Blackmore's Fort in 1790. She had a daughter Cynthia Chadwell, probably by a former marriage. Just how the mother, Cynthia Chadwell, Jonathan, and Sally Adams escaped being murdered is unknown.

On November 19, 1782, Mary Adams, was appointed by the Washington Co., VA, court as administratrix of the estate of Jessee Adams, deceased, with Alexander Ritchie and Thomas Caldwell as her security. Appraisers of the estate were Samuel Ritchie, Josiah Payne, James Alley and William Cowan.



55. William Long, The Indian Spy Slain

William Long, of this narrative, lived in the Castlewood section of Russell Co., VA, and should not be confused with another William Long, of the same period, who lived on the Holston River in Washington County. William Long of Castlewood served as a Revolutionary War soldier at the battle of King's Mountain in Captain Andrew Colvill's company. (1)

Alexander Ritchie, Jr., a resident of the Dungannon area of the present Scott Co., VA, tells of the slaying of William Long in his pension claim filed in Overton Co., TN, in which he says:

In the year 1782, I was enrolled near Blackmore's Fort again for an Indian spy, under Colonel Henry Smith of Russell County, Virginia, or what is now Russell. John Alley was my companion. I received the appointment as a spy for nine months. This was, as well as I remember, about the first of May, 1782, and served my time out in that capacity. William Long, one of our comrades was killed this last tour as an Indian Spy.

Russell County Court Order Book 2, has three entrys relating to William Long, however, if he was killed in 1782, as above stated, a period of ten years had elapsed before an auction took place toward settling his estate. These entries are:

Page 26, dated 25 September, 1792, the noncupative will of William Long, deceased, was produced in court and proven by the oaths of Henry Dickenson, Mary Dickenson and Elizabeth Dickenson, witnesses thereto and ordered to be recorded.

Page 31 tells that Richard Long (brother of William) is granted administration of the estate of William Long, and his securities were Charles Bickley and James Osborne.

Page 49, dated 28 November, 1792, is that William Robinson, Samuel Porter, (of Castlewood) William Bolin and John Smith, appraise the estate of William Long, deceased.

Then Russell County Order Book 2, page 20, dated 24 July, 1792, "ordered that a summons be issued to Ann Long, widow of William Long, to appear at October Court to see the legality of a noncupative will made by William Long, deceased.

(1) Sworn statements of Henry Dickenson, Draper MSS 8 DD 70 and 3 DD 208.

56. John Ingles Home Attacked Cox and Two Hunters Killed

On January 29, 1783, Col. Arthur Campbell, writing to the Governor of Virginia, (1) stated:

On Christmas day last (1782) the Indians attacked the house of John Ingles on Clinch, in this county, scalped and otherwise grieviously wounded a young man of the name of Fox, overtaken in ye field. The second day afterwards, as the enemy was making off towards the head of Sandy River, (they) came on three (3) hunters, two of whom they killed.

This attack at so uncommon a season, and not withstanding General Clark's success, has disheartened the whole settlement of Clinch greatly - in so much that they have come to a resolution to abandon the river early in the spring, if some apparently effectual measures are not set on foot for their protection. A fort erect on Sandy River, west of the Laurel Ridge seems to me the only probable measure...

Colonel Campbell, in the above letter relating to the attack on the home of John English, (2) who in the year 1772, had settled on Sugar Hill overlooking the town of St. Paul, in now Wise County, Virginia, does not say what took place when the home was attacked. We must assume that no harm was suffered by the English family at this time. Campbell states that a young man named Cox, but gives no first name, was "overtaken in ye field" and slain. He does not say whether the field was at the English home, or at some more distant place. At that date the only record we have of a Cox family was those living in the vicinity of Blackmore's Fort in now Scott County. It may be that Cox was killed in this vicinity.

Campbell further states that the second day afterwards, as the enemy was making off toward the head of Sandy River, they came across three hunters, two of whom they killed. In all probability these three hunters were James Green, and two whose names are doubtful, although some earlier historians has given their names as Charles Kilgore (error: Robert Kilgore, his brother), and a man named McKinney. There is, however, a discrepancy in dates given by Campbell and the actual date that James Green was killed. Campbell seems to "lump" all three events under the

attack on Christmas day, and two days later, but in all probability it was the same band of Indians who were on the raiding party, and committed the acts to which he refers, commencing on the 25th of December, and committing the last act on the 31st, with the slaying of Cox sometime between.

E. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 303, says:

In march, 1783 (incorrect date) Charles Kilgore (error: Robert Kilgore, his brother), James Green, and a man by the name of McKinney, left Ft. Blackmore and went to the Pound River in Wise County to hunt, and while there were surprised by the Indians, and Charles (Robert) and James Green were killed. McKinney made his escape and returned to the fort. A searching party led by McKinney found the bodies of Charles Kilgore (Robert Kilgore) and James Green, and buried them in the hollow of a large chestnut tree on the north bank of Pound Rive,r a short distance above the mouth of Indian Creek.

Mr. Addington is definitely wrong on the date that James Green was killed, but as to whether Charles Kilgore was killed or not there are facts that seem to deny it and others that seem to bear it out, as will be shown.

The date of the killing of James Green is proven by Russell Co., VA, Court Order Book 3, page 266, dated the 27th of December, 1803, which entry reads: "Ordered that it be certified to the Registrar of the Land Office that it is proven to this court that James Green is the son and heir at law of James Green, who was killed by the savages on the 31st of December, 1782, and that the said James Green, the younger was born on the 12th of February, 1783."

James Green who was slain was a son of Lewis Green, and had settled on Stony Creek near Blackmore's Fort. He had married Jane, the daughter of Patrick and Ann Porter of Porter's Fort, who was born September 9, 1761. James Green, Jr., born posthumously, was the only child of James and Jane Porter Green. James Green, Jr., married Dulcena, a daughter of Samuel and Jaelia Duncan Stallard. Sometime after the slaying of James Green, his widow married Robert Kilgore, and they built the old Kilgore fort house still standing in Scott Co., VA on Copper Creek, west of Nickelsville. Here they lived out the balance of their lives, and Robert, born June 30, 1765, dying on march 29, 1854, and his wife Jane, on September 25, 1842.

Charles Kilgore had emigrated from Orange Co., NC, and settled on the east side of Falling Creek, opposite Porter's Fort, on a tract of 286 acres of land in the year 1773, with his wife, Winnie Clayton (error:

Winnie was the wife of his brother, Robert Kilgore) and his family. He served and was wounded at the Battle of Kings Mountain. Both James Green and Charles Kilgore appear in the 1782 tithable lists of Washington Co., VA, but in 1783, only his wife Winnie appears, as does Jane Green, the wife of James. (Error: Charles Kilgore does appear on the 1783 Washington Co., VA Tithable list). This would seem to bear out the fact that both James Green and Charles Kilgore were dead in 1783.

Some aver that Charles Kilgore sold his land in Scott Co. and removed to Greene Co., TN, where he died. There is also evidence to bear out this assertion, that is, if the two Charles Kilgores were one and the same. Katherine Keagh White, in her book, King's Mountain Men, says of this Charles that he was a Private under Campbell at King's Mountain and was wounded. He was placed on the pension rolls of Greene Co. in 1809, and in 1820 he is listed as an invalid with an annual allowance of $48 a year.

Charles Kilgore had a son, Charles Kilgore, Jr., who was born in Orange Co., NC, January 4, 1764. Charles Kilgore, Jr., filed a Revolutionary pension claim in Davies Co., Indiana, in 1833, in which he tells of his serving on the Southwestern Virginia frontier as an Indian spy and guarding the frontier forts. No place in this pension statement does he mention being at the battle of King's Mountain, but definitely lists all his services as on the frontier. This Charles Kilgore says that in 1787 he moved to Greene Co., TN, where he lived for six or seven years. If, as he says, he lived in Greene Co., six or seven years, then he could not have been the Charles who was pensioned in 1809. From Greene Co. he says he moved to Pendleton Co., SC, where he lived a few years, and then back t Washington Co., VA, thence to Wayne Co., KY, where he lived until 1815. This latter date would also eliminate him as the Charles who was allowed a pension in Greene Co., TN, in 1820. From Wayne Co., KY he moved to Lawrence, then on to Davies Counties in Indiana, where he died June 1, 1857. This Charles Kilgore was married to Avarilla Simpson, who was born February 28, 1776. She says in her application for a pension as his widow that they were married near a stream called "Cherokee River" in the state of Virginia. This probably means that they were married in Tennessee, which was at that time a territory of Virginia, and the "Cherokee" was another name for the Tennessee River.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 424. (2) This name is variantly spelled Ingles, Inglish, and English in the early records. John possibly may have been a brother of Captain Thomas Ingles whose family were captured in Burkes Garden in 1782. Thomas had a brother John.

57. Killing of Joseph Ray & Family Samuel Hughes and Scalping of Ann Neece

Joseph Ray settled on Indian Creek in now Tazewell Co., VA, in 1775, on a 400 acre tract of land that was surveyed and entered in Washington Co., Va, August 8, 1781.

Pendleton, History of Tazewell Co., page 465, writes:

I have been unable to learn anything of the slaying of Joseph Ray's family, more than the bare facts, that Ray and his family were killed on Indian Creek in 1788 or 1789.

This date is completely in error, the occurrence having taken place on Wednesday, prior to the 19th of May, 1783, as proven by a letter written by Colonel Daniel Smith to Arthur Campbell, on that date, wherein he states:

On my return from Cumberland, I came through Cassells Woods just after the Indians had been at the Fort at Hamlin's Mill. (1) The people were greatly distressed: half of them had moved away, and the remainder ready to go, should the Indians make their appearance again. This was due, to their not having any assistance or protection from the interior...Last Wednesday the Indians murdered Joseph Ray, and several members of his family, also one Samuel Hughes, who happened to be there. Mr. Ray was a neighbor to Major (Thomas) Mastin. They have killed and made prisoner eight persons.

Just who this Samuel Hughes was is unknown and the records are silent as to his identity, the only record being that of the appraisal of his estate filed in the Washington Co. Court on September 16, 1783.

Neither Daniel Smith, or any of the past historians have given names to the other members of Ray's family who were slain, or names of the persons taken prisoner. Certainly Mrs. Ray, and her son, John Ray, were not killed for John Ray, heir at law to Joseph Ray, sold the land of his father on Indian Creek in 1794, and in 1799 he lived in Kentucky, and on February 18, 1806, he was living in Clermont Co., OH. His mother, the widow of Joseph Ray, was living in Kentucky in 1803, when she made a deposition in Madison Co. (2)

L. P. Summers, History of Washington County and Southwestern Virginia, page 367, has the correct year of this occurrence, but ties the killing of the Ray family and Samuel Hughes in with a raid on the Fort at Castlewood. It is possible, and seems true, from Smith's letter, that after killing the Ray family the Indians did travel down the Clinch and attack the settlement at Castlewood.

Summers' says:

The Indians first appeared at the house of Joseph Ray, whom they killed and scalped, along with several of his family, and a neighbor by the name of Samuel Hughes, who happened to be at Ray's house at the time; besides killing these persons they made several others prisoners before they reached the fort. As they approached the fort they met a young woman by the name of Ann Neece, whom they tomahawked, scalped and left for dead. They approached the fort and were discovered by Simon Oxer, Charles Bickley, and Henry Dickenson, who happened to be working at a mill nearby. The Indians observing them about the same time and the white men being unarmed, their situation was a fearful one. It was now a struggle which party should get to the fort first. (The fort was several hundred yards away up a steep hill). They started for the fort at full speed, the Indians halting to fire upon them. They reached the fort unhurt through a shower of balls. There were but two guns in the fort, and with these Oxer and Dickenson, each killed an Indian. The balance of the savages, knowing nothing of the strength of the fort, and their guns being empty, hastily picked up their fallen companions and fled into the woods.

Meeting with a colored man who was hunting sheep, and who belonged to Henry Dickenson, they captured him, and he was never heard of afterwards.

After the Indians had gone, Ann Neece, who had been tomahawked and scalped was seen staggering toward the fort with blood streaming from her head. She was taken in, survived and reared a family after this.

In the year 1780, this same Ann Neece, along with her sister Mary, who were the daughters of James Bush were captured and rescued by a party of militia in what is now Floyd Co., KY, and at this time Ann was tomahawked, but survived.

Just who the eight persons were that were made prisoners by the Indians remains still unknown, or what their ultimate fate, for none of the correspondence of that date mentions any of their names.

According to tradition handed down through the descendants of early settlers of Castlewood, there were 17 Indians in the attack on the fort at the time Ann Bush Neece was scalped. I have been unable to find any official confirmation of this scalping, except in the pension statement of James Fraley, who was of the party that rescued Ann Bush in 1782. Charles Bickley, one of the three men who supposedly defended the fort against this attack, died in the year 1839, and his grave in the family cemetery at Castlewood, bears this inscription:

To the Memory of Charles Bickley, Sr.

Born in Amherst Co., VA, July 27, 1753
Died at Bickley's Mills, Russell Co., VA,
June 1, 1839.
He was Captain of Militia and one of the three
men who defended Bush's Fort, against 17
Indians.

(1) Hamlin's Mill was just above the Bickley Mill on Mill Creek in Castlewood. This was the Mill first owned by one John Lynch, probably built by Frederick Fraley and sold around 1780 to Henry Hamlin. The Fort was that referred to as Russell's, Bush's, Castlewood and Bickley's. (2) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Christian vs Ray.

58. Unnamed Killings In Tazewell County

On May 5, 1783, Colonel William Preston wrote to Governor Harrison, saying:

Acknowledging receipt of his letter of the 6th and 7th of March, on the 19th of said month. Prior to that date, he had sent out experienced scouts, at the request of the people most exposed, and had ordered the Captains of Militia to hold their companies in readiness to go to the relief of the frontier if necessary.

On the 21st of March, notwithstanding these precautions, a party of Indians had gotten in, undiscovered by the inhabitants of Clinch and Blue Lick, to Walker's Creek and killed one man, took his wife and two children, and two children of a poor widow. They were immediately tracked and pursued by experienced woodsmen, but not overtaken. A few days afterwards a man was killed on Bluestone by a small party, who were also pursued to no purpose.

In consequence of these alarms, he had sent out two companies to the defense of the frontiers, and the minds of the people were much quieted thereby. (Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 479.)

April 1, 1783, Col. Arthur Campbell wrote to Governor Harrison, saying: It gives me pleasure to inform his Excellency that the Indians had been repulsed in their attack on "the fort in Clinch settlement." (Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 464.)

In the above letter Col. Campbell may be referring to the attack on the fort at Castlewood, when Ann Neece was scalped, yet it could be another incident of which we have no record.

60. Unnamed Killings in Powell Valley in 1784

Colonel Joseph Martin, wrote to Governor Harrison, May 3, 1784, saying:

...All the news he can give, was that a boy had been killed in Powell's Valley and a girl taken prisoner; a large number of horses carried off. A Station (Martin's) had been erected in the valley at great expense, when there was about "one hundred souls", chiefly women and children, and unless they could get immediate support from the state on the next alarm they will break up. (Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 581).

Again on July 22, 1784, Col. Joseph Martin again writes to Governor Harrison, saying:

The boy that was killed and the girl that was taken prisoner last April, in Powell Valley, was by the same party, aided by the Shawnees. (Same party was about 30 Cherokees who had joined the Shawnee). The man, woman, boy, and child killed last winter on the Kentucky Road, was by the same party, commanded by a young fellow called the "Rattlesnake", now in the town of Chilherney. The three men killed near Cumberland Gap, last winter on their way from Kentucky was by the Creeks. A boy was killed and scalped, and an arrow left in his breast, down this river (Holston), but I have not heard, yet, by whom it was done. (Virginia State Papers, Vol. III, page 601-2).

61. Capture of James Moore, Jr., in Abbs Valley

Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, Virginia, page 447, gives this account of the capture of young James Moore, Jr., son of Captain James Moore, of Abbs Valley in Tazewell County, Virginia.

In September, 1784, James [1], the 18 year old son of Captain James Moore, was captured by Black Wolf, his son, and another Indian. He was captured when he went to a distant pasture to get a horse to go to mill. He was carried to Ohio and escaped after 5 years and three years after the massacre of his family. [2] In 1785 he was so fortunate as to get away from the Indians, and several years after his return he related the following incidents in connection with his captivity.

"When we returned from hunting in the spring, the old man (Indian) gave me up to Captain Elliott, a trader from Detroit. By my mistress, (Black Wolf's sister) on hearing this, became very angry, threatened Elliott, and got me back. Sometime in April (1785) there was a dance at a town about two miles from where I resided. This I attended, in company with the Indian to whom I belonged. Meeting with a French trader from Detroit, by the name of Batest Ariome (probably a misspelling), who took a fancy to me on account of my resemblance to one of his sons, he bought me for fifty dollars in Indian money. Before leaving the dance, I met with a Mr. Sherlock, a trader from Kentucky, who had formerly been a prisoner with the same tribe of Indians, who had rescued a lad by the name of Moffett, [3] who had been captured at the head of Clinch, and whose father was an intimate and particular friend of my father. I requested Mr. Sherlock to write to my father, through Mr. Moffett, informing him of my captivity, and that I had been purchased by a French trader, and was gone to Detroit. This letter, I have reason to believe, father received, and that it gave him the first information of what had become of me.

Mr. and Mrs. Ariome were parents to me indeed. They treated me like one of their own sons. I ate at their table, and slept with their sons, in a good feather bed. They always gave me good counsel, and advised me (particularly Mrs. Ariome) not to abandon the idea of returning to my friends. I worked on the farm with his sons, and occasionally assisted him in his trading expeditions. We traded at different places, and sometimes went a considerable distance in the country.

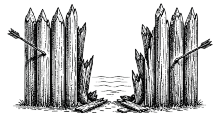
On one of these occasions, four young Indians began to boast of their bravery and among other things, said that one Indian could whip four white men. This provoked me, an I told them that I could whip all four of them. They immediately attacked me, but Mr. Ariome, hearing the noise, came and took me away. This I considered a kind providence; for the Indians are very unskilled in boxing and in this manner of fighting, I could easily have whipped all of them; but when they began to find themselves worsted, I expected them to attack me with clubs, or some other weapon, and if so, had laid my plans to kill them all with a knife, which I had concealed in my belt, mount a fleet horse, which was close at hand, and escape to Detroit.

It was on one of these trading expeditions, that I first heard of the destruction of my father's family. This I learned through a Shawnee Indian, with whom I become acquainted when I lived with them, and who was one of the party on that occasion. I received this information sometime in the summer after it occurred (July 14, 1786). In the following winter, I learned that my sister Polly had been purchased by a Mr. Stagwell, an American by birth, but unfriendly to the American cause. He was a man of bad character - an unfeeling wretch - and treated my sister with great unkindness. At the time he resided a considerable distance from me. When I heard of my sister, I immediately prepared to go and see her; but as it was then in the dead of winter, and the journey would have been attended with great difficulties, on being told by Mr. Stagwell that he intended to move to the neighborhood where I resided in the following spring, I declined it. When I heard that Mr. Stagwell had moved, as was contemplated, I immediately went to see her. I found her in the most abject condition, almost naked, being clothed only with a few dirty and tattered rags, exhibiting to my mind, an object of pity indeed. It is impossible to describe my feelings on the occasion; sorrow and joy were both combined; and I have no doubt the feelings of my sister were similar to my own. On being advised, I applied to the Commanding Officer at Detroit, informing him of her treatment, with the hope of effecting her release. I went to Mr. Simon Girty, and to Colonel McKee, the Superintendent of the Indians, who had Mr. Stagwell brought to trial to answer to the complaint against him. But I failed to procure her release. It was decided, however, when an opportunity should occur for our returning to our friends, she should be released without remuneration. This was punctually performed, on application of Mr. Thomas Evans, who had come in search of his sister Martha (Evans), already alluded to, who had been purchased from the Indians by some family in the neighborhood; and was, at that time, with a Mr. Donaldson, a worthy

and wealthy English farmer, and working for herself.

All being now at liberty, we made preparations for our journey to our distant friends, and set out, I think, sometime in the month of October, 1789; it being a little more than five years from the time of my captivity, and a little more than three years after the captivity of my sister and Martha Evans. A trading boat coming down the lakes, we obtained a passage, for myself and sister, to the Moravian Towns, a distance about two hundred miles, and on the route to Pittsburg. There, according to appointment, we met with Mr. Evans and his sister, the day after our arrival. He had, in the meantime procured three horses, and we immediately set out for Pittsburg. Fortunately for us, a party of friendly Indians, from these towns, were about starting on a hunting excursion, and accompanied us for a considerable distance on our route, which was through a wilderness, and the hunting ground of an unfriendly tribe. On one of the nights, during our journey, we encamped near a large party of these unfriendly Indians. The next morning four or five of their warriors, painted red, came into our camp. This much alarmed us. They made many inquiries, but did not molest us, which might have been the case, if we had not been in company with other Indians. After this, nothing occurred, worthy of notice, until we reached Pittsburg. Probably we would have reached Rockbridge (Co., VA) that fall, if Mr. Evans had not, unfortunately, got his shoulder dislocated. In consequence of this, we remained until the spring with an Uncle of his, in the vicinity of Pittsburg. Having expended nearly all of his money in traveling, and with the physician, he left his sister and proceeded on with sister Polly and myself, to the house of our Uncle, William McPhaetus, about ten miles southwest of Staunton, near the Middle River. He received from Uncle Joseph Moore, the administrator of father's estate, compensation for his services, and afterward returned and brought in his sister.

(1) James Moore, Jr., at this time was only 14 years of age. After release he returned to Tazewell Co., VA, where he resided until his death in 1848. (2) Mr. Pendleton means that James Moore, Jr., returned home 5 years after his capture (1789), and 3 years after his father and family were killed in 1786. (3) See, Capture of Captain Robert Moffett's son, page 99, this MSS



62. Richard Pemberton's Fight With the Indians

On May 26, 1785, Major Crockett wrote to Governor Henry of Virginia [1], the following:

The Indians killed one man on the North Fork of the Holston River, the 6th of April last, and wounded a man ten days after, (April 16) on the head of Clinch, with arrows. There has not been one year since the year '74, but the Indians has done more or less damage in this county, which covers nearly 80 miles of the frontier of this state.

Who the man was that was killed on the North Fork of Holston, on April 6, 1785, is unknown. The man whom Colonel Crockett says was wounded "with arrows" on the head of Clinch, was in all probability Richard Pemberton. Bickley tells of the details of the wounding, [2] but has an incorrect date for the event, if Crockett was referring to Pemberton. Bickley says:

Richard Pemberton, the hero of this battle, lived in the Baptist Valley, about five miles from Jeffersonville (now Tazewell). In addition to a small farm around his cabin, he cultivated a field, now (1856) owned by William O. George, about one and a half miles from his dwelling.

On a Sabbath morning late in August, 1788, he started to his field accompanied by his wife and two children, to see that his fences were not down, and to repair any breach that might have been made. According to the custom of the times, Mr. Pemberton had taken with him his gun, which was his constant companion. After satisfying himself that his crops were safe, the little party started back. They had gone but a few hundred yards, however, when two Indians armed with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks, came yelling toward them at full speed. In an instant the pioneer's gun was leveled and the trigger pulled; it missed fire, and in his hurry to spring the lock again, he broke it, and of course could not fire. Seeing him raise his gun to shoot, caused the Indians to halt, and commence firing arrows at him. Keeping himself between his wife and children and the Indians, he ordered them to get on as fast as possible and try to reach a house at which a Mr. Johnson lived, and where several men were living. This house was some half mile distant, but he hoped to reach it, and save those whom he held dearest - his wife and children. The Indians made every possible

attempt to separate him from his family, all of which proved vain. They would retreat to a respectful distance, and then come bounding back like so many furies from the regions of indescribable woe. When they came too near, he would raise his gun as if he really were reserving his fire, which would cause them to halt and surround him. But at every attack they shot their arrows into his breast, causing great pain.

For nearly an hour this running fight was kept up; still the blood thirsty savages pressed on; at last, he was sufficiently near to Johnson's house to be heard, and he raised his powerful voice for succor; he was heard, but no sooner did the men of the house hear the cry of "Indians", than they took to their heels in an opposite direction. At last he arrived at the house, closely pursued by the Indians, and entering after his family, barred the door, and began to make preparations for acting upon the offensive, when the Indians made a rapid retreat. Pemberton reached his own house the following day, where he resided many years, an eyesore to those who had so ingloriously fled from his assistance. Many arrow points which entered his breast, were never removed, and were carried to the end of his life as the best certificate of his bravery, and devotion to his family.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 31. [(2)] Bickley, History of Tazewell County, 1856.

63. Two Unnamed Families Killed and Captured in New Garden

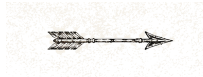
Colonel Arthur Campbell wrote to Governor Patrick Henry, on March 27, 1785, stating:

Since my last by Captain Rhea, I am informed that two families was killed and captivated by the Indians on the 24th instant, on that part of Clinch, called New Garden, which is nearly north of the Salt Works (Saltville), and about 20 miles distance from thence. The families consisted of 15 in number, and from appearances it is concluded that the mischief was done by the Shawnee.

Since the murder of Mrs. Walling (Wallen), which, I mentioned in my last, a Mrs. Cox was shot at by three Indians, but happily escaped. (Calendar Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 20.)

Perhaps the two families mentioned above will continue to be among the many, many who were killed or captured on the frontier, whose names are lost with the passage of time and history, and of whom the militia officers did not find time or compunction to mention by name.

I have exhausted every resource in trying to fit these unknown killings to known events, but with no success, due to the dirth of records on the frontier in early days. Outside the Draper MSS, Court Records, Militia letters and Revolutionary pension statements few records exist that gives any insight into frontier events concerning Indian atrocities, with the Court records only being useful where a name is known, that can be associated with a will or settlement of estate. The frontier was very fluid and transitory, with the people constantly moving on westward, and in many cases leaving behind no descendants who could give a traditioal story of a family happening.



64. Combs Family Killed and Captured in New Garden

This incident may be one of the families mentioned in the letter of Colonel Arthur Campbell in his letter to Governor Patrick Henry, dated March 27, 1785. This story was told to Maida Cloud by Mr. W. S. Israel, of Drill, VA, age 88 years, and was related to her on 22 September, 1937. Copy in Clerk's Office, Russell Co., VA, in W. P. A. Historical File.

This happened in the New Garden section of Russell County, west of Honaker. The Indians captured a Combs family, killed the husband and one child. The mother and remaining child were taken captive, being carried on horses. They (Indians) were very careful to leave no trace. They were finally tracked to Old Sand Lick (now in Dickenson County) where they were camping. The horses were the best means of recognition. When the men came near, the woman was down at the spring. They told the woman to bring the child and be back at the spring within such a length of time and they would take her back home. In this way the mother and child were restored to their loved ones. The man and child were buried near where they were killed.

65. Frederick Fraley's Son Chased by Indians

Colonel Arthur Campbell, wrote to Governor Patrick Henry, on June 7, 1785, saying:

Since my last (letter) the Indians chased a son of Mr. Friley's, on Clinch, and ran him until within site of his father's house. (Calendar Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 23)

Frederick Fraley settled in upper Castlewood, in Russell Co., VA, in the year 1769, being an emigrant from Rowan Co., NC. The name is variantly spelled Fraley, Friley, in the records, and being a German by birth it is sometimes spelled Froelich. The descendants of Frederick Fraley today spell the name "Fraley".

At the time his son was chased by the Indians, he was living in Lower Castlewood, at Moore's Fort, which property he had bought from Captain John Snoddy, about 1780, when Snoddy left the Clinch for settlement in Kentucky. Just which, of several sons of Mr. Fraley was chased is unknown. James, who was perhaps the oldest son was one of the most noted Indian Spys of the area, and one contemporary who served with him, says he was chosen, "because of his dexterous use of the rifle."

66. Mrs. John Wallen Killed in Powell Valley

Arthur Campbell writing to Governor Patrick Henry, on march 26, 1785 [1], states:

...Since the murder of Mrs. Walling (Wallen), which I mentioned in my last (letter), a Mrs. Cox was shot at by the Indians, but happily escaped.

Col. Joseph Martin, who had built Martin's Station in Powell Valley, and who lived in Henry Co., VA, wrote the Governor of Virginia, from his Henry Co. home on March 26, 1785, [2] saying:

I have enclosed a letter from Ellis Harlin, who is just Chicamauga. On the 17th instant a party of Indians came to the house of John Wallen, killed and scalped his wife, about 15 miles from my Station (in Powells Valley), and I further expect every hour to hear the people there are all murdered.

Despite the fact that the Wallens were a large family on the frontier in very early days. I have been unable to find any details of the killing of Mrs. John Wallen. Some of the name still remain in the area today. Colonel Martin says she was killed about fifteen miles from his Station in Powell Valle, which would put their place on residence in the vicinity of the present Rose Hill in Lee Co., VA.

Elisha Wallen, the Long Hunter, and he for whom Wallen's Ridge in Lee Co., (VA) was named was perhaps living in the Valley at this time, but what connection he was to John Wallen I do not know. Perhaps they were father and son, or maybe brothers.

In his letter to the Governor on march 26, 1785, Col. Martin continues:

The Indians have attempted to take satisfaction at the house of one Cox, near the end of Clinch Mountain, where an attack was made the 10th instant. The damage done there was one horse killed.

Col. Martin in the above is referring to the same Mrs. Cox that Arthur Campbell says "was shot at, but happily escaped". Martin locates their abode as near the end of Clinch Mountain, but does not say

whether in Tennessee or Virginia. Both Campbell and Martin write of the Cox and Wallen episodes in the same letter, and while the two events were separated in time by seven days, there seems to be a vague suggestion that they might be related in some way. Whether Martin's statement of "taking satisfaction" is an archaic way of saying the Indians made an attack, or whether they were seeking revenge is unclear.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 20 (2) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 18-19 NOTE: One John Wallen was living in Clairborne Co., TN on 19th January 1839 when he made a supporting statement to pension claim of Alexander Ritchie, Jr.

67. Capture of Hugh Logan and (One) Gibson

In the same letter in which Col. Joseph Martin writes to the Governor concerning the killing of Mrs. John Wallen and the attack on the Cox home, he continues:

On the 12th ultimo one Hugh Logan and one Gibson, came into the neighborhood of Long Island, who informed that on the 12th of February last, (1785) they were taken prisoner by the Creek Indians, and were carried by them as far as the head of Mobile. That they were blackened and was to be burnt; that they made their escape one night; that they traveled seven days without sustenance, at last fell in with some of the Chicamauga Indians who took care of them and sent them to the Old Towns. They say that one of the Indians who took them talks good English, who informed them that they had taken 4 scalps from Cumberland and a Negro boy. That they had been trying to provoke the Virginians to fight them ever since he was a little boy, but that the Virginians would not be angry with them. That they, this year, intended to watch the Kentucky Road, also to attack (the) Cumberland settlements (Tennessee) and roast the said prisoner's jackets, and see if that would not provoke the Virginians.

Where Logan and Gibson had been captured is not clear from Martin's letter. The capture could have occurred in either Virginia or Tennessee. I find record of one Hugh Logan in the court of Botetourt Co., but whether this is the same I cannot tell. I find this Hugh Logan serving as Juror in Botetourt on November 15, 1770 and again on February 9, 1774. On October 11, 1791 he was appointed Guardian for David Woods, son of John Woods, deceased, and on August 10, 1780, Hugh Logan and Sarah, his wife, sell land on the south side of James River to Dubertis Shepherd. Since Gibson's christian name is not given, it is impossible to trace him in any records.

68. The Tragedy of Wallen's Creek

Archibald Scott settled near the head of Wallen's Creek, in now Lee Co., VA, on a 400 acre tract of land in the year 1776. (1) Here he built a strong log house on the Kentucky Trace, across from Kane's Gap of Clinch Mountain, known as Scott's Fort, which became a famous stop-over for people traveling to and from Kentucky. Scott's Fort was not a palisaded fort, but simply a strongly built log hose which on the frontier was known as a fort-house. Just where Scott lived prior to his settlement on Wallen's Creek is not definite. It is probable that he was living someplace in Russell Co. between Castlewood and Big Cedar Creek, for on August 29, 1774 he was serving int he militia at Glade Hollow Fort, (2) which would suggest that he lived in the radius of militia coverage for protecting this fort. He had a brother James Scott who settled on Big Cedar Creek in 1774, and one Alexander Scott who settled on the same creek and in the same year, as did James Scott, may also have been a brother.

Archibald Scott had married Frances "Fanny" Dickenson, daughter of Henry Dickenson, Sr., and his wife Agness Jennings, of Prince Edward Co., VA. She had brothers, Humphrey Dickenson, killed by Indians in 1778; Archelaus Dickenson, who lived at Abingdon; Henry Dickenson, first Clerk of Russell Co., Va; James Dickenson, and William Dickenson, the latter supposedly remaining in Prince Edward Co., VA, and at least one sister, Elizabeth Dickenson, who first married John Hawkins, Sr., and secondly George Linder.

After the destruction of Scott and his family by Indians, the old Scott Fort and land on Wallen's Creek was acquired by Robert Duff, who had married a niece of Fanny Scott. The Duff family continued to reside there for many years after the Scott massacre, and some of the descendants still live on Wallen's Creek.

Mr. William W. Hoskins of Bluefield, WV, a descendant of the Ball family, has done considerable research on this tragedy and sent me the following article:

On the night of June 29, 1785, in that part of Washington County which was erected into Russell County in 1786, and later in 1792 formed into Lee County, Archibald Scott, his four children and another young

man were killed and the wife, Mrs. Scott, was taken prisoner. Wide publicity was given to this incident. After prolonged search I find that there seems to be four versions of this occurrence, one of a brief nature and three of a more extended type. These versions vary in date and details, but all agree in many particulars.

The earliest version is that of Arthur Campbell under date of July 5, 1785, just six days after the tragedy. Campbell had been living in Southwest Virginia about fifteen years and was familiar with that region.

The second version is that which was published in the Freeman's Journal in Philadelphia under date of December 15, 1785. This account was evidently written by some person from a personal recital made by Mrs. Scott after her escape and return to the settlements. I have photostatic copies of this report made for me by the New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York City; The Library of Congress and the Philadelphia Free Library, Ridgeway Branch, Philadelphia, PA, each of which has a copy of this issue of the Freeman's Journal. The report that was published as indicated here was reprinted in the New Haven Gazette under date of December 29, 1785, and also reprinted in the New London Connecticut Gazette under date of January 13, 1786. I have a photostatic copy of the version reprinted in the New Haven Gazette made for me by the Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, CT. The version published in the New Haven Gazette was reprinted with some minor variations in Joseph Martin's Gazateer of Virginia, published in Charlottesville, VA, 1835. From the letter written me by Mr. Vail quoted in full below it will be seen that this report as originally printed in the Freeman's Journal was given wide publicity.

The next version in order of time was written down by John Kobler, a Methodist Minister, and published in Francis Asbury's Journal 1821. John Kobler performed the funeral rites of Mrs. Johnson when she was buried on May 9, 1796. In 1843, James P. Carrell prepared a version of this story and transmitted it to David Campbell, who in turn sent it to Lyman C. Draper of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin. Carrell copied the report from Asbury's Journal and added some of his own comments. The version in Asbury's Journal was reprinted in full in Bennett's Memorials of Methodism in Virginia from 1772 to 1829, Richmond, 1871.

All three of the above accounts are contemporary documents of the highest value and may be relied upon for accuracy. The latest version in point of time is that prepared by Charles B. Coale, for thirty-three years editor of the Abingdon Virginian and published as a chapter in Wilburn

Waters, Richmond, 1878. It should be noted that the report of Coale was prepared about eighty or ninety years after the murder of Scott and his children. This version has some elements that other versions do not have and some glaring errors.

Each of these three versions and the letter of Mr. Vail are cited in full and may speak for themselves.

Under the date of July 5, 1785, Col. Arthur Campbell wrote Governor Patrick Henry:

"By some gentlemen from Kentucky I am informed that in the night of the 29th of June last, Mr. Archibald Scott (who lived on the road leading to Kentucky, in Powell's Valley) and all his children, four in number, together with another young man, were murdered by the Indians, and his wife supposed to be taken prisoner."

Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV,

page 40

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL

A Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of Mrs. Frances Scott, an inhabitant of Washington Co., VA:

On Wednesday the 29th of June 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house, on their way to Kentucky, some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mrs. Scott, living on a frontier part, generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitious day, after so large a body of men had passed shortly after night, he lay down in his bed, and imprudently left one of the doors of his house open; the children were also in bed, and asleep. Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed, when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw rushing in through the door that was left open, painted savages with presented arms; raising a hideous shriek - Mrs. Scott being awake, instantly jumped out of his bed, but was immediately fired at; he forced his way through the middle of the enemy and got out of the door, but fell a few paces from thence. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and ordered her to a particular spot, and not to move; others stabbed and cut the throats of the three youngest children in their bed, and afterwards lifted them up and dashed them down on the floor, near the mother; the eldest, a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke and escaped out of bed, and ran to her parent, and with the most plaintive accents, cried, 'O Mama! Mama! Save me' - the mother, in deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, entreated the savages to spare her child; but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in the

mother's arms. Adjacent to Mrs. Scott's dwelling house another family lived, of the name of Ball. The Indians also attacked them at the same instant they did Mr. Scott's; but the door being shut, the enemy fired into the house through an opening between two logs, and killed a young lad, and then essayed to force the door open; but a surviving brother fired through the door, and the enemy desisted, and went off; the remaining part of the family ran out of the house and escaped. In Mr. Scott's house were four good rifles well loaded, and a good deal of clothing, and furniture, part of which belonged to people that had left it on their way to Kentucky. The Indians loaded themselves with plunder, being 13 in number, then speedily made off, and continued traveling all night; next morning their chief allotted to each man his share an detached nine of a party to steal horses from the inhabitants of Clinch.

The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's captivity, the four Indians that had her in charge, stopped at a place fixed upon for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions. Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian Towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was graining a deer skin, the captive pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution and went to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had remained besmeared since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He told her in the English tongue "go along"; she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he very busy. She, after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and traveled until late in the evening, when she came down into the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing with hunger in uninhabitated parts. On coming across the valley to the riverside, supposed to be the easterly branch of Kentucky River, she observed in the sand tracks of two men, that had gone up the river, and just returned. She concluded these to have been her pursuers which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine providence for so timeous a deliverance. Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of any clothing, also knowing that a vast track of rugged high mountain intervened, between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly, and the distance of the Kentucky settlements unknown, and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the

woods, excited painful sensations. But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed preferable rather than to be in the power of beings, who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed heaven for protection, and taking courage, proceeded onward.

After traveling three days, she had nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, concealed herself among the cane, until the enemy had passed. This giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwards and forwards for several days; at length, she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was Sandy River, she accordingly resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlement. After proceeding up the same several days, she came to where the river runs through the great Laurel mountain, [3] where is a prodigious waterfall, and numerous high craggy clifts along the water edge; that may seem impassable, the mountain steep and difficult. However, our mournful traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for some time, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the foot of the mountain and the river side; after getting into a deep gulley, and passing over several high steep rocks, she reached the river side, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over of 15 or 20 feet high, formed the bank. Here a solemn pause took place; she essayed to return, but the height of the steeps and rocks she had descended over, prevented her. She then returned to the edge of the precipice, and viewed the bottom of it, as the certain spot to end all her troubles, or remain away to pine away with hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. After serious meditation, and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height, and accordingly jumped off. Although the place where she had to alight was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone was broken; but, being exceedingly stunned with the fall, she remained unable to proceed for some space of time. The dry season caused the river to be shallow - she traveled in it, and where she could, by its edge, until she got through the mountain, which she concluded was several miles. After this, as she was travelling along the bank of the river, a venomous snake bit her on the ankle; she had strength to kill it, and knowing its kind, concluded that death must soon overtake her. By this time, Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton with fatigue, hunger and grief; probably this state of her body was the means of preserving her from the effects of the poison; be that as it may, so it was that very little pain succeeded the bite, and what little swelling there was, it fell into her feet. Our wanderer now left the

river, and, after proceeding a good distance, she came to where the valley parted into two, each leading a different course. Here a painful suspense took place; a forlorn creature almost exhausted, and certain, if she was far led out of the way, she would never see a human creature. During this soliloquy, a beautiful bird [(1)] passed close by her, fluttering along the ground, and went out of sight up one of the valleys. This drew her attention, and, whilst considering what it might mean, another bird of the same appearance in like manner fluttered past her, and took the same valley the other had done. This determined her choice of the way; in two days, which was the 11th day of August, she reached the settlement on Clinch, called new Garden; whereas (she is since informed by woodmen) had she taken the other valley, it would have led her back towards the Ohio. Mrs. Scott relates that the Indians told her that the party was composed of four different nations, two of whom she thinks they named Delawares and Mingoes.

She further relates that, during her wandering, from the tenth of July to the eleventh of August, she had no other subsistence but chewing and swallowing the juice of young cane stalks, sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know the names of; that, on her journey, she saw Buffaloes, Elks, Deer, and frequently Bears and Wolves; not one of which although some passed very near her, offered to do her the least harm. One day a Bear came near her, with a young fawn in his mouth, and on discovering her, he dropped his prey and ran off. Hunger prompted her to go and take the flesh and eat it; but, on reflection, she desisted, thinking that the Bear might return and devour her; besides she had an aversion to taste raw flesh. Mrs. Scott continues in a law state of health, and remains inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the cruel death of her little daughter.

The Alderman Library has a small booklet, 3 ½" x 3" of 14 pages with title, "A Remarkable Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of Mrs. Frances Scott, an Inhabitant of Washington County, Virginia," printed at Newburyport about 1800 that seems to be a reprint of the account that appeared in the Freeman's Journal under date of December 14, 1785. This is one of the many reprints listed by Mr. Vail.

Rev. Francis Asbury's Journal, Vol. II, pages 251-253:

Monday, May 9, 1796. I hobbled over the ridge, through the capital part of Russell County, sixteen miles to B-----'s; (Bickleys) these people have lived in peace ever since the death of Ben(ge), the half-blooded Indian warrior, who was shot through the head while carrying off two women. He was a dreadful wicked wretch, who by report may have been the agent of death to nearly one hundred people in the wilderness,

and in Russell. Here I preached to a few insensible people; and had time to read, write, and sleep in quiet. Yesterday our prayers were requested on behalf of F. D------- (Fanny Dickenson). This day in the evening brother K-----(Kobler) was called upon to perform her funeral solemities. Perhaps she had been as great a female sufferer as I have heard of. The following account, in substance, was taken from her own mouth, some time ago, by J. Kobler, who performed her funeral rites.

Her maiden name was Dickenson. She was married to a Mr. Scott, and lived in Powell's Valley; at which time the Indians were very troublesome, often killing and plundering the inhabitants. On a certain evening, her husband and children being in bed, eight or nine Indians rushed into the house; her husband being alarmed, started up, when all that had guns, fired at him. Although he was badly wounded, he broke through them all, and got out of the house; several of them closely pursued him, and put an end to his life; they then murdered and scalped all her children before her eyes, plundered her house, and took her prisoner. The remainder of the night they spent around a fire in the woods, drinking, shouting, and dancing. The next day they divided the plunder, with great equality; amongst the rest of the goods was one of Mr. Wesley's hymn books; she asked them for it, and they gave it to her, but when they saw her reading often therein, they were displeased, called her a conjurer, and took it from her. After this they travelled several days' journey toward the Indian towns; but, said she, my grief was so great, I could hardly believe my situation was a reality, but thought I dreamed. To aggravate my grief, one of the Indians hung my husband's and children's scalps to his back, and would walk the next before me. In walking up and down the hills and mountains, I was worn out with fatigue and sorrow, they would often laugh when they saw me almost spent, and mimic my panting for breath. There was one Indian who was more humane than the rest; he would get me water, and make the others stop when I wanted to rest; thus they carried me on eleven days' journey, until they were all greatly distressed with hunger; then they committed me to the care of an old Indian at the cap, while they went off a hunting.

Whilst the old man was busily employed in dressing a deer skin, I walked backward and forward through the woods, until I observed he took no notice of me; I then slipped off, and ran a considerable distance and came to a canebrake, where I hid myself very securely. Through most of the night I heard the Indians searching for me, and answering each other with a voice like that of an owl. Thus was I left alone in the savage wilderness, far from any inhabitants, without a morsel of food, or

any friend to help, but the common Saviour and friend of all; to Him I poured out my complaint in fervent prayer that he would not forsake me in this distressing circumstance. I then set out the course I thought Kentucky lay, though with very little expectation of seeing a human face again, except that of the savages; whom I looked upon so as many friends from the bottomless pit; and my greatest dread was that of meeting some of them whilst wandering in the wilderness.

One day as I was travelling, I heard a loud human voice, and, a prodigious noise, like horses running; I ran into a safe place and hid myself, and saw a company of Indians pass by, furiously driving a gang of horses which they had stolen from the white people. I had nothing to subsist upon but roots, young grave-vines, sweet cane, and such like produce of the woods. I accidentally came where a bear was eating a deer, and drew near in hopes of getting some, but he growled and looked angry; so I left him, and quickly passed on. At night when I lay down to rest, I never slept, but I dreamed of eating. In my lonesome travels, I came to a very large shelving rock, under which was a fine bed of leaves; I crept in among them, and determined there to end my days of sorrow. I lay there several hours until my bones ached in so distressing a manner that I was obliged to stir again. I then thought of, and wished for home; and travelled on several days, till I came where Cumberland River breaks through the mountain.

I went down the cliffs a considerable distance, until I was affrighted, and made an attempt to go back, but found the place down which I had gone so steep that I could not return. I then saw but one way that I could go, which was a considerable perpendicular distance down to the bank of the river. I took hold of the top of a little bush, and for a half an hour prayed fervently to God for assistance; I then let myself down by the little bush until it broke, and I went with great violence down to the bottom. This was early in the morning, and I lay there a considerable time with a determination to go no farther. About ten o'clock I grew so thirsty that I concluded to crawl to the water and drink, after which I found I could walk. The place I came through, as I have been since informed, is only two miles, and I was four days in getting through it. I travelled on until I came to a little path, one end of which led to the inhabitants, and the other to the wilderness; I knew not which end of the path to take - after standing and praying to the Lord for direction, I turned to take the end that led to the wilderness; immediately there came a little bird of a dove color near to my feet, and fluttered along the path that led to the inhabitants. I did not observe this much at first, until it did it a second or third time; I then understood this as a direction of

Providence, and took the path which led to the inhabitants. Immediately after her safe arrival, she embraced religion, and lived and died an humble follower of Christ.

The Alderman Library of the University of Virginia has two sets of the Journal of Francis Asbury, one set of three volumes and another set in six volumes, both being identical in content. The account of Mrs. Scott appears on pages 251-253 of the second volume and of the three volume edition and on pages 251-253 of volume four of the six volume edition.

To the four versions mentioned in the foregoing might be added a fifth version - that of Lt. Col. William Martin, by a letter written to Dr. Lyman C. Draper on July 7, 1842. (5) William Martin was a son of Col. Joseph Martin, builder of Martin's Station in Powell Valley, and at the time of the slaying of the Scotts he was a young man around 25 years of age and was living at his father's station in Powell Valley. In this letter Martin states:

"...Among the families settled as above were those of Archibald Scott, a man of more than ordinary considerations in those regions, and _____ Ball, (6) who had settled together about midway between Clinch and the Station (Martin's). With these families, especially Scott's, I became intimate in traveling back and forthward. At length, I had been to Clinch on business, returning in company with William Hord, my mate, a term then used among us for intimates. We called at Scott's and got refreshments. This was in the month of June, 1785. Some four or five days after this the Indians killed Scott, and all his family, except his wife. Her they took prisoner. She finally escaped and returned. I saw her soon after, and she gave me the following narrative, viz: 'One night, just after dark, her husband and children having gone to bed, she, being up, and the door open, the Indians jumped into the house, the first notice they had, and shot and killed her husband as he arose from his bed, and then dispatched the children. In the meantime, one fellow laid hold on her and protected her against the violence of the others. They then rifled the house of such things they thought proper to take, and among others, her saddle.

The other family, Balls, defended themselves and were not injured..."

None of the past writers mention the name of the Ball boy who was slain at the time of this tragedy.

Some years after the death of Archibald Scott, his widow, Fanny, was married to Thomas Johnston, the same for whom that county in Tennessee was named, and reared a family, names and number not

known to this writer.

(1) Washington Co., VA Survey Entry Book [2] Draper Mss 5 XX 2 [3] The Breaks of the Cumberland, now the Breaks Interstate Park, on the Virginia-Kentucky State line. [4] I have found this "fluttering bird" bit of folklore has crept into several of the Indian escape stores, and it is amusing that a human desires to endow a creature of less intelligence with a greater knowledge than they themselves possess. [5] Draper MSS 3 XX 41-2. [6] This was perhaps the John Ball family, as John settled in Lee Co., and both he, and his son, John, Jr., bought items at the sale of the effects of Scott during the settlement of his estate. (Washington Co., VA Court Records)

69. Masscare of Captain James Moore and His Family in Abbs Valley

Captain James Moore moved from Rockbridge Co., VA, to Abbs Valley in Tazewell Co., with his family in 1772. Prior to the massacre of his family his young son James Moore, Jr., had been taken captive by the Indians in 1784, and had not returned from captivity when the family wre so brutally massacred.

James Moore, was appointed a Lieutenant of Militia for Mongomery Co., on February 26, 1777, had a Captain of Militia on August 4, 1778. William Davidson says in his Revolutionary War Pension claim filed in Tazewell Co., VA, that James Moore was commander at Davidson's Fort on Bluestone from 1777 until slain by the Indians. The Montgomery Co. Court, August 23, 1786, "George Peery appointed Captain in place of James Moore, deceased." The court on August 22, 1786, appointed Joseph Moore as Administrator of the estate of James Moore, deceased, with Andrew Moore, David Sayer, James Simpson and James Coulter, as his securities. On the same date, and with the same men as security he was also appointed Administrator of the estate of John Simpson, deceased.

Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Montgomery Co., wrote to Governor Patrick Henry, on July 21, 1786, [1] saying:

I am sorry to inform your Excellency that on the 14th instant, a party of Indians supposed to be about 40 or 50 in number, came to the house of Captain James Moore on Bluestone, in this county, and killed himself, and his whole family, eleven in number, and carried off his whole stock, which was very valuable. They likewise burned the house and fencing, and left several war clubs and arrows, and to all appurtenances are for continuing hostilities.

Another letter written by Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, to the Governor, dated August 12, 1786, [2] states:

The late attempt of the Indians on Bluestone, when destroying Captain Moore's family (which I expect you have been informed of), from the best account I can get, was the Cherokees, and not exceeding 10 or 12 in number. Upon receiving report of it, I issued orders to send

out spys, three pair, one for the upper part of the county; one for the center, and one for the lower end. The two in the center, that went from Castlewoods, discovered a trace of moccasin tracks and horses that had sometime before traveled along the top of Cumberland mountain. They reported they followed them about 10 miles, still on the Cumberland mountain. They say the Indians, as they suspect them to be, had about 7 or 8 horses, and 4 or 5 on foot. It is assumed that they are the same that was at Moore's on Bluestone, as it appears that is the number of horses taken from there at that time.

Pendleton's, History of Tazewell County, page 451, states:

In July, 1786, a party of 47 Indians of the Shawnee tribe, again entered Abb's Valley. Captain James Moore kept 5 or 6 loaded guns in his house, which was a strong log building, and hoped, by the assistance of his wife, (Elizabeth) who was very active in loading a gun, together with Simpson, a man who lived with him, to be able to repel the attack of a small party of Indians. Relying on his prowess, he had not sought refuge in a fort; as many of the settlers had; a fact of which the Indians seem to have been aware, from their cutting out of the tongues of his horses and cattle, and partially skinning them. It seems they were afraid to attack him openly, and sought rather to drive him to the fort, that they might sack his house.

On the morning of the attack, Captain Moore, was at a lick bog, a short distance from his house, salting his horses, of which he had many. William Clark and an Irishman were reaping wheat in front of the house. Mrs. Moore and the family were engaged int he ordinary business of housework. A man, named Simpson, was sick upstairs.

The two men, who were in the field, at work, saw the Indians coming at full speed, down the hill, toward Captain Moore's who had ere this time discovered this and started in a run for the house. He was, however, shot through the body and died immediately. Two of his children, William and Rebecca, who were returning from the spring, were killed about the same time. The Indians had not approached near the house and were met by two fierce dogs, which fought manfully to protect the family of their master. After a severe contest, the fiercest one was killed, and the other subdued.

The two men who were reaping, hearing the alarm, and seeing the house surrounded, fled, and alarmed the settlement. At that time the nearest family was distant six miles. As soon as the alarm was given, Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans (who was living in the family), barred the door, but this to no avail. There was no man in the house, at this time

except John Simpson, the old Englishman, already alluded to, and he was in the loft, sick and in bed. There were five or six guns in the house, but having been shot off the evening before, they were empty. It was intended to have loaded them after breakfast. Martha Evans took two of them and went upstairs where Simpson was and handing them to him, told him to shoot. He looked up, but had been shot in the head through a crack, and was then near his end.

The Indians then proceeded to cut down the door, which they soon effected. During this time, Martha Evans went to the far end of the house, lifted up a loose plank, and went under the floor, and requested (Mary) Polly Moore (then 8 years old) who had the youngest child, called Margaret, in her arms, (which was crying), to set the child down, and come under. Polly looked at the child, clasped it to her breast, and determined to share its fate. The Indians having broken into the house, took Mrs. Moore and her children, viz: John, Jane, Polly and Peggy (Margaret) prisoners, and having taken everything that suited them, they set it and other buildings on fire, and went away.

Martha Evans remained under the floor a short time, and then came out and hid herself under a log that lay across a branch, not far from the house. The Indians, having tarried a short time, with a view of catching horses, one of them walked across this log, sat down on the end of it, and began to fix his gun lock. Miss Evans, supposing that she was discovered, and that he was preparing to shoot her, came out and gave up. At this he seemed much pleased. They then set out for their towns.

Perceiving that John Moore was a boy weak in body and mind, and unable to travel, they killed him the first day. The baby they took two or three days, but it being fretful, on account of a wound it had received, they dashed its brains out against a tree. They then moved on with haste to their towns. For sometime, it was usual to tie, very securely, each of the prisoners at night, and for a warrior to lie beside each of them, with tomahawk in hand, so that in case of pursuit, the prisoners might be speedily dispatched.

Shortly after they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane, about 16 years old, were put to death, being burned and tortured at the stake. This lasted sometime, during which time she manifested the utmost christian fortitude, and bore it without a murmur, at intervals conversing with her daughter Polly, and Martha Evans, and expressing great anxiety for the moment to arrive when her soul should wing its way to the bosom of the Saviour. At length an old squaw, more humane than the rest, dispatched her with a tomahawk.

Polly Moore and Martha Evans eventually reached home, as described, in the narrative of James Moore.

It is said that Mrs. Moore had her body stuck full of light wood splinters which were fired, and she was thus tortured three days, before she died.

James Moore's first home was near Natural Bridge in Rockingham Co. (VA). His wife was Elizabeth Poage, and his eldest sister married Major Alexander Stuart of Rockbridge. His cousin, Samuel Walker visited Southwest Virginia, and from his glowing reports, Captain Moore, moved with his family to Abbs Valley.

Martha Evans and Mary (Polly) Moore were ransomed in 1787, by Thomas Evans, brother of Martha. Mary Moore married Rev. Samuel Brown of Rockbridge Co.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 159. (2) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 163.

70. Dial and Thomas Killed In Tazewell

Benjamin Thomas settled in the year 1773, near the forks of Clinch River, in what is now Tazewell Co., VA, and was a near neighbor to Captain Robert Moffett whose two sons were captured by the Indians in 1782.

Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, page 459, states:

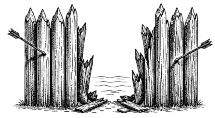
On April 11, 1786, two men were killed by Indians within half a mile of William Wynn's Fort at Locust Hill, and near the forks of the Clinch, about one and a half mile east of Tazewell.

Matthias Harman and Benjamin Thomas were returning from a scouting expedition, as there were reports current the Indians were prowling around the neighborhood. The scouts stopped at John Peery's near where a man of the name of Dial was living. Dial, it is said, had liquor for sale, and he, and Thomas and Harman imbibed so freely that they became intoxicated. Harman and Thomas had come from their scouting expedition very hungry, and they requested Mrs. Dial to prepare dinner for them. Dial and Thomas started to the woods to get the fuel, and when they got to the end of the lane, about two hundred yards from the house, they were fired upon by six or seven Indians, who had been lying in ambush. Three balls entered Dial's body, but he was able to run to his house, pursued by one of the Indians, who was anxious to kill and scalp him. When they got near the house, the Indian saw other men there and he ran swiftly back to his companions. Dial fell against the chimney corner from exhaustion and died in a few hours from his wounds. Only one of the Indians shot at Thomas and he was so close that Thomas struck the gun up when it was fired. The ball struck an oak tree several feet above Thomas' head. He was knocked down by a war club by one of the Indians, and was scalped and left for dead. Harman, a son of old Henry Harman, ran out of the house, mounted his horse and pursued the Indians for some distance. He dared them to stop and fight, but they were too near Wynn's Fort to accept the challenge, and made their escape as rapidly as possible.

Thomas was supposed by Harman to be dead, and was left where he had fallen until the next morning, when he was found by the kind old Quaker, William Wynn. Thomas was taken to Wynn's Fort and every

effort was made to save his life, but he died after lingering several days.

Additional Information has been submitted by Dorsey Jude, Jr. regarding this incident. from the book "Archives of the Pioneers of Tazewell County, Virginia" by Netti Schreiner-Yantis page 83, Tazewell County Order Book No. 1, October 1807: "(271) It is ordered to be certified to the Register of the Land Office that Polly Dials is the youngest child of Andrew Dials, Dec'd. and that she is now 21 years of age and that the said Andrew Dials was killed by the Indians in the year 1787."



71. Unnamed Killings on Clinch and Holston Rivers

Francis Preston writing to Governor Edmund Randolph, on April 23, 1787, states:

...On Saturday last, there was a family murdered on Clinch of 13 or 14...(Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 272.)

I have not been able to connect the above killing with any known family who were murdered on the waters of Clinch River at this date.

Col. Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Montgomery Co., wrote to the Governor on June 11, 1787, stating:

The Indians continue their hostilities against the frontier of Montgomery County, and have killed 5 persons in the course of the spring, to-wit: 2 men, and 3 women. (Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 295.) At the above date Tazewell Co., VA, was within the bounds of Montgomery Co.

72. The Sugar Hill Massacre

John English settled on what is now known as "Sugar Hill" overlooking the town of St. Paul, VA, in the year 1772, the first known person to make a home in the present bounds of Wise Co., VA.

English's home was attacked by the Indians on Christmas day 1782, but apparently none of the family were killed. Outside of this event he seems to have lived a peaceable life until tragedy struck him some fifteen years after he had established his home on the North side of Clinch River. In his Revolutionary War pension claim filed in Floyd Co., KY, James Fraley says that the Indians killed Molly (Mary) English, and her two little boys, which he does not name. His statement is borne out by a letter written by Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell, to Governor Edmund Randolph, on March 26, 1787, [(1)] in which he tells the Governor: That on the 8th day of the present month (March), the Indians made an attempt on Cassells Woods, on Clinch, and killed a woman and two children, and made their escape in such a manner that they could not follow with any certainty.

Again on May 19, 1787, [(2)] Barnett wrote to the Governor saying:

No invasion of the savages since that of the 8th of March last, an account of which has been given. The last information is that John Inglishe's family, killed in Cassells Woods, on Clinch, in March last were scalped, and that their scalps were carried into one of the towns on Highwascy (Hiwassee).

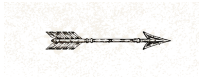
On the 17th of March 1787, [(3)] Col. Arthur Campbell writing to the Governor mentions this same incident, but gives the date as 9th of March. He says:

On the 9th instant the Indians killed three [(3)] persons in a settlement called Cassell's Woods, near Clinch River. The enemy appeared to be few in number and went off in great haste, without attempting to carry off horses or other kinds of booty.

Very little is known of the personal life or connections of John English. The name, in early records, is variantly spelled English, Inglish, Inglis and Ingles. It is probable that this John English or Ingles may have been a brother of Capt. Thomas Ingles whose family were taken out of Burke's Garden in 1782, since this Thomas had a brother John.

John English, himself was dead prior to August 22, 1797, the date of probation of his will in Russell Co., VA. He had a daughter, Mary, who had married Jessee Fraley. Mary English Fraley was dead circa 1794, [4] and her husband, Jessee Fraley died in June, 1801 [5] They left at least two children, James and Jessee Fraley, Jr., who were "bound out" to their Uncle James Fraley, in October, 1802. [6]

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 262. [2] Ibid, page 288 [3] Ibid, page 257 [4] Will Book 2, page 15, Russell Co., VA [5] Court Order Book 3, page 148, Russell Co., VA [6] Court Order Book 3, page 230, Russell Co., VA



73. John Carter's Family Killed on Clinch

John Carter, a brother of the Dale Carter, who was killed at Blackmore's Fort in 1774, had settled on a 400 acre tract of land on the northwest side of Clinch River, about 4 miles below Blackmore's Fort, in Scott Co., in the year 1773. He had married a daughter of Joseph Blackmore and had seven children.

On August 27, 1787, Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, wrote the following to the Governor [(1)]:

That on July 9th last, the Indians had attacked the frontier, this time killing the wife of John Carter and six of his children, and at the same time plundering and setting fire to his house, thus reducing the bodies of his wife and children to ashes.

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 99, says:

In a short time after moving to his farm, having planted his crop, and completing such other preparations as were necessary to move back to the fort, he went out one morning to listen for his horses and cattle, which had bells on, intending to collect them up prior to moving back to Fort Blackmore on the next day. This was locust year, and he went out early in order to collect his stock before the locust began their noises. He had proceeded about sixty yards from his house when he heard his wife cry out, "Oh John". Turning he saw eight or nine Indians entering his house, and at the same time they fired at him. Realizing his perilous situation, he thought it best to make his escape and go for assistance, rather than fight and exasperate the savages in an unequal contest. Hastening to the fort, he collected a company and returned to his house, which he found in flames. With some poles, his companions succeeded in pulling out of the burning coals the charred remains of his wife and six children, which they buried. When they had done this, they heard a plaintive groaning a little ways from the house, in the weeds and grass. They went to the place from whence the sounds came and found his little daughter, about ten years of age, with an awful gash across her abdomen and her entrails falling out. They carried her to the river and washed her, but she died before they finished. (Judge Wood and Peter Honeycutt's Letter, Draper MSS 4 C 27)

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 335.

Note: The following is submitted by Margie Brown as rebuttal to the often made claim that John Carter was a son of Charles & Lucy Carter of Amherst Co., VA.

One of the more tragic incidents in early Southwestern Virginia history was the death of Elizabeth Carter and her six children, by Indians in 1787. Her husband John Carter survived her and his will was filed in Russell Co., VA in 1803. This John and Elizabeth Carter have been misidentified by previous writers. In Dr. Miller's "Thomas Carter of Barford " genealogy, in "Lee County families," in an early "Blakemore Genealogy" and in Mr. Addington's "History of Scott County", all have identified John Carter as the son of Charles Sr. and Lucy Carter of Amherst County and Elizabeth, John's wife, as a Miss Blakemore. However, court documents from Sumner and Smith counties, Tennessee, prove otherwise.

My intent is to present court documentation, showing that Elizabeth Carter was the daughter of Charles Sr. and Lucy Carter of Amherst, and a step daughter of Captain John Blakemore. The above mentioned John Carter died in 1803 and his Will is of record in Russell County [Will Book 2 page 54]. His executor was.... Dale Carter son of Norris Carter.... John seemed to bequeathe his entire estate to his sister Sarah Pennington/Pendleton, but overlooked has been the fact that he left his slaves and other perishable estate unaccounted for. Other instruments show that John died 1803 in Smith County, Tennessee, and his estate was not finally settled until 1809 [Smith Co Will bk page 236, dated 1808, Russell Will Book 2, page 181 dated 1809.] There are other references to this estate in Russell County and Lee County court books between John Carter's death and the final settlement in 1809. In Russell Co. Will Book 2, page 137 is a sale and release to Matthew Moss and Wilson Cage of Smith Co., TN by Joseph Carter HEIR at LAW of John Carter, late of Smith County, TN., all his part and interest in the estate of John Carter. In Lee County, VA Deed Bk 2, page 192, a Charles Carter HEIR at LAW of Thomas Carter, who was a brother of John Carter, late of Smith Co, TN. makes another sale and release, again to Moss and Cage, as above. In Sumner County, TN., North Carolina Grant Bk 1 page 541, are the some other heirs at law of Thomas Carter: Morgan Carter, Joseph Carter, James Taylor and Elizabeth Carter, releasing their right to John Carter's estate to Moss and Cage. [see also Wythe Co., VA Superior Chancery Court suit dated 1828 Brickey vs Jones for all the children of Thomas Carter, as well as the will of Thomas Carter, who died 05 Oct 1803 and whos will was filed in Russell Co., VA 25 Oct 1803.]

I am going to cite further two Chancery Court suits out of Tennessee, the first is Sumner Co, TN suit # 9918, and second Mary Carter vs Dale Carter and others January Term 1832 Smith County, TN.

#9918: A certified copy of the Will of Charles Carter Sr. of Amherst Co, VA. Copy dated 19 July 1804 is presented in Sumner Co, Tn court. Charles Sr. died in 1766 in Amherst, and a careful reading of the terms of his Will are important. This Will names his five children and his widow Lucy Carter, and the slaves given to each:

1. son Dale Carter, one boy named Bob and one woman named Moll.
2. daughter Susanna, one man named Tom and one woman Judy.
3. daughter ELIZABETH one boy named Tom and one woman named Sal.
4. son Charles one boy named George and woman named Poll.
5. son John one boy named Saney (?) and girl named Rachel.

"If any of my said mentioned children should die without any lawful heirs begotten by their bodies, the negroes SHALL RETURN AND THEIR INCREASE and be equally divided amongst the rest."

Charles Sr. leaves nine other slaves and their increase to be equally divided amongst his said children but leaves his whole estate to his wife Lucy Carter DURING HER LIFETIME.

November term 1805 Sumner Co., TN: Charles Carter ags Dale Carter exc'r of John Carter dec'd. Def sued on a bond for L95 [pounds] given to John Carter long ago. given for a negro Charles, now in the possession of Elmore Douglas, claimed by John Carter as the property of his wife, Sister of Chas. Carter. Deft thinks, Sal, mother of Charles as property left by will to mother for life, but left to Elizabeth who married Jno. Carter. And if she died without any lawful heirs begotten of her body the said negroes should return & her increase and be equally divided among the rest. John Carter's wife died 18 years ago [1787]. Mother eight years ago [1797]. Jno. Carter's wife and children died together. [Note: The above reference to Sal, mother of Charles, is a reference to the slave who was left by Charles Carter, Sr. to his daughter Elizabeth by his will of 1766. See the reference to Charles Carters will above.]

Smith Co Court Suit, TN State Archives listed as film #262 Box 15 file 779 and a portion misfiled in file 778:

Charles Carter Jr., the maker of the above instrument was the son of Charles Sr. and Lucy Carter of Amherst Co., VA and a step son of

Captain John Blakemore of Blackmore's Fort. Charles Carter Jr. was born in December of 1760 in Virginia and died 01 January 1830 in Smith Co., TN. In 1779 Charles Carter Jr. married Mary Stanton the daughter of Richard and Charity Stanton. In 1779 he received land in [now] Sumner Co, Tn and settled on that land, known as Station Camp Creek by 1783. He had 7 children by Mary before abandoning her and moving to Jackson Co., TN with Mary Stanton's sister Milinda Stanton and had 7 children by her, Millie dying in 1820. After the death of Milly he made a marriage with a Rebecca Pearson, later Rebecca Stypes, with whom he had 2 more children. At Charles Carter Jr's. death Mary Stanton Carter, his only legitimate wife, returned from Livingston Co. KY. and claimed dower rights in the deceased Charles Carter Jr's. estate. Mary did prevail, and the lengthy lawsuit reinforces that Old Mrs. Blakemore's estate was divided into three lots and that Charles Carter Jr's. sister Elizabeth was killed by Indians in 1787.

The testimony of Robert McKinley: "Upon reflection witness says as to the death of John Carter's wife and children. He now recollects that Charles Carter Jr. stated the woman was killed and burnt up in the house by the Indians. When the white people got to the place the child was alive, hidinq in the corner of the fence with its bowels cut out and dyed on the same day after the mother was killed and burnt by the Indians." Mrs. Blakemore had died in 1797, and the above answer was in response as to why Charles Carter Jr. had given up a portion of the slaves left by Mrs. Blakemore. Mrs. Blakemore had moved on the Station Camp Creek land in October of 1794 and her husband John Blakemore remained in Davidson County, TN. The solution to the true heirs of Charles Sr. [of Amherst] and Lucy Carter are implied throughout this suit.

The heirs at law of the John Carter who died in Smith Co, Tn in 1803 but whose Will is filed in Russell Co. VA are all proven descendants of Peter and Judith Norris Carter out of Fauquier Co, VA. At least one of the children of Dale Carter who was killed at Blakemore's Fort in 1774, also appears to have claimed a portion of John Carter's estate. [Russell Co DBK 7 p. 131] showing a probability that this Dale was the son of Peter and Judith Norris Carter and not the son of Charles Sr. and Lucy Carter as has been claimed.

At Charles Carter Sr's. death in 1766 in Amherst Co. VA., he names five children. One daughter Susanna died and left a will in Washington Co., VA 15 January 1781. Elizabeth, as shown above, died in 1787, leaving Dale, John and Charles as the other children named. In 1797, the year of the death of Lucy Carter Blakemore, John Carter of Russell Co., VA. was

appointed administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Carter [Russell Co. Law order Book 2 pg 379]. It would seem that under the laws of inheritance, Elizabeth had no estate until the death of her mother, and that estate would have passed to the 10 year old daughter who survived her mother by a few hours, and then to the child's father John Carter.

John Carter the younger, son of Charles Carter Sr., and brother to Charles Carter Jr. could not have been buying or selling land in Southwest Virginia prior to circa 1782, when he would likely have reached his majority, having been born after December 1760 and before the death of his father in 1766. If John and Lucy "Carter" Blakemore left the Clinch in 1779, it would be unusual to leave behind her youngest son, who was under the age of 20.

The Dale Carter killed by the Indians at Blackmore's Fort in 1774 has also been misidentified as another son of Charles Sr. and Lucy Carter. The administrator of Dale Carter's estate was identified as his brother Thomas Carter. Thomas Carter was a son of Peter and Judith Carter [Wash. Co., WBK 1 p 25], who has also previously been identified as a brother of the John Carter who died in 1803. Further, upon the death of Lucy Carter Blakemore in 1797, as stated above, the estate of Charles Carter, Sr. was divided into three lots. We know that Susannah left a will in Washington Co., VA in 1781 and that Elizabeth was killed by indians in 1787 leaving Dale, Charles Jr. & John Carter as the living heirs of Charles Carter Sr. All this means that the Dale Carter killed by indians in 1774 couldn't have been the son of Charles Sr. & Lucy Carter.

I would like to thank David Johnson a descendant of Charles Carter, Jr. and Mary Stanton Carter for sharing the finding of the misfiled portion of the Smith Co. lawsuit in box 778 and the birthdate of Charles Carter Jr. in a deposition filed in another Smith Co. suit. Other records that Carter researchers should look at: [Fincastle Co. VA. Loyal Land Grants, pgs. 82, 83 & 85. Lee Co., VA DBK 1 p 83. Montgomery Co., VA Survey Bk A pg. 72. Washington Co., VA Survey BK 1 p 151] All Carter discussion would be better directed to David Johnson. Carter researchers need to rework this line, as the previous reports on this family are apparently incorrect.

See Also the story about Dale Carter Killed at Blackmore's Fort.

Submitted by Margie Brown with the helpful sharing of David Johnson on 04 Aug 2002.

74. Two Carter Boys Taken From Rye Cove

Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, wrote Governor Edmund Randolph, on May 15, 1788, (1) thusly:

On the 20th of April, a band of Indians came into the Rye Cove settlement and carried off three (3) boys, two of the name of Carter, and a Negro boy belonging to those of the same name, but did not kill anyone in the settlement. Immediately upon this he ordered out men from three companies, under the command of Ensign Blackmore. A man named Henry Hamlin, living in the Cove, and much attached to the crown of Brittain, during the contest, (Revolution) induced the Rangers to go back telling them the people wanted men to be stationed instead of them.

In a letter written by Barnett to the Governor on May 20, 1789, (2) he states that the Carter boys were returned to their father through the friendly offices of Governor Simcoe, of South Carolina, but makes no mention of the Negro boy being released. The Carter boys had evidently been taken by the Cherokees.

The two Carter boys who were taken were Morgan and Elijah, and are said to have been the sons of Thomas Carter, the builder of Carter's Fort in Rye Cove. (I. C. Coley, Genealogy of the Carters of Scott County.)

Col. Joseph Martin, writing to Governor Edmund Randolph, on the 17th of April, 1788, states:

Enclosing copies of letters showing the alarmed state of the frontiers of Washington, Russell and Hawkins counties, and indeed throughout the whole of Western North Carolina and what had been known as (the state of) Franklin, on account of incursions of the savages. Along the Holston, and Clinch, in Powell's Valley and other places, the inhabitants were ready to leave the country. He, himself had sold his Station in the latter, and although, through his influence with the Indians, they had not killed a man, woman, or child, within the Virginia line for several years past. Unless something is now done, they will make a strike upon the settlements. He is on his way to the Cherokee Nation, and will exert his powers with them to prevent their threatened attack.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 442. (2) Ibid, Vol. V, page 4-5

75. Killing of Ambrose Fletcher's Wife and Children

John Redd, who came to Powell Valley with Col. Joseph Martin in 1775, in his narrative in the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, tells the following story:

In 1776, when the Cherokee Indians declared war, most of the extreme settlers broke up, and most of them came to the settlements. A man by the name of Ambrose Fletcher, who settled in Martin's Station took refuge in Blackmore's fort. He had a wife and two children. After he remained in the fort two or three days it became so crowded that he built a cabin some thirty or forty yards back to the fort and shortly moved in his cabin.

He went out one morning at a short distance to get his horse and on his return found his wife and children murdered and scalped by the Indians.

I cannot find any confirmation to back up Redd's statement that the family of Ambrose Fletcher were killed in 1776, but do find some facts that might suggest they were killed in 1788. In a letter written by Lt. James Gibson to Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell, dated August 22, 1788. [(1)] In this letter, which is a reply by Gibson to Barnett who had questioned just what the Rangers had been doing in Powell Valley, Gibson very indignantly answers in these words:

...Of my party of four men, they could not get one load of powder for each. Not having it in our power to send to Richmond for that powder that ought to have been here so long ago, and not being taught the art of bows and arrows, we was obliged to stay at home and trust to providence, not knowing where they would strike the blow, till we heard it had unfortunately fell on Fletcher's family.

Ambrose Fletcher served in Col. Joseph Martin's company of militia at Rye Cove from 1 February to 31 of March, 1777, and was listed as one of those paid for building Fort Lee in Rye Cove, from 9th of February to 31st of March 1777. He was also listed in Captain Alexander Barnett's list of tithables in Powell Valley in 1782.

Ambrose Fletcher assigns his tract of 400 acres of land known as the "Indian Old Fields" at the foot of Cumberland Mountain in Powell Valley, on the Kentucky Road, to George Gibson on August 10, 1785. (2)

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 474-5. (2) Washington Co., VA Land Entry Book, page 330.

76. Henry Harman's Fight With the Indians

Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Militia for Montgomery Co., VA, wrote to Governor Edmund Randolph, on February 16, 1789, [(1)], saying:

I take this opportunity to write to you by Captain Sayers, who is going to Richmond on business of his own, to inform you of the state of our frontiers in this county. There has been several of our hunters from the frontier down the Sandy River forty or fifty miles below the settlement on Bluestone on the Clinch, and discovered fresh signs of several parties of Indians, one of the hunters is a brother [(2)] to Henry Harman, that had the skirmish with them late in the fall, (November 12, 1788) when he and his two sons behaved like heroes, they came immediately in, and warned the frontier settlements, and has applied to me to send out spys. They say that if there was four Scouts that they could confide in, they would endeavor to plant corn this spring, and stay the summer. Otherwise Bluestone settlement will break up, and of course the settlement on the head of Clinch will not stand long. I expect as soon as the winter breaks up, that the Indians will commit hostilities on some part of the frontiers of this county the ensuing spring, but God only knows the event. Whatever orders your Excellency and shall be punctually obeyed.

This family of Harmans were of German origin, Adam Heinrich Hermann emigrating to America in 1726, with a brief stop over the Isle of Man, where Henry Harman of this sketch was born. [(3)] Seven Harman brothers emigrated from Germany together, Jacob, Valentine, Mathias, George, Daniel, John, and Heinrich Adam. They first stopped off in Pennsylvania, then emigrated to the Shenandoah Valley and some on into North Carolina. At least three of these brothers settled in Southwest Virginia, namely, Heinrich Adam, Valentin and Jacob. They were living in the New River German settlement, the first settlement ever made west of the Alleghenies on the "Western Waters", and were living there prior to 1745. In 1749 Moravian Missionaries conducted the first recorded religious services in Southwest Virginia in the home of Jacob Harman, and Dr. Thomas Walker mentions stopping at the home of Harman on his memorable exploration trip in 1750. Of these three brothers, Valentine and Jacob were both killed by Indians on New River.

Valentine was killed on Sinking Creek in what is now Giles Co., VA. In a land suit filed in the High Court of Chancery in Augusta Co., on the 23rd of July, 1807, Taylor vs Harman, [4] Mathias Harman, nephew of the slain Valentine, says: Valentine was killed by the Indians on New River and at the same time his (Mathias') brother, Daniel Harman and Andrew Moser were taken prisoner. Daniel made his escape, but Andrew was held prisoner.

On the 30th of June, 1808, Daniel Harman, deposes, in the same land suit, saying: In 1757, Valentine was killed in my presence less than a foot away from me, and I was taken prisoner. Valentine Harman, who was slain left a widow Mary Harman, but no children.

Jacob Harman lived on Neck Creek in what is now Pulaski Co., VA, on what is known as Spring Dale Farm. In 1757, he, his wife, and one of his sons were murdered by the Indians.

The Harmans of this sketch are the descendants of Heinrich Adam Hermann who emigrated from Germany, who married Louisa Katrina, October 8, 1723. Louisa Katrina died March 18, 1749. The children of this marriage were: [1] Adam Harman, the eldest, born in Germany in 1724; [2] Henry Harman born on the Isle of Man in 1726; [3] George Harman, 1727 - 1749; [4] Daniel Harman, born Pennsylvania, 1729; [5] Mathias Harman, born near Strausburg, VA, in 1736; [6] Christina Harman, who married Jeremiah Pate, and lived on Little River in Montgomery Co., VA; [7] Catherine Harman who married Ulrich Richards in Rowan Co., NC; [8] Phillipina Harman, who died in 1751; [9] Valentine Harman who settled on the upper Clinch River in 1771, and moved to Lincoln Co., KY, about 1775, and was a member of the Henderson Legislature at Boonesboro in May, 1775; [10] A daughter, name unknown, married a Mr. Looney; [11] Jacob Harman, perhaps the Jacob who settled in Tazewell Co., VA in 1771.

The sons of old Heinrich Adam Hermann, the German emigrant, became great hunters and Indian fighters. While most of them were great hunters, one in particular became one of the noted Long Hunters. It is hard to determine just which son this was, but evidence points to the youngest who was Jacob.

Henry, the second son of Heinrich Adam, owned land in North Carolina, Giles and Tazewell counties in Virginia. Sometime in the 1750s, he was married to Anna Wilborn of the Moravian settlement in North Carolina, and died at his home at "Holly Brook" on Kimberlin Creek in present day Bland Co., VA, in 1822. In 1789, he and his son, Mathias, founded Harman's Station in Kentucky. There is much

evidence in the records to prove the great prowess of the Harmans as hunters and Indian fighters. In another land suit in the High Court of Chancery of Augusta Co., Wynn vs Inglish heirs, [5] it is stated: that Henry Harman was in the habit of collecting the men and fighting the Indians. In a land dispute case filed in Augusta [6], Samuel Walker states on May 30, 1805, that he came to the head of Clinch in 1771 and met Valentine Harman. In the same suit Mathias and Daniel Harman, brothers of Henry, state that they were on the land in dispute on a hunting trip in 1760. This statement proves that the Harmans were familiar with the country at the head of Clinch and Bluestone Rivers long before they made actual settlement in the area. In the Minutes of the Court of Montgomery County for May 26, 1790, is found this entry:

Inhabitants of Bluestone ordered to show cause why they should not work on that part of the road between Rocky Gap and the head of Clinch. The following were appointed overseers of the road, among whom was Captain Henry Harman.

Details of the fight between Henry Harman and the Indians are taken from Bickley's History of Tazewell County, with the correct date added.

On the 12th of November, 1788, Henry Harman, and his two sons, George and Mathias, and George Draper left the settlement, to engage in a Bear hunt on Tug River. They were provided with pack horses, independent of those used for riding, and on which were to be brought in the game. The country in which their hunt was to take place, was penetrated by the "war-path" leading to and from the Ohio river; but as it was late in the season they did not expect to meet with Indians.

Arriving at the hunting grounds in the early part of the evening, they stopped and built their camp; a work executed generally by the old man, who might be said to be particular in having it constructed to his own taste. George and Mathias loaded, and put their guns in order, and started to the woods, to look for sign, and perchance kill a buck for the evening repast, while Draper busied himself in hobbling and caring for the horses.

In a short time, George returned with the startling intelligence of Indians! He had found a camp but a short distance from their own, in which partly consumed sticks were still burning. They could not, of course, be at any considerable distance, and might now be concealed near them, watching their every movement. George, while at the camp, had made a rapid search for sign, and found a pair of leggins, which he showed the old man. Now old Mr. Harman, was a type of frontiersman, in some things, and particularly that remarkable self-possession, which

is so often to be met with in new countries, where dangers are ever in the path of the settler. So taking a seat on the ground, he began to interrogate his son on the dimensions, appearance, etc., of the camp. When he had fully satisfied himself, he remarked, that, "there must be from five to seven Indians", and that they must pack up and hurry back to the settlements, to prevent, if possible, the Indians from doing mischief; and, said he, "if we fall in with them, we must fight them."

Mathias was immediately called in, and the horses repacked. Mr. Harman and Draper, now began to load their guns, when the old man observing Draper, laboring under what is known to hunters as the "Buck Ague", being that state of excitement, which causes excessive trembling, remarked to him, "My son, I fear you cannot fight."

The plan was now agreed upon, which was, that Mr. Harman and Draper should lead the way, the pack horses follow them, and Mathias and George bring up the rear. After they had started, Draper remarked to Mr. Harman that he would go ahead, as he could see better than Mr. Harman, and that he would keep a sharp lookout. It is highly probable that he was cogitating a plan of escape, as he had not gone far before he declared he saw the Indians, which proved not to be true. Proceeding a short distance further, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, at the same time crying out, "Yonder they are - behind that log." As a liar is not to be believed when he speaks the truth, so Mr. Draper was not believed this time. Mr. Harman rode on, while a large dog, he had with him, ran up to the log and reared himself upon it, showing no sign of the presence of Indians. At this second, a sheet of fire and smoke from the Indians' rifles, completely concealed the log from view, for Draper had really spoken the truth.

Before the smoke had cleared away, Mr. Harman and his sons were dismounted, while Draper had fled with all the speed of a swift horse. There were seven of the Indians, only four of whom had guns; the rest being armed with bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping knives. As soon as they fired, they rushed on Mr. Harman, who fell back to where his two sons stood ready to meet the Indians.

They immediately surrounded the three white men, who had formed a triangle, each man looking out, or, what would have been, with men enough a hollow square. The old gentlemen bid Mathias to reserve his fire, while himself and George fired, wounding, as it would seem, two of the Indians. George was a lame man, from having had white-swelling in his childhood, and after firing a few rounds, the Indians noticed his limping, and one who had fired at him, rushed upon him thinking him wounded. George saw the fatal tomahawk raised, and drawing back his

gun, prepared to meet it. When the Indian had got within striking distance, George let down upon his head with the gun, which brought him to the ground; he soon recovered, and made at him again, half-bent and head foremost, George sprang up and jumped across him, which brought the Indian to his knees. Feeling for his own knife, and not getting hold of it, he seized the Indians' and plunged it deep into his side. Mathias struck him on the head with a tomahawk, and finished the work with him.

Two Indians had attacked the old man with bows, and were maneuvering around him, to get clear fire at his left breast. The Harmans, to a man, wore their bullet pouches on the left side, and with this and his arm he so completely shielded his breast, that the Indians did not fire till they saw the old gentleman's gun nearly loaded again, when one fired on him, and struck his elbow near the joint, cutting one of the principal arteries. In a second more, the fearful string was heard to vibrate, and an arrow entered Mr. Harman's breast and lodged against a rib. He had by this time loaded his gun, and was raising it to his face to shoot one of the Indians, when the stream of blood from the wounded artery flew into the pan, and so soiled his gun that it was impossible to make it fire. Raising his gun, however, had the effect to drive back the Indians, who retreated to where the others stood with their guns empty.

Mathias, who had remained an almost inactive spectator, now asked permission to fire, which the old man granted. The Indian at whom he fired appeared to be the chief, and was standing under a large beech tree. At the report of the rifle, the Indian fell, throwing his tomahawk high among the limbs of the tree under which he stood.

Seeing two of their number lying dead upon the ground, and two more badly wounded, they immediately made off; passing by Draper, who had left his horse, and concealed himself behind a log.

As soon as the Indians retreated, the old man fell back on the ground exhausted and fainting from the loss of blood. The wounded arm being tied up and his face washed in cold water, soon restored him. The first words he uttered were, "We've whipped them, give me my pipe." This was furnished him, and he took a whiff, while the boys scalped one of the Indians.

When Draper saw the Indians pass him, he stealthily crept from his hiding place, and pushed on for the settlement, where he reported the whole party murdered. The people assembled and started soon the following morning to bury them; but they had not gone far before they met Mr. Harman, and his sons, in too good condition to need burying.

Upon the tree, under which the chief was killed, is roughly carved an Indian, a bow and a gun, commemorative of the fight. The arrows which were shot into Mr. Harman, are in possession of some of his descendants. David E. Johnston in his History of the Middle New River Settlements, page 96, gives a ballad which he says was composed by Captain Henry Harman, herein inserted to show the correct date and add interest to the details of this story

HARMAN'S BATTLE SONG

Come all ye bold heroes whose hearts flow with courage,
With respect pay attention to a bloody fray.
Fought by Captain Harman and valiant sons,
With the murdering Shawnees they met on the way.
The battle was fought on the twelfth of November,
Seventeen hundred and eighty-eight.
Where God of his mercy stood by those brave heroes,
Or they must have yielded to a dismal fate.
Oh! Nothing would do this bold Henry Harman,
But down to the Tug River without more delay,
With valiant sons and their noble rifles,
Intending a number of bears to slay.
They camped on Tug River with pleasing contentment,
Till the sign of blood thirsty Shawnees appears,
Then with brave resolution they quickly embark,
To cross the high mountains and warn the frontiers.
Brave Harman rode foremost with undaunted courage,
Nor left his old trail these heathen to shun;
His firm resolution was to save Bluestone,
Though he knew by their sign they were near three to one.
The first salutation the Shawnees did give them,
They saw the smoke rise from behind some old logs;
Brave Harman to fight them then quickly dismounted,
Saying, "Do you lie there, you save, murdering dogs?"
He says, "My dear sons stand by me with courage,
And like heroes fight on till you die on the ground."
Without hesitation they swiftly rushed forward,
They'd have the honor of taking their hair.
At first by the host of red skins surrounded,

His well pointed gun made them jump behind trees,
At last all slain, but two, and they wounded,
Cherokee in the shoulder, and Wolf in the knees.
Great thanks to the Almighty for the strength and the courage,
By which the brave Harmans triumphed 'oer the foe;

Not the women and children then intended to slaughter,
But the bloody invaders themselves are laid low.
May their generation on the frontiers he stationed,
To confound and defeat all their murdering schemes,
And put a frustration to every invasion,
And drive the Shawnees from Montgomery's fair streams.

(1) Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 564. (2) Probably Mathias Harman, brother of Henry. (3) Harman Genealogy by John Newton Harman (4) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Taylor vs Harman. (5) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Wynn vs Inglish heirs. (6) Ibid, Maxwell vs Pickens.

77. Ginsang Diggers Killed on Black Mountain

Thomas Carter, Henry Dickenson, and David Cowan, of Russell Co., VA, wrote to Governor Edmund Randolph, on June 24, 1788, [1] the following letter:

Laying before the Executive Council an account of Indian depredations upon the counties they represent. They have reliable information that the savages have lately killed 16 persons on the French Broad, and that the news had reached them of 80 Indians being on their way against the Holston and Clinch. That 4 men had been killed in their county, (Russell) and the Cherokees had joined the Creeks, which combination no force the people could raise to resist. Three men had been killed on the Black Mountain and David Campbell and his family, and Hugh Berry and his family, particular acquaintances of theirs, had also been killed, and the Station on French Broad with many horses from Powell's Valley had been captured. Although some of these depredations were not in their immediate neighborhood, nor even in this State, yet, from the enterprising character of these savages, their operations were never confined to localities or even States. They, therefore, considering their part of the country in great danger, and especially as Russell County is the barrier to Washington and Montgomery, beg that Scouts and a force of Rangers be authorized to go out from these two counties to act in concert with the few who can be raised in Russell. This latter county has a frontier of 150 miles in advance of Washington and Montgomery, and on account of the scattered condition of the inhabitants they are obliged to live in forts, totally to the neglect of their crops, etc. By enclosed letter they hear that Colonel Joseph Martin is a prisoner with the Cherokees and may not get out of their hands in safety. That men who had gone to the Black Mountain [2] to dig ginseng had found a camp when one of the Elimes (Elams) and three of the Breedings of New Garden, and Neal Roberts, had been about the same employment, several of whom lay killed and scalped. The Cherokees evidently bent on war, and unless means are taken at once to protect that county, great suffering and disaster must follow soon.

I have not been able to recover any data on just how the Elam, Breedings and Neal Roberts met their fate while digging ginseng on

Black Mountain. The only record I can find on a Neal Roberts was one, who, among others, had his property restored to him by the Court of Montgomery County, on November 7, 1780, which property had been confiscated by the Militia of Washington and Montgomery counties on suspicion of the parties being enemies of the State, and whether this was the same who was killed is not known.

I find in the court of Washington Co., VA, where on the 20th of August, 1783, one John Breeding was appointed a Constable in Captain John Duncan's Company. This John Duncan lived in the New Garden section of Russell Co., VA.

(1) The range of Mountains separating Virginia and Kentucky. (2) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV.

78. Man Wounded in Powell Valley

Col. Arthur Campbell, writing to Governor Edmund Randolph, on August 1, 1789, [1] states:

...About two weeks ago a skirmish happened in Powell Valley with a small party of Indians that were stealing horses, in which we had one man badly wounded.

No name has been recovered for this wounded man.

79. Killing of Joseph Blackmore's Children

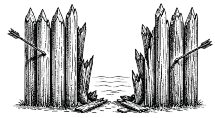
One of the Blackmore's resided on Clinch and the Indians attacked his family April 6, 1789, killing a son and daughter, and another son who ran for the river leaping into the stream some 50 or 60 feet. His companion was shot dead on the spot. (J. S. Hind, in the West Christian Advocate, November 1, 1859, Draper MSS 5 C 13.)

The above writer is referring to the children of Joseph Blackmore, for Captain John Blackmore, builder of Blackmore's Fort, had in the year 1779, left for the area for settlement on the Cumberland in Tennessee. Joseph Blackmore was a brother of Captain John, and owned the adjoining farm to the old Fort tract to the south and down Clinch River. This writer gives the impression that four persons were killed in this attack, yet Bishop Francis Asbury, who visited at the fort in 1790, gives the impression that only two persons were slain. Asbury makes this entry in his Journal:

1790, Wednesday, April 28. We have had cold weather and severe frosts for two nights past. We had a dreary ride down to the ford of Clinch, through a solitary plain. We rode down to Blackmore's Station, here the people have been forting on the north side of the Clinch. Poor Blackmore had a son and daughter killed by the Indians. They are of the opinion here that the Cherokees were the author of this mischief. I also received an account of two families having been killed, and of one female that was taken prisoner, and afterwards retaken by the neighbors and brought back.

Friday, 30. Crossed Clinch about two miles below the fort. In passing along I saw the precipe from which Blackmore's unhappy son leaped into the river after receiving the stroke of the tomahawk in his head; I suppose, by measure of my eye, it must be between fifty and sixty feet descent. His companion was shot dead upon the spot. This happened on the 6th of April, 1789.

NOTE: Hannah Byrd, wife of Richard Byrd and daughter of Joseph Blackmore was born 1755, also Mary who married (1) Chadwell, (2) Jessee Adams (3) Henry Hamlin and was herself killed by Indians.



80. Chief Benge's Attack on the House of John Wallen

A letter written to Arthur Campbell, by John Anderson, states:

Blockhouse, May ye 17th, 1789 [1] Dear Sir: I wrote you a few days ago, wherein I informed you respecting Mr. Wallen's being driven from home. Wallen lived at the mouth of Stock Creek...

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 125, says:

Sometime in the year 1789, John Wallen built a small cabin at the mouth of Stock Creek where Clinchport is situated now. He located his cabin on the Kentucky Path, and, no doubt, helped to entertain some of the hundreds of settlers who were emigrating to Kentucky at the time over the Wilderness Road. Wallen was not left long in the peaceable enjoyment of his new home in the wilderness. Benge and his forest bloodhounds soon found his cabin. One morning just at daybreak, his wife, opening the door, was shot at by an Indian and slightly wounded. Quickly closing the door, she barred it to prevent its being forced. Wallen, who was yet in bed, then hastily arose and snatching the gun from its rack, shot and killed the Indian nearest the door. The other Indians then rushed upon the house, trying to effect an entrance, nor did they retreat until Wallen had killed three of them. After driving the Indians away, Wallen and his wife went to Carter's Fort, eight miles distant. (Thomas Carter's letter, Draper MSS)

In an old land suit in the High Court of Chancery of Augusta Co., VA, in 1811, it was stated that John Wallen had known this country, the area around Flat Lick (now Duffield) since 1761. This statement is evidence that John Wallen was one of the Long Hunters, and that is the year that some say Elisha Wallen set up his hunting camp in Powell Valley. (Augusta Court Causes Ended, McKinney vs Preston.)

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 618.

81. Massacre of Joseph Johnson's Family

John Anderson writing to Lt. Col. Arthur Campbell, regarding the killing of Joseph Johnson's family: [1]

Blockhouse, May ye 17th, 1789 Dear Sir: I wrote you a few days ago, wherein I informed you respecting Mr. Wallen's being driven from home. Wallen lived at the mouth of Stock Creek. I seen (sic) a certain Mr. Joseph Johnson a few hours since, who informed me that on the 15th instant he had his family, which consisted of his wife and eleven children, all killed and taken, except two. He found his wife and youngest child about three quarters of a mile from his house. He lived on Clinch, where the path crossed the same between here and Rye Cove. They burnt his house, and he found the bones of one of his children in the ashes. The others he allows they took prisoner. I am fully persuaded from the many and late hostilities committed in that quarter that the inhabitants will move off if they don't get some assistance shortly. I am surprised to think we guarded our frontiers in the time of the late war, when we were attacked on both sides, and now can get no help. I am doubtful the government has false representatives, or else none at all. You may depend the people in our situation, in this quarter, are much alarmed by the many and late acts committed. Please write me the first opportunity.

I am your affectionately, John Anderson

Lt. Col. Arthur Campbell, writing to Governor Randolph, on July 20, 1789, relative to the Indian depredations on the frontier, states that sometime ago I received the enclosed. The enclosed being a letter to Campbell from Alexander Barnett, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA. [2] as follows:

Russell, May 20, 1789. Sir: On Friday last, the Indians fell on the family of Joseph Johnson in the Rye Cove settlement, it being twelve in number, of which but three in number, himself and two sons escaped. His wife and one child was found about one quarter of a mile from the house, killed and scalped, the bones of one child burned in the house, and the others I have not been informed whether killed or taken.

After reporting the incidents of the Johnson family, Barnett goes on to make a plea for assistance similar to that made by John Anderson,

although lacking the bitterness of Anderson's letter, he begs:

Attempts have been made by voluntary enlistment to raise the number of fifty men in our county, but to no purpose, it appears they cannot be got. I request you in behalf of our county to furnish us with the number of fifty men and their proportion of officers, to be continued on duty until the 1st of September, or longer, if needed, and provisions to supply until that time. Present necessity requires part for the Rye Cove and the remainder in Powell's Valley.

The two Carter boys, Elijah and Morgan, sons of Thomas Carter, had been taken out of Rye Cove and had been restored to their parents through the friendly offices of Governor Simcoe of South Carolina, and William Fatham in a letter to the Governor of Virginia, under date of July 26, 1793, asks that an effort be made to restore the Johnson children, and furnished the Governor with the following facts concerning them. (3)

Joseph Johnson, living now upon Flat Lick (Duffield area), had his wife and three children killed on May 15, 1789, and five others taken by the Indians on the road leading to the Flour Ford, near the Rye Cove on Clinch.

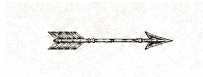
[1} Isabel, now 21 years old; [2] Matthew, now 15; [3] Elizabeth, now 13 years; [4] Rebecca, now 10; [5] Joseph, now 8 years old.

Isabel was carried by the Cherokees near to the Guyandot Nation, where she was sold and brought back to the Cherokee nation, and was there purchased and sent to her father. Elizabeth is now in the possession of the Otter Lifter (a warrior of that name near John Meton's, a trader on Cheakonskie in the Cherokees). The other three are said to be in the Guyandot Nation, together with Mary Ann and Elizabeth Carter, and a boy called Cooper, who were taken from the neighborhood.

We know according to the letter of William Fatham, that one of the Johnson children, Isabel, was returned to her father, but the records are silent as to the fate of the others, as well as the two Carter girls, and Cooper. It might be reasonable to assume that they were eventually returned as the whereabouts of all seemed to be fairly well known.

Mary Ann and Elizabeth Carter were the daughters of Joseph Carter of Rye Cove, and Cooper was a slave boy belonging to some of the Carters. He was probably the same who was taken out of Rye Cove with Morgan and Elijah, the sons of Thomas Carter.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 442. (2) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 4-5. (3) Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, pages 463-4.



82. John Frazier's Son Taken Prisoner

Henry Smith, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, in a letter to Governor Randolph, dated July 4, 1790, [1] says:

Last spring (1789), John Frazier, Esq., had his little son taken prisoner, and I am well informed that unfortunate man has since had the rest of his family killed on the Kentucky Road.

John Frazier had settled in 1771 on Moccasin Creek in present Scott Co., as a neighbor to William Houston and Jonathan Wood. His wife was named Mary, and he had sons, Joseph, born 16 September 1771, Solomon, born 1773, James, George, and Squire. He may have also been the father of William and Daniel, the latter was a Lieutenant under General Shelby on the Chicamauga Campaign, and was made a Lieutenant permanently in Washington Co., Va, on 26th of March, 1782.

It is hard to determine just what happened from Henry Smith's letter, wherein he states that John Frazier had the rest of his family killed on the Kentucky Road. John Frazier made a deposition in Russell Co., in a land suite [2] on February 15, 1810, as did Joseph and Mary Frazier. Perhaps there may have been two John Frazier's living on the Clinch, at the same period. I have found this to be true in many instances along the Clinch in early days where two men of identical first and last names were living in the same area at the same time. It will be remembered that the Clinch settlements were a "jumping-off" place for Kentucky, and literally hundreds passed through, stopping on the Clinch for a short time, then moving on, leaving behind them no records whatever of their brief stay.

(1) Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 180. [2] Augusta Court Causes Ended, George Fugate vs Mahon, O. S. 158; N. S. 56.

83. Killing of William Whitley

Pendleton, in his History of Tazewell County, quoting from Bickley's History of Tazewell County, (1853) says:

William Whitley lived in Baptist Valley, and had been out on a bear hunt. He came home, and finding his choice dog gone, started the following morning to look for him. The day passed off and he did not return. His family became uneasy and a company started out to hunt for him. They had gone not far, however, when they met a man named Scaggs, who had passed a man at the mouth of Dick's Creek. The company pushed on and identified the man to be Whitley. He was dreadfully mutilated - his bowels torn out and stretched upon the bushes, his heart in one place, and liver in another. A hole was opened and the fragments gathered up and interred. This happened in 1786.

Both Pendleton and Bickley were wrong in this happening. A letter from Henry Smith, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, to Governor Randolph, dated July 4, 1790, states:

Permit me, Sir, to instance one act committed last fall (1789), on the line dividing this county and Montgomery, on the person of a certain Mr. Whitley, who went a few miles in the woods hunting his horses, when the Indians fell on him, killed him, and cut him into small pieces; cut out his guts and strung them on the bushes; cut out his heart and flung it against the ground with such violence that it covered itself in the soil.

David E. Johnson, History of the New River Settlements and Contiguous Territory, page 148, says: The Indians who killed Whitley proceeded to the Gap (Roark's) at the head of Dry Fork and destroyed the wife and children of James Roark. This could not be possible since the Roark family were killed on March 18, 1780.

One of the daughters of William Whitley became the second wife of William Wynne, who built Wynne's Fort in Tazewell Co., VA.

84. The Capture of Jenny Wiley

By Luther F. Addington

Jenny Wiley that rainy day October 1, 1789, [1] was busy at her loom in a big, two-story log house situated in Upper Clinch River valley. When John Borders, a brother-in-law, on his return from hunting lost sheep, told her that he had heard in the woods what sounded like owls hooting.

But Jenny, I never heard owls hooting around here in the day time, even though it's rainy and foggy. I believe its Indians doing the hooting and I think they're planning an attack on this house. Better take the youngins and go with me.

In the house with Jenny were five youngsters. Four of them were her own children, the youngest of which was fifteen months old. Her brother often stayed with her while her husband, Thomas, was away from home. On this particular day he had set out for the trading post on New River with a load of ginseng. He'd be gone for several days, Jenny knew.

Jenny showed to Borders no great fear. She said, As soon as I get this piece of cloth made I'll do up the chores and go.

John Borders left the house and Jenny continued with her weaving, believing that the Indians would not dare strike until nightfall, if at all.

Jenny was not easily stirred to fright; she was the daughter of Hezekiah Sellards, who, together with some families of Harmans and Wileys, had come from Strausburg, VA, to settle on the Virginia frontier, in a region where they knew hardships and dangers would be their lot.

The piece of cloth finished, Jenny went about feeding the chickens and livestock, although it was not later than four o'clock. She got the children ready to travel and concluded she'd go to the house of Matthias Harman because his house was but a half mile distant. Matthias, she knew, was an old Indian fighter and because of his exploits the savages had named him "Skygusty", [2] which meant to say he was a dangerous man.

Jenny and the youngsters, however, had not yet left the house when the Indians burst their way inside, yelling and beating the little ones with tomahawks. Although a gun lay cradled in a rack at a joist, she couldn't reach it with the baby in her arms.

Within a moment her brother and all her children, save the one in her arms, lay bleeding on the floor, dead. Some of the savages lunged at the baby in her arms, bent upon killing it also, but a Shawnee Chief grabbed her and claimed her as his captive; he told the attackers not to harm her or the baby.

The Chief was an old man with a grave countenance. A string of silver brooches hung about his neck. Rings adorned his fingers. He had ornamental bands around his arms and ankles. Rings hunt to his nose and ears.

When the Shawnee Chief seized her, a Cherokee chief who was also in the party, showed he was jealous. He gave signs to indicate that he wanted Jenny for his squaw. This Cherokee chief (so Jenny described him later) was about fifty years old. He wore buckskin leggins, and beaded moccasins. His shirt was red. In his belt he wore a long, sharp knife. From a shoulder hunt a shot pouch and powder horn. He carried a rifle. A fierce mien was on his wrinkled face.

The two chiefs quarreled over her. She surmised from their talk that they thought they were at the home of Skygusty Matthias Harman, whom they greatly feared, for she could understand the name Matthias. She knew that these Indians despised old Matthias, who had hunted some of their tribe down and killed them. So, she explained that it was not the home of Matthias Harman, but the home of Thomas Wiley.

The attackers scalped Jenny's dead children and her dead brother. The Shawnee chief said something which led her to believe that he was fearful that Matthias might soon be after them, and that they'd better flee. To this the Cherokee chief agreed, but let it be known that they'd not be able to escape with prisoners. Yet, she could see that the Shawnee was determined to take her captive. He explained in a few words of English that he had saved her life and that she should take the place of his daughter who had recently died.

After leaving the house, the Indians set it on fire but rain was falling so hard the blaze was slow in consuming the building. Leaving it ablaze, the party started out in the rain and the fog. Jenny's dog followed and the Indians did not try to kill it or drive it back.

The savages traveled to the head of Walker's Creek, crossed Brushy Mountain to the source of Wolf Creek, where, after night was well along, they camped at a rockhouse. A rockhouse was nothing more than a shelter under a projecting ledge on a cliff. Many of these are found in the Alleghany Mountains. Not only Indians used them as dwelling, but many first white settlers also temporarily occupied such places.

At this overhanging rock the savages made a fire and broiled some venison which one of the number was carrying by means of thongs fastened to his shoulders.

After the meal they set out again, ever fearful that a pursuing party of settlers might overtake them. By daylight they were at the headwaters of Bluestone River. The tributaries of this river were swollen by rain; however, the travelers waded them an discontinued at a steady pace northward. Soon Jenny became quite fatigued because she had to carry her baby, but when she'd falter she was scolded by her captors and told that she must keep up or be killed.

Crossing the Great Flat Top Mountain, they came out on a long ridge which extended between the Guyandotte and Tug River. At the end of this day they camped again under a large shelving rock and once more ate from the supply of venison that was being carried along.

Jenny was tired and hungry. Already she had been walking continuously for twenty-four hours. The baby had become ill and fretful, which annoyed the Indians for they knew that a crying child could reveal their hiding place to whites who might be following them.

This camping place became a scene of terror for Jenny: what she saw take place there aroused in her a deeper state of despair. She saw the Indians make hoops of green boughs and over them stretch the scalps of her dead children and brother, and hang them up to dry.

When it was time for the Indians to lie down and rest, they bound Jenny's hands and feet with strips of raw deer hide. She could not sleep, but she dozed into a state of nervous delerium; now and then she would scream out. It seemed to her she could still see her children being tomahawked and scalped.

Her cries so disturbed the old Shawnee chief, who claimed her as his captive, that he got up, went into the woods and brought back some leaves which he crushed in a small vessel and made some tea; this he had her drink. She didn't know whether the concoction was from a poisonous plant or not, but she drank it nevertheless. It did put her to sleep, although it was a restless sleep.

Next morning after a scanty meal of venison and some parched corn, the party set forth once more. Rain still fell and it was necessary to continued walking along the Indian Ridge, which ran away toward the Ohio River.

Jenny was yet so sore from walking and fatigued from carrying the child, that she found difficulty in keeping up. But when the savages would threaten to kill the child in order to relieve her of her load, she summed up all her energy into use and doggedly plodded onward, foot past foot.

This day the Indians sent out back spies, fearing that they were still being pursued, although the heavy rain had washed out all traces of their tracts. Had it not been for the Shawnee chief, the Cherokee chief, who was in great fear of Matthias Harman's catching up with them, would have killed the child. The Shawnee chief seemed to have a little more compassion than the Cherokee chief and so far he had defended Jenny's wish to save the child. A slow march continued all through the wet day and at nightfall the party went into camp again; as usual a great rock shelf under a cliff was chosen. On the way one of the hunters had killed a fat bear and every one, save Jenny, was ready for feasting.

Jenny had no appetite; her suffering and fear that the child, now very ill, might die, affected her emotionally and physically. The Shawnee chief again showed interest in the child and told Jenny to grease it with bear fat, and, also, to have it swallow some. This she did and the child soon seemed to improve.

Upon seeing that Jenny's feet were blistered, the Shawnee chief made a concoction from white oak bark and had her bathe them; next morning she repeated the application. A night's rest and the lotion helped, and she felt more able to set out on another day's journey.

Now the bedraggled Jenny was not the beautiful, vivacious woman she had been before starting. A description of her left by her son, ran as follows: She had coal black hair, she was strong and capable of great exertion and endurance. She was of fine form and her movements were quick. Her eyes were black with heavy overhanging brows. She was above medium height. Her face was pleasant and indicated superior intelligence. She was persistent and determined in any matter she decided to accomplish. She was familiar with woodcraft and was a splendid shot with a rifle. [3]

When night came on they camped as usual under a cliff. The back scouts came in and reported that they'd seen no whites pursuing them.

Yet the whites were pursuing; they just hadn't come into sight yet. Back at the headwaters of the Clinch River, John Borders had become very uneasy about Jenny when she didn't come to his house by nightfall, got a neighbor and went to see what had happened to her. He found the dead bodies but he saw nothing of the Indians.

Next morning a company of men, among them Skygusty Matthias Harman, had gathered at the Wiley home and made plans for following the savages. Thomas Wiley, Jenny's husband, had not yet returned from New River; however under Skygusty's leadership the party set out on horseback in pursuit of the savages.

Skygusty was so confident of the direction the Indians had gone that he took near cuts across the ridges and came out at the headwaters of Tug River. There they found signs of the Indian party and the men continued on the trail.

On the morning after the evening when the back scouts reported no white men following them, the Indians started out once more. This day Jenny began to lag more noticeably than on any previous day. Noticing her lagging the Shawnee chief warned her that the Cherokee chief was complaining about her inability to keep up and that something must be done about it.

At the end of the day, scouts were agin sent back; soon they returned to camp, saying they had sighted a large party of white men on horseback following them. This brought the Indians into a huddle. They talked about the best course to take. Some wanted to waylay the white men and kill them. The Cherokee chief proposed they immediately slay the child so the woman could keep up. Jenny cried out that she'd keep up and the Shawnee chief demanded that they let her try it again. So, they continued their journey. In an attempt to throw the pursuing white men off the trail, the Indians turned westward toward the Tug River, intending to cross it, and blot out their trail. Jenny exerted all the energy she had in an effort to keep up and thereby save the life of her baby, but soon she began to falter again. Meanwhile she prayed that the pursuing white men might overtake her and rescue her and the child.

Coming to a small stream, the file of Indians plunged into it and followed it down, wading. Jenny was hindermost in the line, save the Shawnee chief who was behind her. She couldn't carry the child and keep up; it was utterly impossible. And when she saw the Cherokee chief stop and move back toward her, she felt she knew it would be the end of the child's life and maybe hers also. Desperate to save herself and the child, she waded from the stream and ran back up the bank.

The old Shawnee chief hurried after her and caught her just as the Cherokee chief came back. The Cherokee chief grabbed the child's legs, dashed its brains out against a tree, drew his knife and took the youngsters scalp, while Jenny looked on in despair.

Grief was no help to the young mother. The cruel Cherokee chief shoved her back into the river and motioned her to go on. So, on she went, her feet dragging on the rugged bottom, while the swift, cold water beat against her. She'd heard someone say that the Big Tug River lay at the mouth of this creek and that they must cross it also.

Night was laying its inky shadows over the valley when they reached Tug River, which was swollen out of its banks from the incessant rain. But, the Indians knew, their getting across this stream was their only way to elude their white pursuers.

Jenny was shocked with fear when she was told that she must swim this river along with the Indians. It was madly rushing onward, carrying logs and brush. Above hung a rain cloud from which lightening flashed now and then. The pursuing party came upon the body of Jenny's child, which, with new fury in their hearts, they buried. They then set out on the trail, following the small stream since, they assumed, the advance party had gone down it. Just a short distance ahead of the pursuers, Jenny still stood on the bank of the wild Tug River, screaming in terror because her captors yet insisted she must swim it.

In spite of her protests, two of her captors caught her by the arms and dragged her into the water. Within a moment they were out in the stream. A savage on either side of her held to her arms, and drifted with the current, treading water in an almost upright position. After being carried downstream a considerable distance, they were washed into the mouth of a stream where the water was eddy.

Now they wade dup the creek into the higher mountain which was covered with dense laurel. At the headwaters of this creek they topped the mountain and turned down the western slope.

Before nightfall the fleeing Indians found another big rockhouse and made a camp fire under it. At dawn they left this camp and continued toward the Levisa River, larger than the Tug, but like the Tug, a tributary of the lower Big Sandy. This was the largest stream they had yet encountered, but they swam it as they had the Tug and continued on toward the Ohio River. Back at the Tug river the party of pursuers led by Skygusty Harman crossed on a raft. They made their horses swim.

On the west bank of the Tug river they picked up the Indian trail, but they found traveling in the rough mountain difficult for their horses and little by little they fell further behind the Indians.

Upon reaching the Levisa, also swollen from the heavy rain, they could see that the savages had already crossed. After a council was held the party decided that further pursuit would be futile, and, discouraged, they turned upriver. They traveled to the mouth of John's Creek where Skygusty had built a hunting lodge several years before. Here they went into camp. (4)

After crossing the Levisa the Indians, believing they had eluded their pursuers, traveled more leisurely. On the ninth day after Jenny's capture they reached the Ohio River, but ti was so flooded they dared not try swimming it as they had the Tug and the Levisa.

So, hoping they could sooner or later find a way to cross, they traveled down the river and eventually came to the mouth of Little Sandy, which some of the Indians swam; the rest started up its bank, headed into the mountain again for they yet saw no way to cross the Ohio.

From the headwaters of the Little Sandy they crossed the divide to the Cherokee Fork of Big Blaine Creek. On the way down this creek Jenny became very ill. It being impossible for her to go further, the Indians went into camp and put Jenny in a small rockhouse a short distance away and left her. At this rockhouse a son was born to her prematurely. For some time she was near death. The Indians, though, were considerate enough to bring her food and keep a fire going. But as soon as she recovered they left her alone most of the time for now they felt she would not try to escape.

The Indians went into winter camp at the mouth of Cherokee Creek. For three months Jenny hardly knew one day from another, and all the while she was uneasy about the newborn babe lest the Indians destroy it also.

Then one day the Shawnee chief came to the rockhouse, said that the baby was three months old and that it was time to give it the test a boy was supposed to have. Without explaining what he meant the chief left.

But soon the chief returned, told her to pick up the baby and follow him. With fear tearing at her nerves, she picked it up and followed. She was led to a creek where all the Indians were gathered. Then the Shawnee chief tied the baby to a dry piece of bark and set it adrift in the

water.

As soon as the cold water struck the helpless infant it began to cry, which condemned it in the opinion of the savages. They shook their tomahawks and grunted, looking at each other. In desperation Jenny dashed into the stream, recovered the child and returned in the rockhouse with it.

She had no more than arrived when one of the savages came with a tomahawk, killed the baby and scalped it. Then, carrying the scalp, he turned away, not bothering Jenny. And there, alone, the weeping Jenny buried her child at the edge of the rockhouse.

Soon after the atrocious event, the Indians put Jenny on the trail again. They crossed into the present bounds of Johnson Co., KY, and wandered about until they settled at the mouth of Mud Creek, selecting once more a great shelving cliff for a temporary home.

Soon the savages went out to hunt. When they brought animals in it was Jenny who had to cook them. Also she had to gather wood to use in cooking.

By this time Jenny had learned enough of the Shawnee language to converse in it with the Indians; also she had learned a few Cherokee words and phrases. Now she began to plan running away and trying to get back to her homeplace on the upper Clinch River, but always she decided that she might not be able to find the way. But one day when she was told that sometime during the next summer, when the rivers were low, she'd be taken to the Indian towns north of the Ohio River, she began to think more strongly about trying to escape no matter what the consequences.

NOTE: In his recital of the Jenny Wiley story told to him many years later by a son of Jenny, Mr. Connelly says that Jenny remained at the last mention rockhouse until sometime in October, 1790. But this point is disproved by a statement of J. D. Daniel, then County Lieutenant of Montgomery Co., (which then embraced the present Tazewell Co., VA) to Governor Randolph of Virginia. In an appeal to the Governor to send more militia out onto the Virginia frontier, he said,"I doubt not but your Excellency has been informed of Mrs. Wiley's oath, who was taken prisoner last fall and run away from the Indians late in the winter. I am credibly informed her deposition was taken in Montgomery Co., and reports the Indians informed her they would bring four hundred Indians against the Clinch and Bluestone Rivers this summer." The letter was dated July 4, 1790. [5]

While at the Mud Creek rockhouse the Shawnee and Cherokee chiefs had some sort of a pow-wow with their band of savages on top of the cliff. When Jenny ventured atop the cliff herself, she learned that another band of Indians had brought in a prisoner, a young man.

Seeing her, the Cherokee chief told her to go back to the rockhouse and cook a pot of meat. Fearful not to obey, she silently and hastily returned and filled a pot with bear meat, and put it to cooking.

Later the party that had captured her brought the strange band of Indians to the rockhouse. They ate from the pot, danced and then threatened to kill her. However, they returned to the cliff top without harming her.

But after dark they came back, built a bonfire and again became boisterous. They grabbed her and tied her with rawhide to a tree. Now she learned that the prisoner whom they'd brought to the cliff top had been burned at the stake. And it appeared that her fate would be the same. She appealed to the once considerate Shawnee chief to save her, but this time he ignored her.

Her courage appealed to the savages and they didn't build a fire about her. But there was perhaps another reason for not burning her; they went into council and she could see the Cherokee chief gesturing, and talking and the Shawnee chief listening.

Upon termination of the pow-wow the Cherokee chief approached her and told her that he had bought her from the Shawnee chief, and that right away he would start with her to the Cherokee towns on the Little Tennessee River where she could teach his wives how to write and weave cloth. He counted out from a buckskin bag many brooches and gave them to the Shawnee chief. Then her new owner loosed her from the tree and followed the others to the cliff top.

One night early in 1790, Jenny, still planning to try to escape, dreamed that the prisoner, burned at the stake atop the cliff came to her with a sheep skull filled with tallow, in which was a burning wick. She thought that he made signs for her to follow to safety. She set out. On the way the wick flamed so bright and high that she could see the whole country below. She asked the man holding the lamp in her dreams who lived there. No answer came but the light flickered and went out.

Next day the Cherokee chief told Jenny that in a few days he would be starting out with her. On the following night the Cherokee chief bound her, seeming to fear she might try to leave him. Then the whole band of savages left the rockhouse.

Soon a rain came up, and as it fell she definitely made up her mind to escape.

Jenny Escapes

So, she rolled out to where the rain would drip from the cliff onto her bound wrists and ankles. Soon the rawhide, soaked with water, was easy to stretch. Eventually she slipped herself free.

Grabbing up a tomahawk and scalping knife and she set out in the dark down the hollow through which Little Mud Lick flowed. It was so dark that she had to go slowly and feel her way along, but foot past foot she kept making the distance between her and the rockhouse longer.

Next day she came to Big Paint Creek but found she could not cross it. Night was coming on again but she kept walking. At the mouth of a creek, alter named Jenny's Creek for her, she crossed Paint Creek and then started walking up Jenny's Creek. Leaving the creek, she crossed over ridges, and next came out upon the Levisa River.

Looking out across the river, she saw a Blockhouse, or fort. She hallowed and waved her arms until she was seen. Then Henry Skaggs, a man whom she'd seen in her home settlement, came down to the river bank opposite her.

There was no canoes on the river bank since hunters had taken them down stream, but Skaggs went to work and made a raft, which he paddled across.

Jenny had no more than set foot to earth on the side of the fort, when a band of Indians appeared on the bank she had just left. They had probably known about the fort and had got the idea she'd heard of it also and they had come to look for her. Among the Indians was the Cherokee chief who had been planning to take her to Tennessee; also over there was her dog, but she could do nothing about it; it would have to go back with the Indians.

Henry Skaggs [6] shot a gun to warn the men who were down the river. Soon they came running, their guns in their hands; the Indians, seeing them, slunk back into the forest and disappeared.

Jenny stayed in the blockhouse a few days, recuperating from her ordeal. Then a company of men, led by Skygusty Harman, for whom the fort [7] had been named, escorted her back to her home at the headwaters of the Clinch River.

After being united with her husband, Thomas, they settled down to making a living there on Walkers Creek. But in 1800, ten years after her

return home, they moved to the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River and built a cabin about fifteen miles from the blockhouse. Here they lived out the remainder of their lives.

Thomas died in 1810, but Jenny came to a long widowhood. During the time she often visited her brother John, a resident of Buffalo Fork of Johns Creek in the present Floyd Co., KY. She died in 1831. Both she and her husband were buried in the present Johnson Co., KY, not far from their last abode. (8)

The descendants of Thomas and Jenny Wiley are many, and today their homes are scattered throughout the Big Sandy Valley. They are upstanding and respected citizens. Now and then reunion of the Wileys of the valley are held in memory of the courageous pioneer woman. And thus the story will always be kept fresh in the hearts of the people

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 42. (2) The title of Skygusty had been applied to both Matthias, and his older brother, Henry Harman. That they were both great hunters and Indian fighters is unquestioned, but it is the belief of the author that Henry, who was ten years the senior of Matthias was really the one so branded by the Indians. In an old land suit in 1804, Henry Harman stated that he was in the habit of collecting the men and fighting the Indians. (3) Connelly, William E., The Wiley Captivity. (4) NOTE: Connelly states that on this site the Harman Fort was built in the winter of 1788-89. However, the correct date was the winter of 1789-90 for Jenny Wiley had been captured in the fall of 1789 as proved by the Virginia State Papers; therefore there could not have been a fort here when Skygusty and his party reached the place after pursuing the captors of Jenny - only a hut. (5) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 181. (6) Henry Skaggs was one of the Long Hunters (7) Harman's Station in Kentucky. (8) Scalf, Henry, History of Floyd County, Kentucky, page 24.

85. Killing of Captain Isaac Newland's Family

Charles B. Coale, "Wilburn Waters", states: [1]

In 1778, a predatory party of Indians came in from the Rockcastle hills in Kentucky, and made their appearance at the cabin of Isaac Newland, on the North Fork of Holston, some eight miles north of Abingdon. Mr. Newland and his son were at work in a clearing nearby, with no one at the cabin but his wife and her infant. The Indians captured the mother and her infant, burned the cabin, and hurried away with their captives directly through the mountains toward Russell (County).

The alarm being given, Jacob Mangle (father of Col. Abraham Mangle who gave these facts to Coale), being the nearest neighbor, gathered a company in as short a time as possible and took the trail, which had been plainly marked by Mrs. Newland, who had the presence of mind to break twigs by the way and leave other signs. After reaching the valley in which Lebanon is now situated, and fearing the powder in their flintlocks had become dampened in passing through the thick undergrowth on the mountain, they discharged their guns for the purpose of reloading, in order to make sure they worked should they overtake the savages, but it unfortunately so happened that the Indians had halted, and hearing the report of firearms took the alarm, murdered their victims and made their escape.

A few minutes after, the pursuing party came to where the mother and child were lying, the latter not quite dead. They brought them back to the settlement, Jacob Mangle carrying the infant, which died in his arms on the way.

Coale is certainly in error on this happening, both in the date and the number of children, as can be proven by a letter written by Henry Smith, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, to Governor Randolph, dated July 4, 1790, [2] wherein he states:

Early last month (June) a party of hostile Indians crossed through this narrow county and fell on the house of a certain Captain Isaac Newland in Washington County, near this county line; plundered his house of all that was valuable that they could carry, and took his wife and three children prisoners, but being quickly pursued and like to be overtaken,

they killed and scalped the woman and children in this county and made their escape.

The records of Washington Co., VA, show that Isaac Newland owned a tract of 234 acres of land on the North Fork of Holston River on Meadow Branch in Rich Valley, which was surveyed for him September 1, 1781, and upon which he had settled in 1772. [3]

(1) Coale, Wilburn Waters, Reprinted Summer's Annals of Southwest Virginia, page 1578. [2] Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, apge 180. [3] Washington County Land Entry Book 1. NOTE: In 1786 Isaac Newland bought 234 acres on Meadow Branch in Rich Valley from John Kinkead (Deed book 1, page 40, Washington Co.) And sells some on October 1l, 1790 to William Richardson & Robert Glenn (Deed Book 1, page 346, Washington Co.) He married as his second wife, Martha Hawkins 16 March 1793 by Rev. John Frost. Martha was a niece of Henry Dickenson. Abraham Newland, brother of Isaac, was in Kentucky in 1788 and sold his own land to John Hawkins and his wife Elizabeth (sister of Henry Dickenson and mother of the 2nd wife of Isaac Newland), Deed Book 1, page 779, Washington Co., CA.

86. The Slaying of the Thomas Osborne Family

The foregoing story was related to me Saturday, October 31, 1964, by Audrey Banner and Mrs. Russell Harman, of Castlewood, Russell Co., VA. Mrs. Banner lives on the land once owned by the Indian spy, James Fraley, and also owns the site of the old Moore's Fort. Mrs. Harman lives on the property once owned by Thomas Osborne and her house stands on the exact spot where the old Osborne home once stood. Both are descendants of families that have lived in the area since the days when the events told here happened.

The attack on the Thomas Osborne home came early on a morning of a very foggy day. Upon arising some horses or cattle were missing and a "bound boy" by the name of Walls was sent to look for them. He is said to have been on a hill slightly to the northeast of the house when the fog lifted and saw the Indians approaching the house. He lay flat on the ground until the Indians were gone and thus escaped capture.

Thomas Osborne went to the door of the home and was shot while standing in the door. Lucretia Osborne, niece of Thomas, and daughter of his brother, James, was visiting in the Thomas Osborne home. She fled from the house and started for her home about a mile away across a hill. The Indians pursued her and she was captured in a cornfield just east of the house. Mrs. Osborne, and the "bound girl" Betsy Walls were apparently captured in the house.

The Indians quickly started with their captives up a narrow hollow in a southwesterly direction toward the present Bangor, where Clinch River is shallow and easily forded, which would have put the river between them and the settlement very quickly, and thus on a direct route to their towns on the Ohio river. After traveling only a short distance up the hollow they observed that Mrs. Minnie Osborne was lame, and couldn't keep up. They then and there, tomahawked and scalped her under a large honey locust tree that stood well into the memory of some of those living today in the area.

All the family of James Osborne had given Lucretia up for dead, except her mother, who it is said, looked every day toward a path where she would appear if she ever returned. She never gave up hope, and one day as she gazed longingly at the path, her great faith was rewarded, for

walking along the path was her daughter Lucretia, and a man, who turned out to be her husband.

It is said that James Osborne was having a log rolling at his place the day his daughter returned and many of his neighbors were present. He told them to drop their log-hooks, rolled out a keg of whiskey, and celebrated his daughters return.

James Fraley, a militia soldier, and long an Indian spy and fighter on the frontier, lived about a mile from the Thomas Osborne home. In his Revolutionary War pension claim filed in Floyd Co., KY, in 1834, he has this statement:

Our settlements (Castlewood) were attacked and the Indians killed Thomas Osborne, and Minnie, his wife, which he states he helped to bury in the same coffin, and they took two girls prisoners, to-wit: Lucretia Osborne and Betsey Walls. In spite of all that could be done they took off the girls to Canada, and kept Lucretia Osborne four years. Betsy Walls - the Indians killed by beating her on the head. Lucretia Osborne was exchanged and brought to Detroit. She there married one Armstrong, who brought her back to Virginia, and from whom he learned the fate of Betsy Walls.

Thomas Osborne lived on a 190 acre tract of land surveyed for him on the 14th day of November, 1782, although he had been living on the site some years prior to this survey.

That Thomas and Minnie Osborne were killed prior to August 17, 1790, is proven by this entry in Russell County Court Order Book 1, page 207, which reads:

On motion of James and Stephen Osborne letters granted them for Administration of the estate of Thomas Osborne, deceased...with Thomas Carter, Christopher Cooper and Robert Vicars, as securities, and William Robinson, Samuel Porter, (of Castlewood) James Wharton and John Smith as Appraisers of the estate.

A letter written by Col. Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Wythe Co., to the Governor, dated September 3, 1790 [(1)], may be a reference to this particular massacre; wherein he states:

...A week or so ago, 5 or 6 persons were killed by the Indians on Clinch, in Russell County, which is very near to us...

Regarding the children who were "bound" to Thomas Osborne, is this entry in Russell Co., VA, Order Book 1, page 29, dated 18th of April, 1787:

Two female children of James Walls "apprenticed" to Thomas Osborne.

If the above order is correct then it was a girl who was sent to look for the stray livestock instead of a boy.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 205.

87. The Wives of Henry Hamlin Slain

The most puzzling enigma in this study of the Virginia frontier has been in trying to unravel the slaying of Henry Hamlin's wives. Hamlin was twice married, both wives were named Mary, both killed by Indians, and I have been unable to find any official record or document that gives the exact date of the slaying of either.

L. P. Summers, History of Southwest Virginia, page 365, states:

In 1781 the Indians visited the home of Henry Hamlin on Clinch River near Castlewood, and Mrs. Hamlin defended her home with a musket that wouldn't shoot, and again in the spring of 1782, they again visited the home, killing Mrs. Hamlin and all her children, except one little boy who was carried away into captivity.

In the above paragraph Summers is speaking of the first Mrs. Hamlin, who family tradition says was, before marriage, Mary Dickenson. I doubt that she was killed in the spring of 1782, and all her family was not destroyed. Certainly Champ and John Hamlin, her sons, were not. John Hamlin was born June 30, 1782. [1] I am rather inclined to believe that this Mary Hamlin was killed in 1783, during the attack on the fort at Hamlin's Mill in Castlewood. [2] Henry Hamlin lived in upper Castlewood until sometime after the slaying of his first wife.

Henry Hamlin married as his second wife, Mary, the daughter of Joseph Blackmore. This Mary had been married to Jessee Adams, who along, with ten of their children was killed by the Indians on Stock Creek in 1782. Certainly it was after this date that Henry Hamlin married her, and therefore Champ and John Hamlin could not have been her children. After leaving Castlewood Henry Hamlin lived for a while in Powell Valley and in 1788, [3] was living in Rye Cove in what is now Scott Co., VA.

In his pension claim for Revolutionary service filed in Floyd Co., KY, James Fraley states: About the same time (that Thomas Osborne was killed in 1790), or a few weeks after, they (Indians) killed Mary Hamlin, wife of Henry Hamlin. In this statement James Fraley is certainly referring to the second Mary Hamlin.

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 92, reads:

The records and traditions preserved by the descendants of Henry Hamlin state that he was born March 25, 1740; that on coming to Southwest Virginia, he married a Miss Dickenson; that four sons, Francis, Charles, Champ and John, were born to this marriage; that Mrs. Henry Hamlin was killed by the Indians at Fort Blackmore, August 17, 1790; that at the same time, Champ, then a boy of ten years of age, was captured and carried west, but eventually was transported into Canada, where he was ransomed by a French trader and taken to Quebec, from which place he was sent by boat to Norfolk, and that from Norfolk he made his way back to his home near Ft. Blackmore; that two of the boys Charles and John, were saved from the Indians by a Negro slave, a giant in stature and weighing three hundred and fifty pounds; that for this act the slave was given his freedom and a small farm some six miles south of Jonesville; that Henry Hamlin died at Fort Blackmore in August, 1815. (J. S. Hamlin's letter, May 19, 1918.)

The above paragraph is referring to the children of the first Mary Hamlin, but the date of her death is that of the second Mary.

It is doubtful if the second Mary had children from her marriage to Henry Hamlin. She was the widow of Jessee Adams, as previously stated, an had twelve children by him, ten of which were slain along with Adams in 1782. She also had a daughter, Cynthia Chadwell, which must have been by a marriage previous to her marriage with Jessee Adams. To have been the mother of thirteen children prior to 1782, she certainly must have been well up in years when she married Henry Hamlin.

Henry Hamlin first settled on the north side of Clinch River in upper Castlewood in 1769. He lived here until after his first wife was killed in the early 1780s. He witnessed the probation of the will of James Coyle, who lived just east of the village of Blackford in Upper Russell County, on the 15th of August 1780, as did his brother, Daniel Hamlin. He most likely moved from this area sometime between 1783 and 1786.

(1) Lee Co., VA Death Register, page 5, line 16. (2) See Letter of Capt. Daniel Smith, page 121, this MSS. (3) Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, page 442

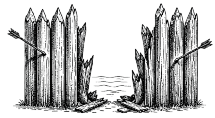
88. Killing on the Kentucky Road

Arthur Campbell, to Governor Randolph, November 1, 1790 [1] The 18th ultimo as a party of emigrants were passing through the wilderness to Kentucky they were attacked by a party of Indians. Our people were dispersed; 2 killed and several wounded.

From another quarter, we learn two parties of Cherokee warriors has set out to harrass the travelers to Cumberland and Kentucky.

In the above letter it is regrettable that Campbell did not give names, as well as the location of this tragedy. It is unknown whether it happened in Virginia or Kentucky.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 9.



89. Frontier Stations and Conditions in 1791

Colonel Joseph Martin writing to the Governor of Virginia, November 8, 1791:

Sir: I do myself honor to lay before your Excellency the situation of the inhabitants near and between Walker's and Henderson's Line, from the North Carolina line on Blackstone Mountain to Moccasin Gap, 35 miles; from thence to Martin's Old Station, 25 miles; from thence to Martin's New Station, 20 miles; from thence to Cumberland Gap joining the Kentucky boundary, 2 miles, all of which is a frontier and greatly exposed to the Indians. This is the direct road leading to Kentucky.

Christmans' (Crissman's) Station is north of Clinch Mountain in Powell's Valley, which settlement begins about 4 miles east of said station; from thence thinly settled to Martin's Old Station, at, or near the said Station, about 100 souls, and about 4 miles north of Walker's Line. Martin's New Station and the neighborhood, about 50 souls. This Station lies between the two lines, all of which have been from the first settling enrolled in Virginia. That part which lies in Washington County is very thickly settled, being about three miles in width and 35 miles in length; were not enrolled in either State last July and is by no means exposed to the enemy. (Virginia State Papers, Vol. V.)

90. Andrew Davidson's Family Killed

On August 23, 1786, the court of Montgomery Co., VA, appointed George Peery, a Captain of militia to replace Captain James Moore who had been killed by the Indians on July 14, 1786. At the same time Joseph Davidson was appointed a Lieutenant in the same company and Andrew Davidson was appointed Ensign.

Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, records the following story of the massacre of the Andrew Davidson family:

In the spring of 1791, Andrew Davidson was living at the head spring of East River, about a half mile below the eastern limits of the city of Bluefield, West Virginia. In addition to himself, his family consisted of his wife Rebecca, his three small children, two girls and a boy, and a "bound" boy and girl named Broomfield. The bound children were very young, between seven and ten years old, and were more in the nature of proteges than servants. Mrs. Davidson was a granddaughter of James Burk from whom Burk's Garden received its name. Mr. Davidson had gone on a business trip to Smithfield, formerly Draper's Meadows and now Blacksburg, Virginia. It was the sugar making season, and a few days after her husbands departure for Smithfield, Mrs. Davidson was busily occupied gathering sugar water from sugar trees close to the house. While she was thus engaged, several Indians, who could speak English, came upon the scene. They told her that she and her children must go with them to their towns in Ohio. She was in a delicate condition, and unfit to undertake the long and fatiguing trip she was required to make.

The Indians went into the house and took such plunder as they wished to carry away, set fire to the cabin, and began their homeward journey with their six prisoners. When they arrived at a point near where Logan Courthouse, West Virginia, is located, Mrs. Davidson gave birth to a child. After allowing the mother a rest of two hours, the march to Ohio resumed. The birth of the child must have been premature, as it was drowned next day by the Indians on account of its feeble condition.

Mrs. Davidson and the captive children were treated with such leniency while they were making the journey, that she became hopeful they would be kindly treated after their arrival at the Indian towns. In this, however, she was sadly disappointed. Soon after their arrival at

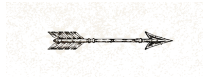
their towns, the Indians tied the two daughters of Mrs. Davidson to trees, and shot them to death in the presence of their mother. Her son was given to an old squaw for adoption. While crossing a river the old squaw upset her canoe, and the boy, who was with her, was drowned. What became of the Broomfield children was never known, and it is possible they shared the same fate of the girls who were shot.

Mrs. Davidson was sold to a Frenchman, in Canada, in whose family she remained a servant until she was found and rescued by her husband in the fall of 1794. Two years after her capture Mr. Davidson made an unsuccessful trip to the Shawnee towns in search of his wife. On his second trip in 1794, he received information from an old Indian as to her whereabouts, and was guided by the Indians to Canada. He stopped one day at a farm house to get dinner, and what followed is thus related by Dr. Bickley: [1]

"When he got into the Canada settlement, he stopped at the house of a wealthy French farmer, to get a meals victuals, and to inquire the way to some place where he had heard she was. He noticed a woman passing him, as he entered the house, but merely bowed to her and went in. Asking for dinner, he seated himself, and was, perhaps, running over in his mind, the chances of finding his wife, when again the woman entered. She laid down her wood, and looked at the stranger steadily for a moment, when she turned to her mistress and said: 'I know that man!' 'Well, who is he?,' said the French lady. 'It is my husband!. Andrew Davidson, I am your wife!'

Mr. Davidson could scarcely believe his senses. When he last saw her, she was a fine, healthy looking woman; her hair was black as coal, but now her head was gray, and she looked many years older than she should have looked. Yet it was her, though he declared nothing but her voice seemed to say she was Rebecca Davdison. Soon the French gentleman returned, and being a humane man, gave up Rebecca to her husband, also a considerable sum of money, and next morning sent them on their way rejoicing. The happily reunited husband and wife returned as quickly as possible to the vicinity of their former home, and settled at the mouth of Abb's Valley on a farm which was owned some ten years ago (1910) by A. C. Davidson. They were so fortunate as to have and raise another family of children, and a number of their descendants are now living in Tazewell County, Virginia, and Mercer County, West Virginia.

(1) Bickley, History of Tazewell County, VA, 1853.



91. Daniel Harman Killed

Daniel Conrad Harman as a son of Henry Harman, Sr., (the same who with his sons, George and Matthias had the fight with the Indians in 1789) and his wife Anna Wilborn. Daniel was born on Abbott's Creek, in Rowan Co., NC, on June or January 26th, 1760.

In a land lawsuit in the High Court of Chancery, Augusta Co., VA, Wynn vs Inglish heirs, (1) Henry Harman, Sr., makes a statement in his deposition, "that one of his sons, Daniel, was killed by the Indians." In the same lawsuit Christopher Marrs, says: "Henry Harman, Sr., had one of his sons killed, scalped and massacreed by the Indians in the attempt of settling the land now in dispute, who left a wife and 4 young children."

Pendleton in his History of Tazewell County, page 465, states:

Daniel Harman left his house, on the head of Clinch, on a fine morning in the fall of 1791, for the purpose of killing a deer. Where he went for that purpose is not known, but having done so, he started for home with the deer fastened to the cantle of his saddle. Harman was a great hunter, and owned a choice rifle, and the superior structure of its triggers which were, as usual, of the double kind. So strong was the spring of these that when sprung, the noise might be heard for a considerable distance.

He was riding a large horse, fleet, and spirited, and had gotten within a mile of home, and was passing through a bottom, near the present residence, and on the lands of Mr. William O. George, when suddenly a party of Indians sprang from behind a log, and fired on him. He was unhurt and putting spurs to his horse away he went through the heavy timber, forgetting all other danger, in his precarious situation. On he went, but his horse, too near a tree, struck the rider's knee, breaking his leg, and

(1) Augusta Court Causes Ended, Wynn vs Inglish heirs.

92. Pendleton and McDowell, Farris and Wharton Families Killed

On October 6, 1791, [1] Henry Smith, County Lieutenant of Russell Co., VA, wrote to Governor Randolph, the following:

Immediately on the receipt of your Excellency's instruction of the 25th of April, 1791, I gave orders to the commanding officers of the companies to raise their proportion of 50 men, which I judged absolutely necessary for our defense, but not one man would serve. The approaching expected peace, to be made the last of May with the Cherokees, seemed to look with a favorable aspect on troubled country.

I, not willing to trust my own judgement called a council of officers, whereupon it was advised to be unnecessary to order any more men until it was known whether the Indians would accept the terms of peace offered them at the expected treaty. After this we remained tolerable peaceful, except some horses stolen, till about the last of August, when part of two families were killed; (Pendleton & McDowell), the week following (early September) Elisha Farris and three of his family were killed, and his daughter, a young woman, was taken prisoner. About a fortnight ago, James Wharton, Esq., and his family was killed, and a Negro taken prisoner.

In this unhappy situation I cannot raise a man in this county for its defense. No man is willing, nor, I believe, can be forced to strip his unguarded family, equally exposed to dangers, of the only help and comfort they have in himself, to defend others more distant, but less dear to his natural feelings.

A very considerable part of the country is at this time, instead of taking up arms to defend themselves, employed in moving their families to the interior parts of the country, out of reach of savage cruelty...

In the foregoing letter Colonel Smith points up the understandable reluctance of the settlers to abandon their own families to serve in the militia as common defenders of all. Undoubtably the killings mentioned in his letter were perpetrated by the cunning half-breed Indian Chief Benge, for at this time he was leading most of the forays against the settlers. Benge was an uncanny cunning and cruel savage, using secret routes to fall upon the unsuspecting settlers, hurriedly committing his

atrocious murders and then vanishing into the wilderness over routes exceedingly hard to find or follow.

The Elisha Farris family lived on Moccasin Creek a short distance fro the present town of Gate City. Although much closer in time than many of the other massacre, I have not been able to determine the names of those slain or the details, nor the name of the daughter taken prisoner and her ultimate fate.

Of the James Wharton family not a lot more is known than that of the Farris family, and just where his descendants emigrated to is unknown to this writer. James Wharton had settled on a large tract of land lying on the south side of Clinch River, near, and below Moore's Fort in Castlewood in the year 1769, at the time of the first settlers in this area. He had lived through twenty-two years of Indian raids before finally being killed, just three years before the last Indian raid on Southwest Virginia. He seems to have been a highly respected personage always referred to as "Esquire", a term of esteem and respect as then used. Just the year before he had been one of the appraisers of the estate of his neighbor Thomas Osborne, whose home was visible from his own, and just across a narrow valley on one of the beautiful blue grass hills of lower Castlewood, who had suffered the same fate as the Wharton family.

Tradition has it that a woman had been hired by Mrs. Wharton to do some weaving and was at work in the loom house, which was slightly east of the Wharton home, when she looked out a small window in the loom house and saw the Indian approaching. She crawled through the window and started running across a field where she met a man riding by the name of Smith. Mounting the horse behind him they rode away to Moore's fort, two mile distant to get help. A company of men accompanied Smith back to the Wharton home where they found the family murdered.

Early records shed no light on the number of people killed in the Wharton family, and little is known of the early life of James Wharton other than that his wife was named Margaret, [2] and that he had a daughter named Margaret who married William Robinson, Jr., [3] and a son named William whose wife was named Jemima. [4]

The Wharton heirs sold their home place to Stephen Gose on the 5th of January, 1799, [5] probably shortly thereafter leaving the area and no known descendants live in the area today.

A small stream running down to Clinch River at Burton's Ford is still known as "Wharton's Branch" and local residents still refer to the farm

as the "Wharton Lands."

James Wharton was one of the first Constables of Washington Co., VA, being appointed to that office on the second day of the meeting of that body on the 29th of January, 1777.

Ramsey's, Annals of Tennessee, page 557, states: "In 1791, on the Russell County side of Moccasin Gap, Mrs. McDowell and Frances Pendleton were killed and scalped."

A letter from James W. Phillips of Farmersville, Texas dated 25th of April, 1964, to the writer: Now I shall give you the data that I have on the Indian raid:

My first knowledge of the raid came from a note of W. P. Bickley, (a grandson of William and Jane Kilgore Bickley) in which he stated that Allison Pendleton told a story of Reuben Pendleton and a sister involved in an Indian raid. My mother talked to a granddaughter of Reuben's, a Mrs. Wells, who lived here, and she told her that she knew that her grandfather's hand was injured as a result of an arrow wound. Mrs. Wells (Patience Pendleton) lived with her grandfather until her marriage and removal to Texas, a short time before the Civil War. She was very old when my mother talked to her and did not recall many things. She was a great disappointment to us all for she surely knew more than she communicated.

This letter from my grandfather, written in 1885, next came to light. I do not quote all of it because it is of little interest, relates who his parents were and something about the Civil War:

Farmersville, Texas October 19, 1885

Mr. C. H. Pendleton Berkley Springs, VA

Dear Sir: Your favor 30th Sept. Rec'd. I herewith hand you as best I can, claims of relationship. First, my grandfather John Pendleton of Scott County, Virginia, a minister of the Gospel for fifty years (of the Methodist persuasion) emigrated to Texas in 1858. Died two years later here. Had eight sons. Five came to Texas in '57 or '58. Three have since died, my father being one, one other lives here, the other one in Jack County. Another Ivey T. Pendleton lives in Boonesville, Kentucky. Jackson and H. K. Pendleton live in Scott County, Virginia, Rye Cove, P. O. My grandfather had a half-brother Reuben Pendleton, older than himself.

When I was twelve years of age, I well remember my old great uncle "Rube" reiterate instances of his boyhood. He died twenty-five years ago at an age of 90 years. An indelible occurrence with Uncle Reuben was

when a boy of 12 or 15 years old. He and his sister went to an old peach orchard to get fruit. But few settlers in that country. While gathering peaches the Indians crept stealthily up and demanded their surrender. Old Uncle Reuben, then a boy, seeing them seize his sister, took flight and made his escape, pursued even to the yard fence. When he sprang over the fence, threw up one hand and received a severe wound in the hand from an arrow (the orchard being some six hundred yards from their house.) An improvised scout was at once summoned and pursued the hostiles, two or three days, but returned without the rescue of his sister - however, the young girl strewed many strips of her apron, bonnet and dress, that the party in pursuit might know she was alive and they were on the right trail.

Mr. Phillips continues: This is an official report from William Blount to the War Department. It was first printed in 1831. It could have bene printed earlier in a newspaper, but I have not located the earlier printing, if there was one. I requested a copy of the original from the National Archives, but it is missing from that place.

Washington District

(1) Mrs. McDowell, killed 23 August 1791, near Moccasin Gap, Clinch Mountain by the Bench (Benge) who has attached himself to the Shawnees. (2) Frances Pendleton, killed August 23, 1791. (3) Reuben Pendleton, wounded August 23, 1791. (4) Mrs. Pendleton, prisoner August 23, 1791. (5) A boy, eight years old, prisoner, August 23, 1791.

(American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. 1, page 331).

This is also told in Haywood's History of Tennessee (1826). Also substantially the same in Goodpasture's History of the Indian Wars.

John T. Moore, Tennessee, The Volunteer State, Vol. 1, page 228, reads:

His (Bob Benge's) first enterprise in this quarter was undertaken in the summer of 1791. Notwithstanding the treaty of July 2nd, on August 23rd he startled the settlements in the neighborhood of Moccasin Gap of Clinch mountain, by a sudden and unexpected assault on the house of the McDowells and Pendletons. Mrs. William McDowell and Frances Pendleton, the seventeen year old daughter of Benjamin Pendleton, were killed and scalped. Reuben Pendleton was wounded, and Mrs. Pendleton and a boy of eight years of age were carried into captivity.

This last is a rewrite of Haywood. I add that the paragraph in Haywood sounds to me as if Haywood lifted it from a contemporary newspaper account of the raid. Although Haywood could have interviewed Reuben.

I think the location of the raid incorrect, or rather vague. Benjamin Pendleton came to Southwest Virginia in 1782 or early 1783; he is on the tax list for 1783 and was living in the Ft. Blackmore area. He had a survey for 70 acres of land on the Clinch in 1784. This land was originally granted Alexander Ritchie, Sr., and confirmed in a grant to Benjamin Pendleton in 1793. The exact location of his house is not known, but his seventy acres included an island int he Clinch, which island today on the U. S. Geological Survey map is shown as Pendleton's Island.

A note before I get further lost. Reuben Pendleton died March 3, 1860, 86 years old, according to his tombstone. My grandfather was some 4 years in error giving Reuben's age.

I have some misgivings about Frances Pendleton being the daughter of Benjamin Pendleton. I have even suspected that Frances was Mrs. William McDowell. My reason for doubting the relationship of Frances to Benjamin is based upon a single unsolvable fact. Reuben Pendleton sold land in 1826 which had been granted an Edmund Pendleton in 1799 and there is no recorded transfer of this land from Edmund to Reuben. It would appear that Reuben inherited the land from Edmund. The above named John Pendleton who is said by my grandfather to have been the half brother of Reuben is the only child of Benjamin Pendleton of whom there is any recorded proof of relationship. There are two deeds in Russell County which prove this relationship. There was a relationship between Edmund, Benjamin, Reuben and John, but the degree of relationship between Benjamin and John only can be established. I doubt my grandfather's statement because it would have been quite simple for him to have missed a generation in his calculation; for my grandfather was reared by his grandfather and was quite near the same age as the youngest uncles and aunts - his own first cousins thought my grandfather their uncle. I think that Benjamin, Reuben and Frances were the children of Edmund, but I cannot prove it; I have only the unexplained land of Reuben. And since Reuben was never taxed for land nor was Edmund, it will probably have to rest there. The knowledge of their relationship comes from a letter written by A. J. Pendleton (a son of John) in 1885 in which he stated he was the son of John Pendleton. Benjamin and Edmund Pendleton died 10 miles from here. Reuben died here (Rye Cove). I could never decide where 10 miles from Rye Cove was. This letter was a reply to an inquiry concerning the family. In this letter A. J., also wrote that he came from Amherst County.

The earliest comprehensive history of the Pendleton family was written in 1858. In that history a note concerning the four eldest sons of

William Pendleton of Amherst County, states that the wife and some of the children of either Benjamin, Edmund, John, or Isaac, were captured by the Indians and never heard of again.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 375. (2) Russell Co., VA, Order Book 2, page 283. (3) Deed Book 3, page 25 and Deed Book 2, page 68, Russell Co., VA. (4) Russell Co., VA Order Book 2, page 283. (5) Ibid.

NOTE: Benjamin Pendleton is also shown in the 1784 tithable list of Captain Alexander Barnett's Company of Russell Co., VA, and both Benjamin and Edmund Pendleton are listed in the 1784 tithables in the company of Samuel Ritchie. This latter will also place them in the Dungannon-Ft. Blackmore area.

93. The David Musick Tragedy

The following narrative was prepared by the late Judge Elihu J. Sutherland of Clintwood, VA, for delivery at the dedication of the David Musick monument near Honaker, VA, August 19, 1956.

Judge Sutherland said: I am indebted to my long-time friend, Rev. Grover C. Musick, for this story of David Musick. Grover Musick is a great-great-grandson of the martyred David Musick. He secured this story from his great Aunt, great-granddaughter of David Musick.

The story as told by Mrs. Fletcher is as follows:

My grandfather, David Musick, married Annie McKinney, of Russell County, Virginia, and at the time of his death in 1792, his family consisted of his wife, their children, Elijah, Electious, Abraham and Phoebe. They lived on a farm near the present town of Honaker.

Two of the boys, Abraham and Elijah, went early one morning for firewood with which to prepare breakfast. They were surprised by a party of Indians (not known how many), but were able to reach their home. The doors were barred, and the defense of the house began. David Musick had a flint-lock rifle. He found it would not fire, due to the fact his house had been burned previous to this, injuring the gun. Mrs. Musick touched fire to the gun, hoping to ignite the powder, but to no avail. Mr. Musick was shot through the thigh by an arrow from the bow of the Indians, and fainted from the loss of blood. The Indians broke into the home, killing and scalping him and making prisoners of his wife and children. They then plundered the house and ate what they found of prepared food, their hands gory with blood.

While the Indians were attacking the house, a neighbor, who had come to the Musick home to borrow a plow, on seeing the Indians became so excited he ran with all speed possible. On reaching the yard of his home he fell dead. He must have had a weak heart.

The evening previous to the massacre of Mr. Musick the same band of Indians scalped a girl named Brumley, who lived in the same community. They came upon her late in the evening, while churning at a springhouse some distance from her house. Strange to say they

scalped her alive, leaving her to die. The girl crawled some distance to an old stable and hid in some flax, which was stored in the building. She was found alive, and recovered.

But to resume my story of the Musick family and the Indians.

Telling Mrs. Musick and the children to get ready, they started on the long journey back to the Ohio Valley. Before leaving the settlement as they went through a field, they killed a steer. After skinning it they encased part of it in the hide for a supply of meat. Then they found a young mare, and after securing her, they placed the meat on her and had young Abraham, the eldest son, mount her. This boy, Abraham, had red hair, and the Indians were fond of him and treated him very well. Not so, however, with Electious, the youngest son, who refused to eat the raw meat along the way, and cried a great deal. As a punishment they rubbed his face against an oak tree, cutting the flesh deeply. He carried the scars with him to his grave.

The course the Indians and their captives followed led over Big A Mountain into the present county of Buchanan, down a ridge which bears the name of Indian Ridge in memory of this event, following Indian Creek, which also takes its name from this event. They came to Russell Fork River, down which they went through the Sand Lick section of Dickenson County to the junction of Russell Fork River with Russell Prater Creek, where the present town of Haysi is now located.

Night coming on they decided to camp there. Crossing a knoll a few yards above where Russell Prater enters Russell Fork, they forded the river to what was at that time a small island. An Indian brave, who could speak a little English, said as they were crossing: 'White man no come here.' Little did they know about their peril, for close upon them was a possee of white settlers, who a little later in the night sighting their camp-fire, moved into hiding behind a knoll and anxiously awaited the coming of dawn to attack and release Mrs. Musick and her children. All the Indians undoubtably would have been killed had the orders of the Captain of the possee been obeyed. One of the possee became so excited he fired before the order to fire was given.

When Mrs. Musick heard the firing, she and the children rushed towards the whites, she carrying the baby, Phoebe, in her arms. One of the Indians threw his tomahawk at her, but missed, sticking it in an oak tree. Another Indian threw pieces of burning firewood at her. An overruling of Providence surely must have saved the family.

The result of the attack: One Indian killed, another seriously wounded, but who was able to escape with his companions with much

pain, as was indicted by his screams. Some years ago a human skeleton was found under a cliff, near Haysi, supposedly that of the wounded Indian. Then began the long thirty mile trip back to the settlements of the Clinch Valley in Russell County.

The possee being very much worn out by the long and arduous trip, when they reached the foot of Sandy Ridge decided to camp for the night at a large spring. But Mrs. Musick insisted they cross the mountain to Clinch River side before camping. Later discovery proved her fear correct, for the party of Indians had turned back after the fight and pursued the whites, following them to the big spring and camping on the proposed camp site of the whites. They gave up the chase here and returned to the Ohio.

Not knowing that a possee had gone out from the New Garden section in pursuit of the Indians, Captain Andrew Lewis, who was then in charge of the militia on the frontier and stationed at Rye Cove in Scott County, got word of the event and went himself in pursuit of the same party, not knowing that the prisoners had already been recaptured. He tells of his pursuit in a letter to the Governor written from Ft. Lee on the 24th of August, 1792, [1] in the following words:

On Monday night last I returned from pursuit of the Indians that did the mischief in New Garden on the 12th instant. I had started with 34 men to Kentucky to rout some Indians that I was informed was camped there, and supposed to be the ones that visited this county. I had not marched more than 7 or 8 miles, when an express came to me of the mischief done in the Garden, in the following words: 'that 4 persons were killed, 12 or 14 prisoners taken; the number of Indians not known, but not less than 40'. I immediately changed my route, and I suppose such a chain of mountains was never crossed by any set of men before and 15 days provisions on our backs. The distance I had to march before I would strike their trail was 150 miles, unless I had fell in too far behind them. My intention was, if possible, to strike Sandy River low down, so as to be before them or shortly after. On the 17th in the evening, I struck the river, about four miles below the Station evacuated by our people last spring. We found there only the sign of some coming into the settlements, which we supposed to be the same. There was no person with me that had ever been to the Station. [2] and I expected if I could find it to see more sign, but unluckily took the wrong side of the river and thick cane brakes, and was at a loss to find it. I halted and sent two of the Scouts in search of it. They had not been gone but a few minutes before they returned and said from the noise and fire and smoke that the houses were then fired, but could not cross the river to be certain. I

then found myself in a disagreeable situation, as I fully expected they were there, and I knew nothing of the recovery of the prisoners. As we had made considerable sign on both sides of the river, and were then on the contrary side from them, I knew delay would not do. I expected if the Station was afire that they were about to move off, and would of course, fall on our sign on which they would immediately murder the prisoners. To prevent this, as I had chosen men and my anxiety to save the prisoners, I divided my men, determined to risk a battle with half their number, as I had then no reason to believe their number to be under 40. I sent one half down the river to cross, and marched the other party up and crossed a small distance above them, so had they left the place we would meet. As soon as I got over we found the houses were not fired, but had encamped in the yard by the direction of the smoke, for the weeds, cane, and hemp was so tall that we could not tell their number, nor even see them until we were within fifteen steps of them, and just as we got sight of them, and our guns presented, they discovered us and run. Several guns were fired at them, but as they were in a few steps out of sight, cannot be certain that any were killed, except one.

We got every kind of arms and accoutrements they had and nine horses they had stolen from the Garden, which I restored to the owners. As they are gone naked and without either arms or ammunition. I doubt their ever seeing their own country. It may be thought this murder might have been prevented; the Garden was considered safe, for since the first settling of it there has been but one person killed, and that five or six years past...

Just to show how events in retelling can balloon out of proportion the following news item appeared in the Knoxville Gazette of August 25, 1792. Knoxville, August 25. On Saturday the 11th instant, a party of Indians attacked a house at New Garden, in Russell County, (Virginia) killed sixteen persons, and took a woman and four children prisoners. They were followed by a company of horse, who soon came up with them, and re-took the prisoners. (Page 23, The Gazette, part II, August 1792, American Museum).

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, Virginia, page 335, in his biography of Charles Cromwell Addington, relates the story of the Musick family, thusly:

...When Charles Addington first came to Russell County, that section was often visited by hostile Indians. His home was located near a fort to which the family often had occasion to flee for safety. He frequently related, in substance, the following story as having occured near his

home:

In the year 1790 (should be 1792) the Indians made several raids in the neighborhood of Hayter's Gap. On one of these raids the house of a neighbor, named Musick, was attacked just at the break of day. Stealthily approaching the house, the Indians shot and killed Musick through a crack in the wall. They then forced an entrance and took his wife and nine children prisoners. It was three or four hours before the depredation became known in the neighborhood. Musick's dead body was accidentally discovered by someone who called at his house on an errand. As soon as the murder became known, the riflemen of the neighborhood gathered at the Musick homestead, and women and children were rushed to the fort for protection. The trail of the Indians was soon found, and the riflemen went in hasty pursuit. But the enemy, by this time, were about nine hours travel ahead of their pursuers. Late the third evening the scouts came in sight of the Indians as they were kindling their first campfire. A council of war was held to determine the best manner of attack to rout the enemy and save the lives of the prisoners. It was decided an attack should not be made until dawn the next morning. The plan of attack was: All were to charge the camp at full speed, one third of the company were to discharge their guns into the air over the camp to make the Indians believe they were being shot at, the remaining two-thirds were to hold their fire in reserve, and shoot to kill if necessary. It was hoped in this way to so frighten the Indians that they would break camp and run without killing any of the captives. The plan succeeded admirably; the Indians fled headlong, leaving the prisoners unharmed, and much valuable plunder behind. Thus Mrs. Musick and her children were restored to their friends. (Note: children were put into the care of Mike Oxer, see pension record of James Oxer.)

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, page 40. (2) This was Harman's Station in Kentucky, which had been abandoned the previous spring because of Indian danger. This is the same Station to which Jenny Wiley found her way when she escaped from the Indians in the winter of 1790.

94. Harper Ratcliffe Family Killed

William Blount writing from Knoxville, TN, to Henry Knox, Secretary of War, on April 22, 1792, [(1)] states: On the 5th instant, the wife and 3 children of Harper Ratcliffe, who lived in Hawkins County, near the Virginia line, in Stanley Valley, were killed by the Indians unknown, but supposed to be led by the Bench (Benge), by birth a Cherokee, but for years past attached to the Northern Indians.

Harper Ratcliffe lived about eight miles from Big Moccasin Gap across the sate line in Hawkins Co., TN.

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 40, says, "That after the killing of the Elisha Ferris family at Big Moccasin Gap, an interval of almost two years elapsed before Benge again made his appearance in the neighborhood of Moccasin Gap. This time he murdered Harper Ratcliffe and his entire family, six in number.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 5.

From Williams, "Early Travels in Tennessee": Wednesday, December 17, 1790 Zachariah Green appointed Lieutenant in Davidson's Company (Tennessee) June 16, 1797. Jessee Green appointed Ensign - Southwest Territory.

Harper Ratcliff

Gov. Blount, S. W. T. to Secretary Smith. Territorial Papers of the U. S. Carter, Vol. IV, page 143-144, Draper MSS 4 XX 28, dated Knoxville April 27, 1792.

.....The very day I ordered a draft in Hawkins of a company to be sent for the protection of the frontiers of Mers District the wife of Harper Ratcliffe and children were killed (See the Knoxville Gazette). Sundry horses stolen and a party of Indian pursued and fired upon by Colonel Cox of Russell co. This last circumstance was much complained of by the upper Towns as the party fired on did not happen to be the same that took the horses.

Gov. Blount to Secretary of War (W. D. AGO ded. Records Division, Statement of Traopo, 1792-1796: C36, Territorial Papers, Vol. IV, page 148) dated Knoxville May 5th 1792.

...I have not heard of any murders committed on our frontiers since that of the 5th of April, 1792 on the wife and children of Harper Ratclif mentioned in my letter of the 22nd of that month.

95. Four Militia Soldiers from Powell Valley Slain

Captain Andrew Lewis, Jr., who was in command of the militia troops on the Virginia frontier, with his headquarters at Fort Lee, in the Rye Cove of Scott Co., VA, wrote to the Governor of Virginia, December 19, 1793, [1] thusly:

Agreeable to the Governor's request to me, the following is a statement of manner in which Captain (James) Hawkins' company sustained the loss in October last. On the first day of November I received the information as represented to me - supposed the officer to have acted with neglect. I immediately wrote to Captain Hawkins to inquire into the conduct of the officer and to report to me. On receipt of my letter he came to Fort Lee and reported as follows: 'That he had went out with a party of about 20. After crossing Cumberland Mountain he fell on the sign of 2 or 3 Indians making into the inhabitants; that he directed a small number of his men to follow that trail in and give the settlements notice, which they refused. He then said he would take a few men, come in himself, and the other party consisting of 15 men might go on, which he did, and ordered the party that went to observe the directions of Samuel Oxer (Auxier), a Scout. After going on some time, they fell on the sign of about 10 Indians and pursued them; although the signs appeared fresh, they observed no order, but shot at turkeys, etc., until discovered by the enemy who lay in ambush for them. Just before they came to the enemy Samuel Oxer left them to kill some provisions - had got but a very small distance from the party, when he came upon the Inidans' knapsacks and fell to plundering them - while at that he heard the party fired upon; at which fire Hobbs, Stennett, Fowler, and Knowles fell - the rest fled precipately.' I cannot help regretting the loss of the men - at the same time hope it will be a warning to officers, or rather convince them the necessity of soldiers obeying orders, but no doubt, but he intended well.

Again on the 24th of December, 1793, Captain Lewis wrote to the Honorable James Wood, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, [2] saying:

On conversation with Colonel Charles Cox (Cocke) of Lee County, who appears to be a disinterested person, have collected the following information respecting Captain James Hawkins' conduct in respect to the loss of his troops on the 22nd of October last: 'Horses had frequently

been stolen by the Indians, and was generally supposed to be camped over Cumberland Mountain. Captain Hawkins took a part of his company, the number 19, including himself, to endeavor to find them out. After going the distance of about forty miles, he fell on the sign of a small party of Indians making toward the settlements. He proposed then that four men should return on that sign and give the inhabitants notice. There appeared an unwillingness in their disposition to return. At length a non-commissioned officer proposed to return if Captain Hawkins would go with him, which he consented to do with three men. Came in and set the people on their guard. He then directed the main body of his men to take the back trail of the party that they were on and follow it over the mountain, then to turn up the north side of the same, and so into the settlements, and directed them to observe the orders of Samuel Oxer, a Scout, but having no respect to the orders given, they proceeded the distance of about 35 miles over the mountain and fell on the sign of about 10 Indians; followed that a day and a half, paying no respect to orders, firing at everything they met with until discovered by the enemy, who waited on their sign, fired on them, the superior in number, they fled precipatately.

Just where the four soldiers were killed in Kentucky, across the Cumberland mountains from Powell Valley cannot be pinpointed. The four that were killed cannot be traced through the records since no first names are given, but they were probably local residents of the area, certainly the name Hobbs is a Lee County resident.

The scout, Samuel Oxer, was a son of Michael Oxer, who died on Little Copper Creek, prior to 22 March, 1780. Samuel Oxer, at the age of 15 years enlisted in the militia and served the last three years of the Revolutionary War; migrated from Russell Co., VA, to the Blockhouse Bottom near the mouth of John's Creek, Big Sandy River - then Mason County, subsequently Floyd County, and was instrumental in settling Harman's Station near there. Was killed in 1798 or 1799 by being thrown against a tree by his horse that he was riding on a buffalo hunt, married in Virginia in 1779, Sarah (Sallie) Brown (born about 1763, died about 1862), daughter of Nathaniel Brown, and niece of Thomas C. Brown, Revolutionary War soldier. Samuel Oxer was at Kings Mountain in Captain James Dysart's company. [3]

Samuel Oxer was a brother of Simon Oxer who was one of three men who defended Bush's Fort against the attack of 17 Indians in 1783, when Ann Neece was tomahawked and scalped. Also a brother of George Oxer in whose care the McClure family were placed after their rescue from the Indians.

The Oxer family of Russell Co., VA, were of French extraction, all leaving this area and settling in Floyd Co., KY, where the descendants spell the name "Auxier". Old Michael Oxer who die don Little Copper Creek and father of the above mentioned was born in France.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, page 393. (2) Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, page 707. (3) Early Families of Southeastern Kentucky, Kozee, 1961. NOTE: The Hobbs who was killed was William, son of Vincent, Sr., and brother of Vincent, Jr., who later, the next year, killed the half-breed Indian chief Benge.

96. Gilbert Killed - Lusk Taken Prisoner

Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, page 465, gives this story:

The last invasion of Tazewell was made by the Indians in 1792. A band of Shawnee slipped into the settlement on Bluestone, and the head of Clinch, on a horse stealing expedition. They must have been a pretty large company of Indians in this last foray, as they occupied but a little while in collecting about 80 good horses and starting on the return trip to their homes beyond the Ohio River.

The first night after starting on their journey the Indians were encamped a short distance from the settlements; and their presence was accidentally discovered by a white man who had been out scouting or hunting. He hastened to the Bluestone and Clinch settlements, and gave notice of his discovery to the inhabitants and the garrison at Bailey and Wynn's Forts. Major Robert Crockett, who was then commanding the military frontier forces of Wythe County, was making his headquarters at Wynne's fort, where he had a small garrison. By noon on the day he got the information about the Indians, Major Crockett had organized two companies of mounted riflemen, one company from Bluestone, and one from the head of Clinch. He assembled his forces at a place near what is now the "Round House" built about 1840 by Thomas Peery and his residence until his death in 1860. Judge David E. Johnson carefully collected the facts connected with this, the last incursion into Tazewell by the Indians, in his history of the Middle River Settlements, thus relates what followed the gathering of the men to pursue the red men:

"Major Crockett moved off with his men to follow the Indians, having no time to prepare provisions for the journey. They took the route down Horse Pen Creek, and then to the head of Clear Fork, and down to the Tug and on to the mouth of Four Pole, then crossing the Dividing Ridge between the waters of the Sandy and Guyandotte Rivers. They sent Gilbert and Lusk forward to a buffalo lick on a creek flowing into the Guyandotte, to secure if possible a supply of game. It appears by the report of Major Crockett found in the Calender Papers, that this was on the 24th of July that Gilbert and Lusk set out for and reached the lick, where they found and killed a deer and wounded an elk, which they followed, some distance, being unable to overtake it they returned

to the lick to get the deer they had killed. On passing along the buffalo path, near where they had left the deer, Gilbert in front, discovered a stone hanging by a pawpaw bark over the path. Gilbert in an instant discerning what it meant called on Lusk to look out. He had scarcely uttered the words, when the Indians fired, a ball from one of their guns penetrating the hand of Lusk, in which he carried his gun, which caused him to drop the same. The Indians began immediately to close in on them, Gilbert putting Lusk behind him, and holding the Indians off by the presentation of his gun. Gilbert an Lusk kept retreating as rapidly as they could with safety. Lusk's wounded hand was bleeding freely, and he became sick from the loss of blood, and begged Gilbert to leave him and get away; this Gilbert refused to do, saying that he promised his, Lusk's mother, to take care of him. Finally the Indians got close enough to knock Gilbert down with their tomahawks, which they did, and an Indian rushed up to scalp him, when Gilbert shot him dead, but another one of the Indians dispatched Gilbert, and Lusk became a prisoner. The Indians immediately hurried with their prisoner down the creek to Guyandotte, and then down the river to the mouth of Island Creek, and went into camp behind a rocky ridge called Hog Back to the present day. Major Crockett instead of following the tracks of Gilbert and Lusk to the lick, had turned to the west, and crossed a ridge onto the right fork of Island Creek, and reached and camped at a point within two miles of the Indian camp, but without knowledge of his proximity to them. During the night Lusk suffered much with his hand until an Indian went off and brought some roots which he beat up into a pulp, made a poultice, and bound his hand which afforded some relief. Early on the morning of the 25th the Indians took to their canoes, which they had left at this point on their way to the settlements, and rapidly descending the river to its mouth crossed the Ohio. On reaching the northern bank, they placed their canoes in charge of some of their party and taking Lusk with them crossed the country.

Judge Johnson does not mention the fact that Major Crockett and his men overtook the Indians, and recovered most of the horses that had been stolen. Writing about what happened after Crockett and his riflemen left the Clinch Valley, Bickley in his History of Tazewell County, says:

They made forced marches, and came up with them about one o'clock at night, at what is called the Islands of Guyandotte. Some of the white men were for attacking them immediately, and others wished to wait until morning, when they might see. While thus in parlay, the Indians in the meantime, preparing for some movement, a horse

neighed; in a moment a fire was opened upon them, but to no effect. The Indians raised a yell, secured a few of the horses, and fled, leaving a good breakfast, and several dozen pairs of moccasins to be taken home as trophies by the whites. The breakfast of bears meat and turkey was consumed by the whites, whose appetites were to keen to suffer themselves to enter into speculation as to the probable nicety of their runaway cooks.

None of the early history writers give anything of the ultimate fate of Lusk after his capture. Bickley seems more interested in philosphizing on the breakfast left by the Indians than on the fate of poor Lusk. Some have written that Lusk, along with Jenny Wiley escaped from the Indians one night early in September, 1792. Near the present Gallipolis he joined a party of white men, traveled with them to Pittsburg and from there to Philadelphia and on to Virginia, reaching his home in Wythe County, about one month after his escape.

Lusk could not possibly have been with Jenny Wiley, unless he was taken earlier than the past writers say. Jenny Wiley was captured in the fall of 1789 and escaped in the winter of 1790, according to irrefutable letters in the Calender of Virginia State Papers. Neither do the early writers say just who Gilbert and Lusk were, where they lived, or what their first names were.

97. Ensign Moses Cockrell Attacked and Two of His Men Killed

On April 9, 1793, Andrew Lewis writing from Ft. Lee (Rye Cove), to the Governor of Virginia, [1] states:

On Sunday week (March 31, 1793) Ensign Moses Cockrell and two men were passing from this (Clinch Valley) into Powell's Valley with several horses loaded. On top of Powell Mountain, (perhaps Maple Gap) about twelve miles from the Rye Cove they were fired on by 12 Indians. The two men were shot dead on the spot - himself pursued to the foot of the mountain, two of the horses killed, and all the loads lost. The enemy being in the rear of him, obliged him to run to the valley. No person from there (Powell Valley), had no information here for several days. Captain Neal raised some men and is in pursuit of them. I am in hopes that if my Ensign gets the intelligence in time, as he is stationed in the lower end of the valley, will meet with them on their return.

Some day last week 14 persons were killed on the Kentucky Road near the Hazel Patch (KY). A few days past on the head of Clinch, or rather Bluestone, six horses were stolen and one man killed; [2] this I cannot assert, as I have just received the information. It is with difficulty I could prevail on the people not to break up. Now I fear without more troops - go they will.

When I came out Captain (Simon) Cockrell [3] had discharged the scouts under him. The New Garden settlement was about to break up - some had moved. To prevent it, I appointed 2 scouts to be continued until more men came into service; that with assurance that you would allow them men, they agreed to live at home. No companies allowed to the (Powell) valley, I was compelled to send an Ensign's command there - a Sergeant and 12 men to Dumps Creek; a Sergeant and 7 to Rye Cove; some at St. Mary's [4] with the French, which leaves not more than 20 men at Ft. Lee, which I think too few. If Indians came in I cannot take out more than 15 men and have any to keep the garrison.

I was under necessity to appoint 2 scouts to the valley (Powell), 2 to the Rye Cove, [5] and 2 at Ft. Lee, 2 at Dumps Creek, which is 4 more than I was authorized to appoint... Ensign Moses Cockrell was a son of Simon and Magdaline Vardiman Cockrell. Moses Cockrell was married

to Mary Chadwell of the Lee County Chadwell family. They had two children, David and Elizabeth Cockrell.

Tradition states that Moses Cockrell lived someplace on the North Fork of Holston in the vicinity of Saltville, and that he met his death by falling in a salt well and drowning. Charles B. Coale, in his book, "Wilburn Waters", tells the following story of Moses Cockrell.

One of these Rangers of the Holston was a man named Cottrel. He was famous for his size, activity and handsome person. Benge and himself were rivals in manhood and woodcraft, each jealous of the others prowess and courage, and both anxious to meet in single combat. Not many months before Benge's last incursion, they met on the top of Powell's Mountain, in what is now Lee County, each with a band of followers. The Indians were in ambush, having observed the approach of the whites, who were not aware of their proximity and Benge instructed his companions not to kill Cottrell, so he himself might run him down and capture him. At the crack of the Indian's rifles the two or three of Cottrell's companions fell, seeing which, and at once comprehending the folly of a combat with a dozen savages, he sprang away down the mountainside like an antelope, with Benge in close pursuit. Two miles away in the valley on Wallen's Creek was the cabin of a pioneer, [6] in reaching which Cottrell knew was his only chance of escape. Having two hundred dollars in specie in a belt around him, he found he was carrying too much weight for a closely contested race, and that Benge was gaining on him. Making a desperate effort, however, he increased his speed a little, and as he leaped the fence that surrounded the cabin, Benge's tomahawk was buried in the top rail before Cottrell reached the ground. Benge seeing that he had missed his aim, and not knowing how many men and rifles might be in the cabin, fled back to his companions sadly disappointed.

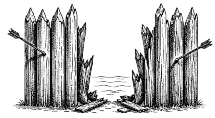
A few years after this Cottrell died on the North Fork in this county, and during the wake, while his body lay in the cabin, an old comrade, who had been in many a hard pinch with him, thus gave utterance to his thoughts and feelings as he paced the puncheon floor in great sorrow: 'Poor Cotterell, he is gone! He was a noble fellow after Injuns and varmints, and I hope he has gone to where there is as much game and as desperate good range as he had on Holston.'

Coale's story was evidently gathered from local tradition, but it varies little from that told in Captain Andrew Lewis' letter to the Governor.

Of the thirteen children of Simon and Magdalene Cockrell, all moved to Kentucky, as well as their father, except Moses, who

remained in Virginia, although no one of the name resides in the area today.

(1) Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, page 329. (2) The man killed was perhaps John Davidson (3) Captain Simon Cockrell was a Baptist minister and was serving Russell Co. in the Legislature and offered and guided through that body the Bill to form Tazewell County. He was the father of Ensign Moses Cockrell and left the area around 1805 for Kentucky. (4) St. Mary's was St. Marie on the Clinch on Sugar Hill at the present site of St. Paul, VA. It was a French settlement established by Baron Francois Pierre DeTuBeuf in 1791. This settlement was broken up in 1795 when the French Baron was murdered by some renegade whites, presumably robbery being the motive, as it was known the State of VA, had loaned him 600 pounds sterling for the improvement of his settlement. (5) NOTE: It seems that Captain Lewis draws a distinction between Rye Cove and Ft. Lee. Lee was in Rye Cove, and perhaps when he refers to Rye Cove separately from Ft. Lee he may be inferring that the 2 scouts were stationed at Carter's Fort which was further west in the Rye Cove than was Fort Lee. (6) This was undoubtably the home of Robert Duff, which was known on the frontier as Scott Fort, the same house in which Scott, and his four children were murdered and his wife Fanny taken captive in 1785 by Indians.



98. Fraley Kills An Indian

Virginia State Papers, Vol. VI, page 528, Col. Arthur Campbell's remarks on Captain Andrew Lewis' letter, dated September 12, 1793. In this long letter Campbell refers to acreage in pay for militia services. Campbell says: "One of those that complain of the usage is the widow's son, James Fraley, who killed the Indian last year, and Captain (William) Dorton, another of the Scouts."

Mrs. W. S. Banner, of Castlewood, VA, who lives on the old farm once owned by James Fraley, tells this story which has come down through her family:

The Fraley's kept several large dogs which are said to have been able to smell Indians. One night Mr. Fraley heard his dogs barking and knew that the Indians were around. It was a very dark night and he couldn't see them, but heard them running through the spring branch. (1) He shot in the direction from which he heard their noise, not hoping to hit one. When Mr. Fraley arose next morning and looked out there was a dead Indian laying where he had shot at the noise the night before. He was carried a short distance over from the Fraley home and buried on a spot that is now in the backyard of the home where Mrs. Banner resides. They were afraid to carry the body very far to bury it, lest the Indians might be lurking in the woods which then came down near the house and attack them. Mrs. Banner says until recently a large plantation bell used to call the farm hands to dinner stood on the spot where the grave as. Nearby stood a very large maple tree, which was not right on the spot where the grave was, but close by, which was blown down in a storm several years ago, and uprooted a large hole in the ground. They searched this hole thinking that some of the Indian's bones might have been thrown up, but none were found.

Mrs. Banner's story says that it was William Fraley who shot at the Indian, but I am inclined to think it was his older brother, James Fraley, and undoubtably the incident referred to in Campbell's letter. Records and evidence point to this site as being the home of James Fraley until his removal to Cabell Co., WV, around 1812 and from there to Floyd Co., KY where he died. William and Henry Fraley seem to have eventually come into possession of most of the lands of their father Frederick

Fraley, and it was upon the site in question which William Fraley lived until death and his remains lie buried only a short distance from the spot where the Indian was buried. In the plot I counted at least fifteen graves, but only about five with stones bearing inscriptions. Of these five, I could only read the inscriptions of four, the fifth, which was perhaps the wife of William Fraley, being too faded to decipher. The stone of William bears these dates: "Born July 23, 1773 - Died July 7, 1819."

Of course William Fraley would have been old enough in 1793 to have killed an Indian, but land records show this place to have been the home of James Fraley until he removed from the area.

(1) In front and slightly north of where the old William Fraley home was located grow two large sycamore trees and a spring gushes from beneath them and flows into a pond in front of the house. It was through this spring branch that the Indians had splashed whom Fraley shot at.

99. Killing of John Davidson

Pendleton, in his History of Tazewell County, page 235, [1] quoting from Bickley's History of Tazewell County, 1853, says:

Sometime in either 1789, or 1790, John Davidson, a man advanced in years, was killed by the Indians on Clinch River, half a mile above the present town of North Tazewell. Mr. Davidson had been on a business trip to Rockingham Co., VA, and was returning to his home when the murder was committed.

The circumstances connected with the tragedy were afterwards made known by white people who had been in captivity, and who were told by the Indians, when they were prisoners, how, and why, Mr. Davidson was killed. He had stopped at a deserted cabin to feed his horses, and while thus occupied was shot to death. The Indians also said that a white renegade was with them when the deed was done. It seems that the crime was a double one, as the Indians and their companion found a considerable amount of specie in the saddle bags of the old man which was stolen by the murderers. Bickley says: ' A few days after, his son, Col. Davidson, became uneasy on account of his absence, and raising a small company went in search of him. Luckily, when they got to the cabin, they found a hat band, which, being of peculiar structure, was recognized as that worn by Mr. Davidson. After considerable search, his body was found stripped of clothing, and somewhat disfigured by birds. As the Indians had too long been gone to be overtaken, Mr. Davidson was taken home and buried.

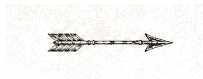
Both Pendleton and Bickley are in error on their date of the killing of John Davidson. A letter written by Daniel Trigg, to the Governor of Virginia, under date of April 10, 1793, [2] he writes: Since the 20th of march, they (Indians) have been constantly hovering over this part of our frontiers. John Davidson murdered by them, and a number of horses stolen from Wolf Creek, Bluestone and Island Creek, for and with all which they have escaped, with impunity, except the party entrusted with the care of conveying away the horses from Island Creek, who have been pursued, the horses retaken, together with the arms and blankets of three warriors, who were killed and scalped by the justly incensed followers at the mouth of Little Cole.

The number of Indians concerned in the murder of Davidson, at the Laurel Fork of Wolf Creek, was judged about twelve, who carried off a number of horses from the neighborhood, and passed with them in daylight through the heart of the Bluestone settlement.

From the above letter it can be safely assumed that John Davidson was killed at some time between the 20th of March and the 10th of April, 1793. Also it seems unlikely that Davidson could have been missing as long as Bickley says, since the Indians passed through the Bluestone settlement with stolen horses in open daylight. Surely the whole countryside must have been alerted and Trigg says in his letter that he Indians had been hovering over the frontier since March 20th which conveys the knowledge that the settlers were aware of their presence.

Judge Johnson in his History of the New River Settlements says that John Davidson was called "Cooper" Davidson, being thusly labeled because by trade he was a cooper.

(1) Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, page 461. NOTE: John Davidson had 124 acres surveyed for him April 3, 1775 in Wright's Valley on Bluestone Creek. (2) Calender Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, page 334.



100. The Last Indian Raid Upon the Western Frontiers of Virginia

The last Indian raid upon the frontiers of Southwest Virginia, and the one that cost the life of the half-breed Indian Chief Benge, who had been a scourage to the frontier for years with his lightning assaults on the inhabitants and his barbaric cruelty took place on April 5, 1794.

Benge sometimes referred to as "the Bench," was a half-breed whose father, John Benge lived among the Indians. While a half-breed Cherokee, for many years, Benge lived among his adopted people the Shawnees. No Indian attacks on the frontier were more cruel than those led by Benge, and he, perhaps of all the Indians, carried out the most raids and killed the greatest number of people. Bishop Francis Asbury of the Methodist Church, who visited this area in the 1790s in his Journal says that Benge was reported to have killed and captured upwards of one hundred souls on the frontier.

R. M. Addington, History of Scott County, page 115-119, gives an accurate account of this episode:

One of the most beautiful farms in Scott County is the 'Livingston Place,' now owned by the heirs of the late Peter Jett. It is situated on the North Fork of Holston, near the mouth of Livingston's Creek. This tract of land was first occupied, it seems, by William Todd Livingston, who enjoyed the rather unique distinction of being the first, and, for some years, the only man in Washington County to have a double christian name. Upon the death of William Todd Livingston, his sons, Peter and Henry, inherited his estate, including a large number of slaves. Now for some reason, the Indians often sought out the Negro slaves for the purpose of capture. This seems to have been particularly true of Benge, who, it was thought, sometimes made trips to the settlements in order to spy out the farms upon which Negro slaves were employed. The presence of Negro slaves on the Livingston farm, therefore, may have caused the attack which Benge and his gang made upon it. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Peter Livingston, a few days after her rescue, gave the following account of the affair. This account was certified to, and forwarded to the Governor of Virginia.

April 6, 1794, about ten o'clock in the morning, as I was sitting in my house, the fierceness of the dog's barking alarmed me. I looked out and saw seven Indians approaching the house, armed and painted in a frightful manner. No person was then within, but a child of ten years old, and another of two, and my sucking infant. My husband and his brother Henry had just walked out to a barn some distance in the field. My sister-in-law, Susanna, was with the remaining children in an out house. Old Mrs. Livingston was in the garden. I immediately shut and fastened the door; they came furiously up, and tried to burst it open, demanding of me several times to open the door which I refused. They then fired two guns; one ball pierced through the door, but did not damage. I then thought of my husband's rifle, took it down but it being double triggered, I was at a loss; at length I fired through the door, but it not being well aimed I did not execution; however, the Indians retired from that place and soon after that an old adjoining house was on fire, and I and my children suffering much from the smoke. I opened the door and an Indian immediately advanced and took me prisoner with the two children. I then discovered that they had my remaining child in their possession, my sister, Sukey a wench with her young child, a Negro man of Edward Callihan's, and a Negro boy of our own about eight years old. They were fearful of going into the house I had left, to plunder, supposing that it had been a man that shot at them, and yet was within. So our whole clothing and household furniture were consumed in the flames which I was then pleased to see, rather than it should be of use to the savages.

We were hurried a short distance where the Indians were busy, dividing and putting up in packs for each to carry his part of the booty taken. I observed them careless about the children, and most of the Indians being some distance off in front, I called with a low voice to my eldest daughter, gave her my youngest child, and told them all to run towards neighbor John Russell's.

They were reluctant to leave me, sometimes halting, sometimes looking back. I beckoned them to go. I inwardly felt pangs not to be expressed on account of our doleful separation. The two Indians in the rear did not notice this scene, or they were willing the children might run back.

That evening the Indians crossed Clinch Mountain and went as far as Copper Creek, distant about eight miles.

April 7, set off early in the morning, crossed Clinch River at McLean's Fish Dam [(1)] about twelve o'clock, then steered northwardly toward the head of Stoney Creek. There the Indians camped carelessly, had no

back spy, and kept sentries out. This day's journey was about twenty miles.

April 8, continued in camp until the sun was more than an hour high; then set out slowly and traveled five or six miles and camped near the foot of Powell's Mountain. This day Benge, the Indian Chief, became more pleasant, and spoke freely to the prisoners. He told them he was about to carry them to the Cherokee towns. That in the route in the wilderness was his brother with two other Indians hunting, so that he might have provisions when he returned. That at this camp were several white prisoners taken from Kentucky, with horses and saddles to carry them to the towns. He made inquiry for several persons on Holston, particularly old General Shelby, and said he would pay him a visit during the ensuing summer, and take away all his Negroes. He frequently inquired who had Negroes, and threatened he would have them all off the North Holston. He said all the Chickamauga towns were for war, and soon would be very troublesome to the white folks.

This day two of the party were sent by Benge ahead to hunt.

April 9, After traveling about five miles which was over Powell's Mountain, [(2)] a party of thirteen men under command of Lieutenant Vincent Hobbs, of the militia of Lee County met the enemy in front, attacked and killed Benge the first fire, I being at that time some distance off in the rear. The Indian who was my guard at first halted on hearing the firing. He then ordered me to run, which I performed slowly. He attempted to strike me in the head with a tomahawk, which I defended as well as I could with my arm. By this time two of our people came in view, which encouraged me to struggle all I could. The Indian making an effort at this instant pushed me backward, and I fell over a log, at the same time aiming a violent blow at my head, which in part spent its force on me and laid me for dead. The first thing I afterward remembered was my good friends around me, giving me all the assistance in their power for my relief. They told me I was senseless for about an hour.

Certified this 15th day of April, 1794. A. Campbell.

The Lee County Court was in session when the news came that the Indians had invaded the Holston settlements. Court immediately adjourned, and a company of men hastily organized, under Lieutenant Vincent Hobbs, to go in search of the enemy. Hobb's company proceeded at once to a gap int he mountain through which, it was surmised, the Indians would be most likely to pass on the return to their towns. Hobbs, upon arriving at this gap, however, found some Indians

had already passed through before him. Pressing on in great eagerness to overtake the enemy, he soon came up with two Indians kindling a fire. These were killed, and, upon examination, it was found they were in possession of plunder which must have been taken from the Livingstons. Hobbs concluded that these two Indians had been sent on ahead to hunt and collect provisions for the main body. The object of Hobbs was now to make a quick retreat to cover his own sign if possible, at the gap, before the Indians could discover it, and perhaps kill the prisoners and escape. Having gained this point, he chose a place of abuscade; but not exactly liking this position he left the men there, and taking one with him by the name of Van Bibber, he went some little distance in advance to try to find a place more suitable for his purpose. As they stood around looking for such a place, they discovered the Indians coming up with their prisoners. They cautiously concealed themselves and each singled out his man. Benge, having charge of the younger Mrs. Livingston, led the van, and the others followed in succession; but the Indian who had charge of the elder Mrs. Livingston was considerably behind, she not being able to march with the same elastic step as her sister. When the front came directly opposite to Hobbs and Van Bibber they both fired, Hobbs killing Benge, and Van Bibber the one next behind him. At the crack of the rifle the other men rushed forward, but the Indians had escaped into a laurel thicket, taking with them a Negro fellow. The Indian who had charge of the elder Mrs. Livingston tried his best to kill her, but he was so hurried that he missed his aim. Her arms were badly cut by defending her head from the blows of his tomahawk. The prisoners had scarcely time to recover from their surprise before the two Livingstons, who heard the guns and were now in close pursuit with a party of men from Washington, came running up and with a gust of joy received their wives at the hands of Hobbs. Four Indians were killed and five escaped. It appears they were separated into parties of three and two. The first had the Negro fellow with them, and by his account, they lodged that night in a cave, where he escaped from them and got home.

In the meantime a party of hardy mountaineers from Russell collected and proceeded in haste to waylay a noted Indian crossing-place high upon the Kentucky river. When they got there they found some Indians had just passed. They immediately drew the same conclusion that Hobbs had done, and hastened back to the river for fear those behind should discover their sign. Shortly after they had stationed themselves, the other three made their appearance; the men fired upon them, two fell and the other fled, but left a trail of blood behind him, which readily conducted his pursuers to where he had taken refuge in a

thick canebrake. It was thought imprudent to follow him any further, as he might be concealed and kill some of them before they could discover him. Thus eight of the party were killed and the other perhaps mortally wounded. (Manuscript letter of Benjamin Sharpe, quoted in Summers, Annals of Southwest Virginia.)

The following letters relating to Benge's raid on the Livingstons are to be found in the Calender of Virginia State Papers, Vol. VII.

Andrew Lewis to the Governor: April 17, 1794. Sir: Since I wrote you on yesterday I have received the particulars of the mischief done at Mr. Livingstons within fifteen miles of Abingdon.

The Indians murdered one white woman [3] and one Negro child, prisoners, two white women, one Negro woman and man; they were also in possession of a number of children. After setting the house on fire, they set the children at liberty. They were immediately pursued on their trail; two other parties pushed on to take possession of certain gaps, that in all probability they would pass. One of these parties last mentioned fell in with them and fired on them, killed the white man that conducted the Indians in, and one of the Indians. At the time fire was made, both other parties of the whites were in hearing of the guns. By their passing through the Stone Gap, in Powell's Mountain, expect they were the Southern Indians.

P. S. The prisoners were retaken, all but the Negro man who ran off with the Indians. (The Negro man didn't run off, but was captured and escaped from the Indians and returned.)

Under the date of April 19, 1794, Andrew Lewis again writes to the Governor:

The inhabitants in pursuit of the Indians retook the prisoners and killed two of them (Bench and Indian). The rest run off. Captain William Dorton, one of my scouts, who was with a party endeavoring to catch them, fell in with them that ran off, being three in number, two of which he killed on the ground; the other run off mortally wounded. One only escaped without a wound.

Col. Arthur Campbell, in a letter to the Governor, dated April 19, 1794:

I now send the scalp of Captain Bench that noted murderer, as requested by Lieutenant Hobbs, to your Excellency, as proof that he is no more, and of the activity and good conduct of Lieutenant Hobbs, in killing him and relieving the prisoners. Could it be spared from our treasury. I would beg leave to hint that a present of a neat rifle to Mr.

Hobbs would be accepted as a reward for his late services, and the Executive may rest assured that it would serve as a stimulus for future exertions against the enemy.

In accordance with Col. Campbell's recommendations, the General Assembly voted Lieutenant Hobbs a beautiful silver mounted rifle.

At another time, Col. Campbell in a letter to the Governor, expressed solicitude for the safety of Lt. Hobbs, and his men. He says: By intelligence from Knoxville, the Uncle of Captain Bench is out with thirty warriors to take revenge in Virginia. The necessity of having some men on duty near Moccasin Gap, the former place of his haunts, and now we suppose of his avengers, seems urgent. Were Captain (Andrew) Lewis' company so arranged to cover that settlement, and he be active in ranging the woods, it might, in a degree, appease the fears of the inhabitants. That part of Lee Co. Which turned out so cleverly under Lieutenant Hobbs in pursuit of Bench is altogether exposed; that is they have no part of the guard on duty, nearer than forty miles. My own conjecture is, that Hobbs and his friends may be the sufferers. All late accounts say that all the lower Cherokees are for war.

The following account of the killing of Benge, related by Dr. James Huff, the last surviving member of Hobb's party, differs in some minor details from the account given above, though, probably, not more than a perfectly credible witness speaking fifty-two years later might be expected to vary. The story was printed in the "Jacksonian", a paper published at Abingdon, VA, in 1846:

Mr. Editor: Having recently had an interview with the venerable Dr. James Huff of Kentucky, the last of the brave party that defeated the celebrated Indian Benge and party, who gave me the following account of that affair. That sometime in the month of April 1794 just before daylight, a man by the name of John Henderson rode up to Yokums Station in Powell's Valley, now Lee County, and informed the station that the Indians had taken the wives of Peter and Henry Livingston and two servants of the former and also a black man from Edward Callahan, and that the men of the station desired to fall in ahead of the retiring party, as they were all well acquainted with their route, and as was common in those times the cry of Indians was sufficient to call to arms, they very soon mustered the following brave little band of mountain soldiers: Vincent Hobbs, John Benbever, Stephen Jones, James Huff, James Benbever, Peter Benbever, Job Hobbs, Abraham Hobbs, Adam Ely, Samuel Livingston, George Yokum and _____ Dotson, [4] who were all soon equipped and on their march to a pass in Cumberland Mountain, where they soon arrived, but seeing no sign in the trace of

the recent passage of Indians they divided their company into small parties, to examine the small streams, which were thickly lined with laurel and ivy to the Kentucky side, where a short distance from the base of the mountain, one of the party, discovered a small stream of smoke rise from the edge of the laurel, and upon nearer approach, he perceived through he dusk of the evening, that it proceeded from the camp of an Indian, who at the moment was stooped down kindling his fire, whereupon he deliberately raised his deadly rifle, at the sharp crack of which the Indian received a mortal wound, and his comrades the signal that the foe was found. They soon gathered and after examination, pronounced their victim a forerunner or hunter sent forward to prepare provisions, so they camped by the dead Indian during the night, at early dawn next morning recrossed the mountain, ascended the valley, marching rapidly to gain a position in a deep hollow in the mountain, that they supposed Benge and his party would pass, the writer has seen this spot, it is one of those dark, deep mountain passes where the ridge on each side seemed to reach the clouds, and the center of the deep gloomy valley below is covered with large masses of unshaken rocks, filled everywhere with laurel and ivy, with a wild furious stream, tumbling and rolling in the midst.

In this dismal place the little band of soldiers took their stand, determined to dispute the passage of Benge to the last; and to rescue the prisoners or forfeit their life in the attempt. For the purpose of attacking the enemy, they divided into two companies, and took their stations near each other in the edge of the laurel, adopting the following as the mode of attack. The first company was not to fire until the rear of the enemy had passed them and thus attack in front and rear, while the mountain upon either side afforded no possible passage for the coward or the conquered. Having thus secreted themselves along the gloomy gulf, which has terrors enough in itself to chill the blood of the timid, without the excpectation of a deadly foe, these twelve brave backswoodsmen who were accustomed to the scream of the panther and the growls of the bear, sat but a short time calmly and unterrified in their hiding places, until two of them highest up the precipe (V. Hobbs and J. Benbever), saw an Indian and the wife of Peter Livingston, marching down the passage, but none of the rest of the party in sight, the prisoner in front of the dark rough savage, the two soldier's iron nerves grew stronger when they saw the fair lady driven over the logs, brush, and stones by an unfeeling savage, and each man cocked his gun an crouched behind a large rock, and waited with breathless silence the approach of the Indian, which must pass within a few yards of them, bu being desirous to know whether the rest of the party was yet in sight.

Benbever cautiously raised his head above the rocks to make the discovery and the keen eyed savage saw him at the distance of forty yards, the rest not yet being in sight, at the sight of the white man's head he stooped forward and threw off a pack and made the dark deep hollow rang with a terrific Indian yell, at the same time making a blow with his tomahawk, struck the woman on the head and she fell dead at his feet; he wheeled and bounded off the way he had come, the two heroes seeing their plan was all frustrated, rose from their hiding place and Benbever fired at the fleeing savage without effect; Hobbs a celebrated marksman leveled his piece an dheld her steadily upon a spot until the Indian passed before his sight, when with that quickness, with which the backwoods riflemen are so wonderfully gifted he fired and the Indian fell shot through the brains, and this was the celebrated Benge. All the party then left their hiding places and rushed foward to rescue the rest of the prisoners when they found the Indians striving to make their escape into the laurel, and as they rushed upon the enemy who were striving to get into the laurel with their prisoners, my informant says he ran up very near the Indian, who had the other white woman, and raised his rifle to shoot him, at that instant he raised his tomahawk to strike the woman, who caught his arm and held it until my informant made several attempts to shoot the Indian as he was dragging her by the arm, but at every attempt, one of his comrades would seize his gun telling him not to shoot he would kill the woman, he then threw down his gun, drew his butcher knife and rushed toward the Indian, at that instant the Indian having crossed a log, jerked the female against it and extricated his arm and as quick as lightning entered the thicket, but as he entered he received the contents of another man's rifle, which sent him bleeding to death in the laurel. The party then collected all their prisoners and returned to the tomahawked woman and to their great joy found she was yet alive, and was shortly afterwards with the other prisoners delivered to her friends to the great joy of all.

I would pursue this narrative further, but fearing this unvarnished relation would not be worthy of a place in your excellent paper, I for the present say no more. (5)

(1) McClain's Fish Trap was just below Dungannon, near what today is known as Gray's Island. Scott Co. Deed Book 3, page 300, dated 20 August, 1821, Simon Cockrell and wife Polly of Estill Co., KY, deed 75 acres to James Fullen ont he north side of Clinch River adjoining William McClain and Jeremiah Herral, land including an island in said river and a "fish trap", etc. (2) From the description of travel of Mrs. Livingston, after leaving Stony Creek the party must have traveled through Rye Cove, crossing Powell Mountain at Maple Gap, descending down to Cracker's Neck, with Benge and party being killed in the gap between Big Stone Gap and Appalachia. Her description of travel will not take the party across High

Knob to the present Benge's Gap near Norton, and, too, if Benge was, as she stated making for the Cherokee towns the latter route would have been away from instead of toward the Cherokee Towns. NOTE: There is no doubt that the Lee County Court was in session at the time of Benge's raid, as April is usually a court month, but it is the belief of this writer, and, evidence points to the fact that Hobbs organized his party at Yokum's Station near the present village of Dryden in Lee County. Hobbs had settled in Turkey Cove a short ways from Yokum's Station in the year 1780, and the list of men in his party are all men from upper Lee County. Unless Hobbs had received word of the raid almost immediately, and this is doubtful, the distance from Jonesville to the spot where Benge was killed would hardly have given them time to make ready and head the Indians off, Jonesville being some 25 or 30 miles away down Powell Valley. [3] The white woman was old Mrs. Livingston, wife of William Todd Livingston, and mother of Peter and Henry Livingston. [4] All this party except Peter Benbever, Job and Abraham Hobbs and Dotson were members of Capt. Andrew Lewis' militia of Powell Valley in 1792. [5] Draper MSS 26 CC 60. NOTE: The name Benbever is a variant spelling of the name Van Bever or Van Bibber.

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